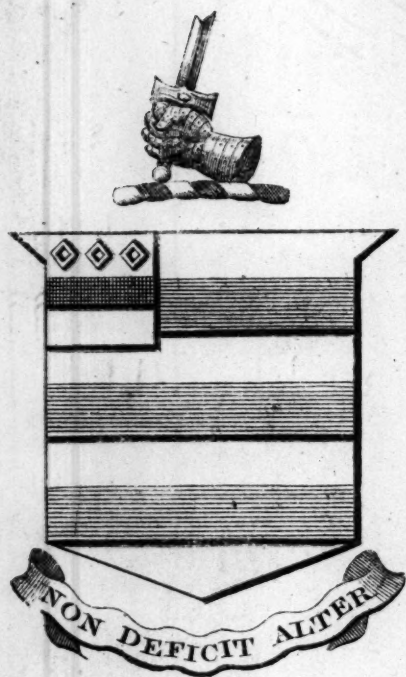
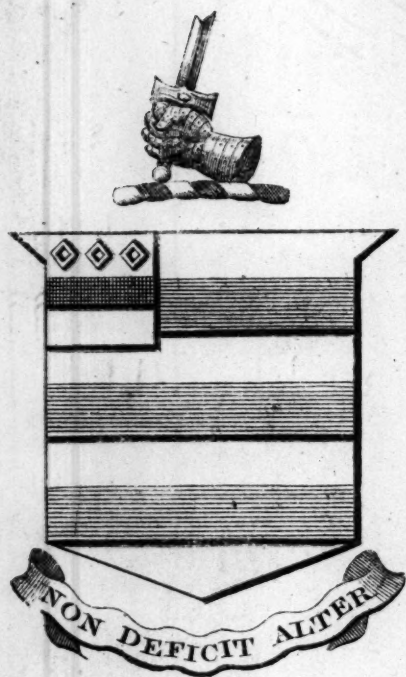




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Roberts Sculp.

THE
POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF
ANN ELIZA BLEECKER, *SK*
IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

To which is added,
A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS,
PROSE AND POETICAL,
BY
MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.



NEW-YORK:
Printed by T. and J. SWORDS, No. 27, William-Street.
—1793.—

THE
POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF

IN
PROSE AND POETRY

BY

A COLLECTION OF

PROSE AND POETICAL



NEW-YORK:

Printed by T. and J. Swords, No. 27, William-Street.

1853.

To the Public.

IN the publication of *Posthumous Works*, it has been usual for the Editors or Publishers to accompany them with a Prefatory Address,—generally explaining the particular reasons for offering them to the world, or relating their peculiar merits, and consequently their claim to the patronage of the lovers of science. In compliance with this general custom we think it necessary merely to note, that having been frequently solicited to publish, in a separate volume, a part of those writings of Mrs. BLEECKER which had appeared in the *New-York Magazine*, we conceived a collection of all such of her poems and essays as might with propriety come before the public, would be more likely to meet the approbation both of *her* friends, and of the friends of American literature. Having suggested this idea to those who appeared most strenuous for the measure, we were pleased to find it met their hearty concurrence; and through the obliging disposition of her husband and daughter, we are now happy in being able to present this volume to our fellow citizens.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We are indebted to a friend for the idea of adding a number of prose and poetical essays, which likewise first appeared in the *New-York Magazine*, most of them under the signature of ELLA, and which are the production of Mrs. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES, the daughter of Mrs. BLEECKER. Our obligations to this lady are much increased by the addition of several Original Essays in verse, which the reader will find interspersed in that part of the collection which comprehends her writings.

It is not our intention to recommend this volume by an elaborate display of its particular merits or peculiar excellencies: the best recommendation we can give it, is an attentive perusal: and when this is done, that the reader of taste and elegance will join in asserting, that though it is not faultless, yet that its merits preponderate, and entitle it to the patronage of every true American, is the candid opinion of

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New-York, September, 1793.

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CONTENTS.

CONTENTS

MEMOIRS of Ann Eliza Bleecker,

By Mrs. BLEECKER

PROSE

The History of Maria Kittle,	19
The Story of Henry and Anne,	89
Letters,	from 115 to 184

POETICS

Joseph,	185
On Mrs. Johanna Lupton,	198
To Mr. L——,	200
To the same,	201
To the same,	203
To the same,	205
To Mr. Bleecker,	207
On the Immenfity of Creation,	209
A Thought on Death,	211
On the Death of Cleora,	213
Lines written in the Retreat from Burgoyne,	215
A Complaint,	218
Another,	219
A Prospect	

CONTENTS.

	Page.
A Prospect of Death,	220
To Miss Catharine Ten Eyck,	ibid
The Storm,	222
Despondency,	225
Elegy on the Death of General Montgomery,	226
Thaumantia and Fame,	228
Recollection,	229
On Reading Dryden's Virgil,	230
To Miss Ten Eyck,	231
To Mr. Bleecker, on his passage to New-York,	232
A short Pastoral Dialogue,	236
Hope arising from Retrospection,	237
On seeing Miss S. F. E. crossing the Hudson,	239
To Miss M. V. W.,	240
To Mrs. De H—,	242
On a great Coxcomb recovering from an In- disposition,	243
An Evening Prospect,	244
An Hymn,	246
To Miss Brinckerhoff, on her quitting New- York,	248
To Julia Amanda,	250
Peace,	251
A Pastoral Dialogue,	253
Return to Tomhanick,	260
By	

CONTENTS.

By Mrs. FAUGERES.

ESSAYS.

Benefits of Scolding,	265
Fine Feelings exemplified in the Conduct of a Negro Slave,	268
A Fragment,	271
The China Aster,	273

POEMS.

A Dream,	275
A Version of the Lord's Prayer,	280
To Alfred, in Answer to a Complaint,	282
Lines written on a blank Leaf of Colonel Humphrey's Poems,	285
To Aribert,	ibid
To the Memory of Aleon, who did at Sea in the Year 1790,	288
An Address to a Profile,	289
Elegy to Miss Anna Dundas,	291
Morning,	293
Evening,	295
Night,	298
To Mortimer embarking for the West-Indies,	307
A Version of part of the 7th Chapter of Job,	308
A Salute to the Fourteenth Anniversary of American Independence,	311
Winter,	312
Friendship,	

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Friendship,	315
To the Reverend J***N*****,	318
To the Moon,	319
Silence,	322
To Ethelinde,	324
To the same,	326
On seeing a Print, exhibiting the Ruins of the Bastille,	329
To the Memory of Mrs. Henrietta Anna Maria Dubuiffon,	333
To the Memory of Mrs. Scriba and her in- fant Daughter,	336
To Ethelinde,	339
A Version of Mrs. Barbauld's Tenth Hymn, Lines occasioned by Mr. Robertson's refusing to paint for one Lady, and immediately af- ter taking another Lady's likeness,	345
To Nature,	346
Arria's Tomb,	347
To a Canary Bird,	349
The Birth Day of Columbia;	351
July the Fourteenth,	353
To Miss Mason, at New-Rochelle,	355
The Hudson,	358
A Salute to the Fourteenth Anniversary of American Independence,	360
MEMOIRS	

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER:

MRS. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER was the youngest child of Mr. BRANDT SCHUYLER, of this city, (the place of her nativity;) she was born in October, anno Domini 1752; and though in her early years she never displayed any partiality for school, yet she was passionately fond of books, infomuch that she read with propriety any book that came to hand long before the time that children in common pass their Spelling-Books. But though her poetical productions (which made their appearance very early) displayed a taste far superior to her years; yet, so great was her diffidence of

B

her

her own abilities, that none but her most intimate acquaintance were ever indulged with a view of any of her performances, and *then* they were no sooner perused than she destroyed them.

Hence it comes, that none of her compositions previous to the year 1769, are extant: in that year she married JOHN J. BLEECKER, Esq; of *New-Rochelle*; and being willing *now* to cherish her genius, after a short residence in the capital, they retired to *Poughkeepsie*, where they stayed a year or two; and then taking a liking to the northern parts of this state, they removed to *Tomhanick*, a beautiful solitary little village eighteen miles above *Albany*. Here Mr. BLEECKER built him an house on a little eminence, which commanded a pleasing prospect. On the *east* side of it was an elegantly simple *garden*, where fruits and flowers, exotics as well as natives, flourished with beauty; and a little beyond it the roaring river of *Tomhanick* dashed with

with rapidity its foaming waters among the broken rocks; toward the *west*, lay wide cultivated fields; in the *rear*, a young orchard, bounded by a thick forest; and in *front*, (after crossing the main road) a meadow, through which wandered a dimpling stream, stretched itself to join a ridge of tall nodding pines, which rose in awful grandeur on the shelving brow of a grassy mountain. Through the openings of this wood you might descry little cottages scattered up and down the country, whose environs the hard hand of Industry had transformed into rich fields and blooming gardens, and literally caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose—It is to this scene she alludes where she so beautifully says,

Cast your eyes beyond this meadow,

Painted by a hand Divine,

And observe the ample shadow

Of that solemn ridge of pine.

This was such a retreat as she had always desired—the dark forest, the rushing river,

and the green valley had more charms for her than the gay metropolis she had left, and in which she was so well calculated to shine: and she was so much attached to rural pleasures, that no birds (those of prey excepted) were ever suffered to be shot near her habitation if she could prevent it—indeed, they built their nests unmolested in the very porch of the house.

And the cultivation of flowers had likewise a large share of her attention, so much, that where *Flora* had been remiss in decking the sod, she took upon herself that office, by gathering seeds from her own garden and strewing them promiscuously in the woods and fields, and along the clovery borders of her favourite brook.

Till the memorable 1777, they lived in the most perfect tranquillity—fair prospects were opening on every side—Her mother, a widow, (an ornament to the sex) lived with her—her half-sister, Miss TEN EYCK, was her cheerful sprightly companion

companion—and her attentive husband and prattling children closed the circle, and left her scarce another wish on this side of the grave—*Then*, indeed, the clamorous thunders of *War* frightened them from their peaceful dwelling, and the blasting hand of *Desolation* dispersed them as a flock in the desert.

Mr. BLEECKER, hearing of the approaches of the infatuated BURGOYNE, had left Mrs. BLEECKER with the children and servants, while he went to *Albany* to seek a place for them, (her mother and sister having just quitted her.) But he had scarce been gone a day when, as she sat at breakfast, she received intelligence that the enemy were within two miles of the village, burning and murdering all before them. Terrified beyond description she rose from the table, and taking her ABELLA on her arm, and her other daughter (about four years old) by the hand, she set off on foot, with a young mulatto girl, leav-

ing the house and furniture to the mercy of the approaching savages. The roads were crouded with carriages loaded with women and children, but none could afford her assistance—distress was depicted on every countenance, and tears of heartfelt anguish moistened every cheek. They passed on—no one spoke to another—and no sound but the dismal creaking of burdened wheels and the trampling of horses interrupted the mournful silence. After a tedious walk of four or five miles, she obtained a seat for the children upon one of the waggons, and she walked on to *Stony-Arabia*, where she expected to find many friends; but she was deceived—no door was open to *her*, whose house by many of them had been made use of as a home—she wandered from house to house, and at length obtained a place in the garret of a rich old acquaintance, where a couple of blankets, stretched upon some boards, were offered her as a bed; she, however, sat up
all

all night and wept, and the next morning Mr. BLEECKER coming from *Albany*, met with them and returned to that city, from whence they set off with several other families by water. At twelve miles below *Albany* little ABELLA was taken so ill that they were obliged to go on shore, where she died. The *impressions* this event made on Mrs. BLEECKER's mind were never effaced. The remembrance of every circumstance that led to it—the return of the season—the voice of an infant—or even the calm approach of a summer's evening, never failed to awaken all her sorrows; and she being naturally of a pensive turn of mind, too freely indulged them.

From this they proceeded to *Red-Hook*, where she met with her mother, who was declining very fast, and died a little after her daughter's arrival. The capture of BURGOYNE soon after taking place, they again set off to visit their little solitude; but, in their journey thither, she had the sorrowful

forrowful office of closing the eyes of her last remaining sister.*

The description she has given of these events, in a letter to a friend, may not be unacceptable.

Tombanick, December 15, 1777.

“ CURST be the heart that is callous
“ to the feelings of humanity, and which,
“ concentered in itself, regards not the wail-
“ ings of affliction! Excuse my enthusi-
“ asm—it is the effect of repeated injuries
“ received in my flight; but thank heaven
“ I have supported every shock with tole-
“ rable fortitude, except the death of my
“ ABELLA—she indeed had wound herself
“ round every fibre of my heart—I loved,
“ I idolized her—however, my little love
“ languished and died, and I believe I
“ could

* Her own sister, Mrs. SWITS—her half-sister, Mrs. DARBE, (then Miss TEN EYCK,) is still living.

“ could then have beheld with less anguish
“ the dissolution of Nature than the last
“ gasp of my infant. The sensations I felt
“ at the death of my dear parent were of a
“ different nature—it was a *tranquil sorrow*,
“ a *melancholy* which I have heard observ-
“ ed *soothe* the soul instead of corroding
“ it. While I held the expiring faint in
“ my arms, and saw her just verging into
“ eternity—while I dropt tear after tear in
“ solemn silence over her livid countenance,
“ oh how sincerely did I wish to accom-
“ pany her from those scenes of vanity,
“ from which her admirable precepts had
“ so much detached my affections! Oh
“ *my mother!* cried I, *you lately wept for*
“ *my ABELLA, we now pay the same mourn-*
“ *ful tribute to you!* Oh Death! thou
“ greatest evil annexed to human nature,
“ how dost thou dissolve the sweet connec-
“ tions among men, and burst away the
“ filken bands of Friendship! I thought
“ I had now descended the lowest vale of
“ mortal

“ mortal sorrow, but the deception vanish-
“ ed at the bed-side of my expiring sister.
“ To enhance the distress, six tender in-
“ fants were clamouring round their insen-
“ sible mother, the one half unconscious
“ of the occasion of the general grief, and
“ only lamenting because the rest did.

“ After her interment I returned hither,
“ truly convinced how visionary the eclat
“ of *this* world is, and desiring to pass the
“ remainder of my life in a tranquil enjoy-
“ ment of the bounties of heaven, neither
“ elated to the extravagance of *mirth*, nor
“ sunk to the meanness of *dejection*.

“ A. E. B.”

From this period till the year 1781,
they lived in tolerable tranquillity, when, in
the beginning of August, as Mr. BLEECKER
was assisting in the harvest, he, with two
of his men, were made prisoners by a party
from

from *Canada*, and taken off immediately. As it was late in the afternoon, Mrs. BLEECKER expected him with a degree of impatience, and began to be apprehensive that something uncommon had occurred: a servant was therefore dispatched, who soon returned with the sorrowful account, that he could not see any of them, and that the waggon and horses were in the road tied to a tree.

She was at no loss to conjecture what was become of him, for a number of small parties from *Canada* were known to be sculking in the woods, for the sole purpose of carrying off the most active citizens. The neighbours therefore were immediately alarmed, and the woods, as far as was practicable, were searched; but they could not discover a single trace of the party. Mrs. BLEECKER, giving him up for lost, set off for *Albany* directly, though it was then near night, and abandoned herself to the most hopeless grief; but, by a wonderful

wonderful train of events, Mr. BLEECKER was re-taken by a party from *Bennington*, after having passed the last habitation on this side of the *Green-Mountains*, and when his conductors for the *first time* had considered themselves as perfectly secure. He returned to her in six days; and the joy she felt at finding him operating more powerfully than the grief she experienced at his loss, a fit of sickness ensued, which nearly proved fatal. They again returned to *Tomhanick*.

Though Mrs. BLEECKER was witness to many scenes of distress during the late war, in many of which she was the principal sufferer; yet, the idea of a *far distant* peace, which should again restore her to her friends, gild the solitary shades which encompassed her, and bore her up under frequent and poignant griefs.

In the year 1783, (the spring after the peace,) she re-visited *New-York*, in hopes of seeing her old acquaintance and friends;
but

but her hopes were far from being realized—some were dead; others had left the continent; and the few who remained were in different states: She saw her half-sister, Miss TEN EYCK, but once, and then but for a few minutes, as one party was embarking for *New-York* just as the other arrived at *Albany*. Her principal correspondents and much-loved relatives, the Miss V** W***'s, were in *Jersey*; and as the British were still here, she could not (without the greatest difficulty) visit them. But the ruinous condition of her native city gave such a shock to her spirits as the united efforts of her reason and fortitude were not able to ward off. The places which she once knew as the scenes of festivity, were now sunk into dust—the place that once knew them knowing them no more; or if by hard searching she at last descried them, they only met her eye as monuments of her past pleasures—dreary piles, mouldering fast beneath the relentless hand of

Time and *War*. Her sensibility was too keen for her peace—She had struggled on through the war, and had suffered *Hope* to beguile the hours devoted to distress: but *now* the scene was changed—the illusion vanished, and she concluded *now* she should see no more good upon earth. She returned again to her cottage, where she found her health very rapidly decline; and on the 23d of the following November, about noon-day, (after two days confinement to her bed) her calm spirit took its flight from its shattered habitation, without a struggle or a groan. She retained her senses till within a few minutes of her death; and the last words she uttered to her weeping husband and family, were assurances of the pleasing prospect *Immortality* offered her.

It is needless to say her loss was severely felt—it may be naturally supposed. The benevolence of her disposition had extended itself to all classes of people; and in
the

the village where she dwelt, there were several families who might be called her dependants. To the aged and infirm she was a physician and a friend—to the orphan she was a mother—and a soother of the widow's woes; all loved—all honoured her: and when they followed her to the grave, they weeping said, (though differently expressed, still meaning the same,) "*We have lost HER whose equal we shall never see again!*"

It is to be regretted that the writings which we now have are but a small part of what she composed: she was frequently very lively, and would then give way to the flights of her fertile fancy, and write songs, satires, and burlesque: but, as drawing a cord too tight will make it break, thus she would no sooner cease to be *merry*, than the heaviest *dejection* would succeed, and then all the pieces which were not as melancholy as herself, she destroyed. As she seldom kept copies of her poetical epistles,

tles, the most of *them* are lost; one in particular, written some little time before she fled from *Tombanick*, in 1777, and directed to General BURGOYNE, was left in her bureau; the bureau was broken open and its contents plundered by his men; but whether the letter ever reached him or not, is unknown. In the winters of 1779 and 1780, she amused herself and friends by writing what she called the *Albany Gazette*, which was sent by every opportunity to *Fishkill*, where several of her relations lived. This lively and ingenious performance was much admired, and being handed about from one company to another, is entirely lost. Several political and satirical pieces shared a similar fate.

Some of those, however, which are left, are here presented to the public. The political sentiments displayed in several of them will, it is probable, recommend them to the notice and favour of the Patriot, and the rest may please the lovers of artless style.

Many

Many of them are faulty, but their merits are more numerous than their *defects*, and *these* will be easily pardoned and forgotten by all who knew her; for *Detraction* will not rise up against *her*, after death, whose virtues, when alive, endeared her to so many admiring *friends*, and whose *enemies* (and *Envy* created her some) could not speak evil of her.

As most of these pieces were intended for the amusement of herself and particular friends, and not for the public eye, they appear as they flowed extempore from her pen. Frequently she wrote while with company, at the desire of some one present, without premeditation, and at the same time bearing a part in the conversation.

Mrs. BLEECKER possessed a considerable share of beauty; her countenance was animated, and expressive of her benevolent, feeling mind; her person, rather tall, was graceful and elegant; her easy, unaffected deportment and engaging manners pro-

cured her the esteem of most persons at first sight, which generally increased on a more intimate acquaintance.

Ms. V. E.

New-York, May, 1793.

THE

banks of the river, eighteen miles above
 down. They were persons of good natural abi-
 lities, improved by some learning; yet, con-
 scious of their inferiority in these respects, they
 studied nothing so much as to render their little
 daughter truly accomplished.

MARIA KITTLE.

In a Letter to Miss Ten Eyck:
 her rising talents; every personal grace at-
 tended her attitudes and played over her fea-

Tomhanick, December, 1779.

DEAR SUSAN,

HOWEVER fond of novels and romances
 you may be, the unfortunate adventures of one
 of my neighbours, who died yesterday, will
 make you despise that fiction, in which, know-
 ing the subject to be fabulous, we can never be
 so truly interested. While this lady was ex-
 piring, Mrs. C----- V-----, her near-kind
 woman, related to me her unhappy history, in
 which I shall now take the liberty of interest-
 ing your benevolent and feeling heart.

MARIA KITTLE was the only issue of her
 parents, who cultivated a large farm on the
 banks

banks of the *Hudson*, eighteen miles above *Albany*. They were persons of good natural abilities, improved by some learning; yet, conscious of a deficiency in their education, they studied nothing so much as to render their little daughter truly accomplished.

MARIA was born in the year 1721. Her promising infancy presaged a maturity of excellencies; every amiable quality dawned through her lisping prattle; every personal grace attended her attitudes and played over her features. As she advanced through the playful stage of childhood, she became more eminent than a *Penelope* for her industry; yet, soon as the sun declined, she always retired with her books until the time of repose, by which means she soon informed her opening mind with the principles of every useful science. She was beloved by all her female companions, who, though they easily discovered her superior elegance of manners, instead of envying, were excited to imitate her. As she always made one in their little parties of pleasure on festival days, it is no wonder that she soon became the reigning goddess among the swains. She was importuned to admit the addresses of numbers, whom

whom she politely discarded, and withdrew herself awhile from public observation. However, the fame of her charms attracted several gentlemen of family from *Albany*, who intruded on her retirement, soliciting her hand. But this happiness was reserved for a near relation of her's, one Mr. KITTLE, whose merits had made an impression on her heart. He, although not handsome, was possessed of a most engaging address; while his learning and moral virtues more particularly recommended him to her esteem. Their parents soon discovered their reciprocal passion, and highly approving of it, hastened their marriage, which was celebrated under the most happy auspices.

MARIA was fifteen when married. They removed to his farm, on which he had built a small neat house, surrounded by tall cedars, which gave it a contemplative air. It was situated on an eminence, with a green inclosure in the front, graced by a well cultivated garden on one side, and on the other by a clear stream, which, rushing over a bed of white pebble, gave them a high polish, that cast a soft gleam through the water. Here,

Here they resided in the tranquil enjoyment of that happiness which so much merit and innocence deserved: the indigent, the sorrowful, the unfortunate were always sure of consolation when they entered those peaceful doors. They were almost adored by their neighbours, and even the wild savages themselves, who often resorted thither for refreshments when hunting, expressed the greatest regard for them, and admiration of their virtues.

In little more than a year they were blessed with a daughter, the lovelier resemblance of her lovely mother: as she grew up, her graces increasing, promised a bloom and understanding equal to her's; the Indians, in particular, were extremely fond of the smiling ANNA; whenever they found a young fawn, or caught a brood of wood-ducks, or surprised the young beaver in their daily excursions through the forests, they presented them with pleasure to her; they brought her the earliest strawberries, the scarlet plumb, and other delicate wild fruits in painted baskets.

How did the fond parents hearts delight to see their beloved one so universally caressed! When they sauntered over the vernal fields with

with the little prattler wantoning before them collecting flowers and pursuing the velvet elusive butterfly, MARIA's cheek suffusing with rapture, "Oh my dear," she would say, "we are happier than human beings can expect to be; how trivial are the evils annexed to our situation! may God avert that our heaven be limited to this life!"

Eleven years now elapsed before Mrs. KITTLE discovered any signs of pregnancy: her spouse silently wished for a son, and his desires were at length gratified; she was delivered of a charming boy, who was named, after him, WILLIAM.

A French and Indian war had commenced sometime before; but about eight months after her delivery, the savages began to commit the most horrid depredations on the English frontiers. Mr. KITTLE, alarmed at the danger of his brothers, who dwelt near *Fort-Edward*, (the eldest being just married to a very agreeable young woman) invited them to reside with him during the war.

They were scarce arrived when the enemy made further incursions in the country, burning the villages and scalping the inhabitants, neither

neither respecting age or sex. This terribly alarmed Mrs. KITTLE; she began to prepare for flight, and the next evening after receiving this intelligence, as she and Mr. KITTLE were busily employed in packing up china and other things, they were accosted by several Indians, whose wigwams were contiguous to the village of *Schochticook*, and who always seemed well affected to the English. An elderly savage undertook to be prolocutor, and desired the family to compose themselves, assuring them they should be cautioned against any approaching danger. To enforce his argument, he presented MARIA with a belt interwoven with silk and beads, saying, "There, receive my token of friendship: we go to dig up the hatchet, to sink it in the heads of your enemies; we shall guard this wood with a wall of fire---you shall be safe." A warm glow of hope deepened in MARIA's cheek at this. Then ordering wine to be brought to the friendly savages, with a smile of diffidence, "I am afraid," said she, "necessity may oblige you to abandon us, or neglect of your promise may deprive us of your protection." "Neglect of my promise!" retorted he with some

some acrimony: "No, MARIA, I am a true
" man; I shoot the arrow up to the Great
" Captain every new moon: depend upon it,
" I will trample down the briars round your
" dwelling, that you do not hurt your feet."

MARIA now retired, bowing a grateful acknowledgment, and leaving the savages to indulge their festivity, who passed the night in the most vociferous mirth.

Mrs. KITTLE, with a sort of exultation, related the subject of their conference to her husband, who had absented himself on their first appearance, having formed some suspicion of the sincerity of their friendship, and not being willing to be duped by their dissimulation. "And now," added MARIA smiling, "our
" fears may again subside: Oh my dear! my
" happiness is trebled into rapture, by seeing
" you and my sweet babes out of danger." He only sighed, and reaching his arm round her polished neck, pressed her to his bosom. After a short pause, "My love," said he, "be not
" too confident of their fidelity; you surely
" know what a small dependence is to be placed
" on their promises: however, to appear suspicious might be suddenly fatal to us; we
" will

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“ will therefore suspend our journey to *Albany* for a few days.” Though MARIA’s soul saddened at the conviction of this truth; though her fears again urged her to propose immediate flight, yet she acquiesced; and having supped with the family, this tender pair sunk asleep on the bosom of rest.

Early the next morning Mr. KITTLE arose, first impressing a kiss on MARIA’s soft cheek, as she slumbered with her infant in her arms. He then awaked his brother, reminding him that he had proposed a hunting match the preceding evening. “ It is true,” replied PETER, “ but since hostilities have commenced so near us as the Indians inform, I think it rather imprudent to quit the family.” --- “ Come, come,” replied the other, “ do not let us intimidate the neighbours by cloistering ourselves up with women and children.” --- “ I reject the thought,” rejoined PETER, “ of being afraid.” Then having dressed himself, while his brother charged their pieces, they left the house, and traversed the pathless grass for many hours without perceiving any thing but small birds, who filled the fragrant air with melody. “ PETER,” said Mr. KITTLE,

TLE, casting his eyes around the lovely landscape, "what a profusion of sweets does Nature exhale to please her intelligent creatures! I feel my heart expand with love and gratitude to heaven every moment, nor can I ever be grateful enough. I have health and competence, a lovely fond wife whose smile would calm the rudest storm of passion, and two infants blossoming into perfection; all my social ties are yet unbroken---PETER, I anticipate my heaven---But why, my brother, do you turn pale? what dreadful idea stiffens your features with amazement? what in God's name ails you, PETER? are you unwell? sit down under this tree awhile."---To these interrogatories PETER replied, "Excuse my weakness, I am not unwell, but an unusual horror chilled my blood; I felt as if the damps of death prest already round my soul; but the vapour is gone off again, I feel quite better." Mr. KITTLE cheered his brother, attributing his emotion to fear; who, by this time, having re-assumed his composure, entered into discourse with cheerfulness, refusing to return home without having killed any thing.

Then rising, they proceeded through lofty groves of pine, and open fields that seemed to bend under the heavy hand of Ceres. At last; disappointment and fatigue prevailed on them to return home: they had gone farther than they apprehended; but passing along the bank of the river within a few miles of Mr. KITTLE's, they espied a fat doe walking securely on the beach, which PETER softly approaching, levelled his piece with so good an aim that the animal dropped instantly at the explosion. This seeming success was, however, the origin of their calamities; for immediately after, two savages appeared, directed in their course by the firing. Setting up a loud yell, they ran up to the brothers and discharged their fire-arms. Mr. KITTLE started back, but PETER received a brace of balls in his bosom. He recoiled a few steps back, and then sunk down uncompassed by those deadly horrors of which in the morning he had a presentiment. Mr. KITTLE stood awhile aghast, like a person just waked from a frightful dream; but on seeing the Indian advancing to tear the scalp from his dying brother, he suddenly recollected himself, and shot a bullet through his head; then grappling with

with the other, who was loading again, he wrested his firelock from him, and felled him to the ground with the but-end of it. This was no time for reflection or unavailing laments; the danger was eminent: so leaving the savages for dead, with a mournful silence Mr. KITTLE hastened to throw the deer from off his horse, and laid his bleeding brother across him.

When our souls are gloomy, they seem to cast a shade over the objects that surround us, and make nature correspondent to our feelings: so Mr. KITTLE thought the night fell with a deeper gloom than usual. The soft notes of evening birds seemed to be the responses of savage yells. The echo of his tread, which he never before regarded, now rung dismally hollow in his ears. Even the rustling of the winds through the leaves seemed attended with a solemnity that chilled him with cold tremors. As he proceeded with his mournful charge, his feelings were alarmed for his dear MARIA; he dreaded the agitation and distress this adventure would throw her in: but it was unavoidable!

The sound of his horses feet no sooner invaded the ears of MARIA, than seizing a light

she sprung with a joyful impatience to the door, and was met by her partner pale and bloody, who endeavoured to prevent too sudden a discovery of this calamity. But at the first glance she comprehended the whole affair, and retiring a few steps, with the most exquisite agony in her countenance, "Oh Mr. KITTLE!" she cried, clasping her hands together, "it is all over---we are betrayed---your brother is killed!"---"Too true, oh, too fatally true!" replied he, falling on his knees beside her as she sunk down, "my angel! the very savages that solemnly engaged to protect us have deprived him of life; but I am yet alive, my MARIA, be comforted---I will instantly procure carriages, and before morning you and your innocents shall be beyond the reach of their malevolence."

By this time the family had crowded about them, and with grievous wailings were inquiring the particulars of this sad adventure. Mr. KITTLE having related every circumstance with brevity, ordered the corpse to be laid in a remote chamber, desiring at the same time a horse to be saddled for him. Then, more oppressed by his wife's griefs than his own, he led

led the disconsolate fair to her chamber, where, being seated, she sighing demanded where he intended to go at that time of night. "Only," said he, "to the village of *Schochticook* to hire a couple of waggons; I shall return in an hour I hope, with a proper guard to secure our retreat from this hostile place." MARIA was silent; at length she burst into a flood of tears, which his endearments only augmented. Then expostulating with him, "Is it not enough," cried she, "that you have escaped one danger, but must you be so very eager to encounter others? besides, you are spent with sorrow and fatigue---let one of your brothers perform this silent expedition."--- "It is impossible," replied the tender husband; "how can I dare to propose a danger to them from which I would shrink myself? their lives are equally precious with mine: but God may disappoint our fears, my love!" He would have continued, but his spouse, rising from her seat, interrupted him---"At least, my dear, before you leave us give your lovely babes a farewell embrace, that if fate should---should separate us, *that* yet shall sweeten our hours of absence." Here she found herself

herself clasped in her consort's arms, who exclaimed, "My MARIA! I love you passionately, and if the least shadow of danger did appear to attend this night's travel, for your sake, for my blessed children's sake I would decline it: but I have left the Indians lifeless, who no doubt attacked us from some private pique; nor will they be discovered until morning."—"Well then," MARIA answered, "I no longer oppose you; forgive my fears." Meanwhile, as she stepped to the cradle for her suckling, the fair ANNA, who was listening at the door anxious to hear her parents' sentiments on this occasion, quitted her station and flew to them swift as light; dropping on her knees before her father, and looked up in his face with the most attractive graces and the persuasive eloquence of simplicity. Her neck and features were elegantly turned, her complexion fairer than the tuberoze, and contrasted by the most shining ringlets of dark hair. Her eyes, whose brilliancy was softened through the medium of tears, for a while dwelt tenderly on his countenance. At length, with a voice scarce audible, she sighed out, "Oh papa! do not leave us; if any accident should happen
" to

“to you, mamma will die of grief, and what
“will become of poor ANNA and BILLY?
“who will care for me? who will teach me
“when my papa, my mamma’s papa is gone?”
“---“My sweet child,” replied he, embrac-
ing her and holding her to his bosom, “there
“is no danger; I shall return in an hour, and
“before to-morrow you shall be safe on the
“plains of *Albany*, and my heart shall exult
“over the happiness of my family.”

Mrs. KITTLE now approached with her playful infant in her arms; but its winning actions extorted nothing but groans from her pained bosom, which was more stormy than Ontario-Lake, when agitated by fierce winds. Mr. KITTLE perceiving this uncommon emotion, gently took the child from her, and repeatedly kissed it, while new smiles dimpled its lovely aspect. “Oh!” said he to himself, “this gloom that darkens MARIA’s soul is supernatural!---it seems dreadfully portentous!---Shall I yet stay?” But here a servant informing him that his horse was ready, he blushed at his want of fortitude; and having conquered his irresolution, after the most affecting and solemn parting, he quitted his house, never to review it more!

MARIA

MARIA then walked sadly back again, and having assembled the family in a little hall, they closed and barred the doors. Mrs. COMELIA KITTLE, MARIA's sister-in-law, was far advanced in her pregnancy, which increased her husband's uneasiness for her; and they were debating in what manner to accommodate her at *Albany*, when the trampling of feet about the house, and a yell of complicated voices, announced the Indians arrival. Struck with horror and consternation, the little family crowded together in the center of the hall, while the servants at this alarm, being in a kitchen distant from the house, saved themselves by a precipitate flight. The little BILLY, frightened at such dreadful sounds, clung fast to his mother's throbbing breast, while ANNA, in a silent agony of amazement, clasped her trembling knees. The echo of their yells yet rung in long vibrations through the forest, when, with a thundering peal of strokes at the door, they demanded entrance. Distraction and despair sat upon every face. MARIA and her companions gazed wildly at each other, till, upon repeated menaces and efforts to break open the door, COMELIA's husband, giving all

for

for lost, leisurely advanced to the door. Co-
MELIA seeing this, uttered a great shriek, and
cried out, "O God! what are you doing, my
" rash, rash, unfortunate husband! you will
" be sacrificed!" Then falling on her knees,
she caught hold of his hand and sobbed out,
" O pity me! have mercy on yourself, on me,
" on my child!"—"Alas! my love," said he,
half turning with a look of distraction, " what
" can we do? let us be resigned to the will of
" God." So saying he unbarred the door, and
that instant received a fatal bullet in his bosom,
and fell backward writhing in agonies of death;
the rest recoiled at this horrible spectacle, and
huddled in a corner, sending forth the most
piercing cries: in the interim the savages rush-
ing in with great shouts, proceeded to mangle
the corpse, and having made an incision round
his head with a crooked knife, they tugged
off his bloody scalp with barbarous triumph.
While this was perpetrating, an Indian, hi-
deously painted, strode ferociously up to CoME-
LIA, (who sunk away at the sight, and fainted
on a chair) and cleft her white forehead deep-
ly with his tomahack. Her fine azure eyes
just opened, and then suddenly closing for ever,
she

she tumbled lifeless at his feet. His sanguinary soul was not yet satisfied with blood; he deformed her lovely body with deep gashes; and, tearing her unborn babe away, dashed it to pieces against the stone wall; with many additional circumstances of infernal cruelty.

During this horrid carnage, the dead were stripped, and dragged from the house, when one of the hellish band advanced to MARIA, who circling her babes with her white arms, was sending hopeless petitions to heaven, and bemoaning their cruelly lost situation: as he approached, expecting the fatal stroke, she endeavoured to guard her children, and with supplicating looks, implored for mercy. The savage attempted not to strike; but the astonished ANNA sheltered herself behind her mamma, while her blooming suckling quitting her breast, gazed with a pleasing wonder on the painted stranger.---MARIA soon recognized her old friend that presented her with the belt, through the loads of shells and feathers that disguised him. This was no time, however, to irritate him, by reminding him of his promise; yet, guessing her thoughts, he anticipated her remonstrance. "MARIA," said he, "be not afraid, I have promised to protect you ;
" you

“you shall live and dance with us around the
“fire at *Canada*: but you have one small in-
“cumbrance, which, if not removed, will
“much impede your progress thither.” So
saying he seized her laughing babe by the wrists,
and forcibly endeavoured to draw him from her
arms. At this, terrified beyond conception, she
exclaimed, “O God! leave me, leave me my
“child! he shall not go, though a legion of de-
“vils should try to separate us!” Holding him
still fast, while the Indian applied his strength
to tear him away, gnashing his teeth at her op-
position; “Help! God of heaven!” screamed
she, “help! have pity, have mercy on this
“infant! O God! O Christ! can you bear
“to see this? O mercy! mercy! mercy! let
“a little spark of compassion save this inoffend-
“ing, this lovely angel!” By this time the
breathless babe dropt its head on its bosom; the
wrists were nigh pinched off, and seeing him just
expiring, with a dreadful shriek she resigned
him to the merciless hands of the savage, who
instantly dashed his little forehead against the
stones, and casting his bleeding body at some
distance from the house, left him to make his
exit in feeble and unheard groans.---Then in-
E deed,

deed, in the unutterable anguish of her soul, she fell prostrate, and rending away her hair, she roared out her sorrows with a voice louder than natural, and rendered awfully hollow by too great an exertion. “O barbarians!” she exclaimed, “surpassing devils in wickedness! so may a tenfold night of misery envelop your black souls, as you have deprived the babe of my bosom, the comfort of my cares, my blessed cherub, of light and life---O hell! are not thy flames impatient to cleave the center and engulph these wretches in thy ever burning waves? are there no thunders in Heaven---no avenging Angel---no God to take notice of such Heaven defying cruelties?” Then rushing to her dead infant with redoubled cries, and clapping her hands, she laid herself over his mangled body; again softened in tears and moans, she wiped the blood from his ghastly countenance, and prest him to her heaving bosom, alternately caressing him and her trembling ANNA, who, clinging to her with bitter wailings, and kissing her hands and face, entreated her to implore the savages for mercy. “Do, my angel mamma,” she urged, “do beg them yet to pity---beg them yet to save you for my poor, poor papa’s
“fake!

“fake!---Alas! if we are all killed, his heart
“will break!---Oh! they can’t be rocks and
“stones!---Don’t cry mamma, they will
“spare us!”---Thus the little orator endeavoured to console her afflicted mother; but their melancholy endearments were soon interrupted by the relentless savages, who having plundered the house of every valuable thing that was portable, returned to MARIA, and rudely catching her arm, commanded her to follow them; but repulsing them with the boldness of despair, “Leave me, leave me,” she said, “I cannot go---I never will quit my
“murdered child! Too cruel in your mercies,
“you have given me life only to prolong my
“miseries!”---Meanwhile the lovely ANNA, terrified at the hostile appearance of the enemy, left her mamma struggling to disengage herself from the Indians, and fled precipitately to the house. She had already concealed herself in a closet, when Mrs. KITTLE pursuing her, was intercepted by flames, the savages having fired the house. The wretched child soon discovered her deplorable situation, and almost suffocated by the smoke, with piercing cries called for help to her dear, dear mother.---Alas!

what could the unhappy parent do? whole sheets of flames rolled between them, while in a phrenzy of grief she screamed out, “O my last treasure! my beloved ANNA! try to escape the devouring fire---come to me my sweet child---the Indians will not kill us---O my perishing babe! have pity on your mother---do not leave me quite destitute!” Then turning to the calm villains who attended her, she cried, “Why do you not attempt to rescue my sweet innocent? can your unfeeling hearts not bear to leave me one---a solitary single one?” Again calling to her ANNA, she received no answer, which being a presumption of her death, the Indians obliged MARIA and her brother HENRY to quit the house, which they effected with some difficulty, the glowing beams falling around them and thick volumes of smoke obscuring their passage. The flames now struck a long splendor through the humid atmosphere, and blushed to open the tragical scene on the face of heaven. They had scarce advanced two hundred yards with their reluctant captives, when the flaming structure tumbled to the earth with a dreadful crash. Our travellers by in-

stant

stant turned their eyes to the mournful blaze; and MARIA, bursting afresh into grievous lamentations, cried, "There, there my brother, my children are wrapt in arching sheets of flames, that used to be circled in my arms! they are entombed in ruins that breathed their slumbers on my bosom! yet, oh! their spotless souls even now rise from this chaos of blood and fire, and are pleading our injured cause before our God, my brother!" He replied only in sighs and groans; he scarcely heard her; horror had froze up the avenues of his soul; and all amazed and trembling, he followed his leaders like a person in a troublesome dream.

The distant flames now cast a fainter light, and the northern breeze bent the columns of smoke over the south horizon. Sad and benighted they wandered through almost impenetrable swamps, forded the broad stream of *Tomhanick* and the rapid river of *Hosack*; they passed through deserted settlements, where the yelling of solitary dogs increased the solemnity of midnight, nor halted till the stars, emitting a feeble lustre, presaged the approach of day. MARIA, overcome by sorrow and fatigue, im-

mediately sunk helpless at the foot of a tree, while the savages (who were six in number) kindled a fire, and prepared their meal, (in a calabash) which consisted only of some parched maize pulverized and enriched with the fat of bears flesh. Observing MARIA had fallen asleep, they offered not to disturb her, but invited HENRY KITTLE to partake of their repast. He durst not refuse them; and having swallowed a few mouthfuls of their unpalatable food, and accepted of a pipe of tobacco, he desired leave to repose himself, which being readily granted, they soon followed his example, and sunk asleep, leaving two centinels to guard against surprise, which precaution they always make use of.

I am sorry, dear SUSAN, to quit MARIA in this interesting part of her history; but order requires that we should now return to her spouse, whom we left on his way through the wood.

The village of *Schochticook* is situated on a circular plain, surrounded by high hills, rising in form of an amphitheatre. Mr. KITTLE had just gained the verge, when, chancing to cast his eyes around, he perceived the whole south-

ern

ern hemisphere suddenly illuminated with a bright blaze; however, being accustomed to the forest's being often fired to clear it from the under-wood, he was not much surpris'd, but proceeded to descend the hill. On his arriving with the account of his brother's murder, the place was put in the highest commotion; the men fitting up their arms, and the women clamouring about them, highly importunate to be removed to *Albany*; but the night being very dark, this manœuvre was deferred till morning; nor could Mr. KITTLE prevail on a single person to return with him during the darkness: he felt himself strangely agitated at this disappointment, and refusing to repose himself, with great impatience he watched the first orient beam of Phosphor, which appearing, he set off for home with two waggons and a guard of three Indians. As he approached his late happy dwelling, his bosom dilated with the pleasing hope of soon extricating his beloved family from danger; he chid the slowness of the carriages, and felt impatient to dissipate the apprehensions of MARIA, to kiss the pendant tear from her eye, and press his sportive innocents to his bosom. While these bright ideas

played

played round his soul, he lifted up his eyes, and through an opening in the woods beheld his farm: but what language can express his surprise and consternation at seeing his habitation so suddenly desolated! a loud exclamation of amaze burst from the whole company at so unexpected a view---the blood revolted from Mr. KITTLE's cheek---his heart throbb'd under the big emotion, and all aghast, spurring on his horse, he entered the inclosure with full speed.---Stop here unhappy man! here let the fibres of thy heart crack with excruciating misery---let the cruel view of mangled wretches, so nearly allied to thee, extort drops of blood from thy cleaving bosom!---It did---it did. Uttering a deep groan he fell insensible from his horse, while his attendants, hastening towards him, were shocked beyond conception at the dismal spectacle; and, starting back with averted eyes from the dead, were thunder struck, not having power to move or speak. After awhile two Indians (who being used to sanguinary scenes, recovered themselves first) took a blanket, and walking backward to the mangled COMELIA, threw it over her naked body; the others then timidly
advanced,

advanced, and Mr. KITTLE opening his eyes, groaned again bitterly; then raising himself on his knees, with a look of unutterable anguish, he called upon his dear MARIA. Alas! no voice but the solemn repetition of his own cries was articulated to him: then rising with an air of distraction, he stalked round the bloody scene, and examined the dead bodies; first uncovering the pale visage of COMELIA, he surveyed in silence her distorted features; but perceiving it was not MARIA, he gently laid the cloth over again, and turning furiously, caught up his ghastly infant, whose little body was black with contusions, and his skull horribly fractured. Almost fainting under his mournful load, and staggering at the dreadful discovery, he deposited it again on the bloody earth, and clapping his hands together repeatedly with violence, "O hell! "hell!" he cried, "you cannot inflict tortments so exquisite as those I now suffer! "how am I crushed to the center! how "deeply am I degraded below the worms of "the sod! O my children! my children! "where are you now? O my wife! my "MARIA! the beloved of my bosom, are you
"too.

“ too fallen a sacrifice? Why do I survive
“ these miseries, my God? how can mortality
“ support them? Burst---burst my shrinking
“ heart, and punish a wretch for not having
“ died in the defence of such lovely and in-
“ nocent beings! Oh! why was I absent in
“ this fatal hour? why did not their groans
“ vibrate on my soul that I might have flown
“ to their aid?” Thus wildly lamenting and
wandering among the smoaking ruins, he
picked up some of the calcined bones of his
once beautiful ANNA. At this sight despair
shook his soul afresh, new agonies convulsed
his features, and dropping the sad evidence of
his miseries, he extended his arms to Heaven,
and roared out, “ Revenge! great God! re-
“ venge if thou art just and kind as represent-
“ ed! Oh! that I had the power of an arch-
“ angel to thunder eternal horrors on the
“ guilty wretches who have blasted the bud
“ of my happiness, who have darkened the
“ brightest eyes that ever opened on the light!”

The men here interfering, to console him
observed, the bones were probably those of his
brother PETER; but on finding his skeleton
entire, Mr. KITTLE insisted that it must have
been

been MARIA and ANNA, who, having hid themselves, had doubtless perished in the flames. Again, in the furious extravagance of passion, he tore the hair from his head, and casting himself prostrate on the ashes, he gathered the crumbling bones to his bosom, while the big drops of anguish issued at every pore, till life, unable longer to sustain the mental conflict, suspended her powers, and once more deprived him of sensation. His companions having laid him on a waggon, now conferred together in what manner to proceed, and apprehending an attack from the savages, they unanimously concluded to lay the dead bodies on the remaining carriage, and make the best of their way to *Schochticook*, which they accordingly performed with great silence and expedition.

You may judge, my dear, what a panic the appearance of this mournful cavalcade struck over the inhabitants of this defenceless village. Mr. KITTLE was gently laid on a bed, and being let blood, his respiration became less obstructed, though he continued senseless till his unfortunate family were interred. Six weeks elapsed before he recovered any degree of
of

of strength; but even then he appeared pale and emaciated, like a second LAZARUS; his disposition was entirely changed, his looks were fierce, his attitudes wild and extravagant, and his conversation, which formerly was sensible, commanding attention by a musical voice, now was incoherent, and his cadence deep and hollow, rather inspiring terror than any pleasing sensation. Thirsting for revenge, and perceiving that solitude only tended to corrode his moments with the blackest melancholy, he soon after entered the British service in the capacity of gentleman volunteer, and signalized himself by his prudence and intrepidity, attracting the particular notice of his officers, who being affected with his misfortunes, proffered their services to him with so much friendship and candour, as obliged him to accept of them, and yet lightened the obligation.

But doubtless, my dear, your generous sensibility is alarmed at my silence about Mrs. KITTLE; I think we left her reposing under a tree: she was the first that awaked as the sun began to exhale the crystal globules of morning, when half rising, and reclining on her elbow, she surveyed the lovely landscape
around

around her with a deep sigh; they were on an eminence that commanded an unlimited prospect of the country every way. The birds were cheerful; the deer bounded fearless over the hills; the meadows blushed with the enamel of FLORA: but grief had saddened every object in her sight; the whole creation seemed a dark blank to the fair mourner. Again recollection unlocked the sluices of her eyes, and her soft complaints disturbed her savage companions, who, rising and kindling up the dying embers, began to prepare their victuals, which they invited her to partake of. This she declined with visible detestation; and turning to her brother, with the dignity of conscious merit in distress, "No," said she, "I never will receive a morsel from those bloody hands yet dropping with recent murder!--let me perish---let the iron hand of famine first pinch out my vitals and send me after my children!" Notwithstanding this, HENRY added his solicitations that she should accept of some refreshment, reminding her of the consequence of her fatal resolution, which could be deemed no otherwise than suicide. Finding this had no effect, he tried to touch her feelings on a softer key---"Remember, MARIA,"

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“ MARIA,” said he, “ you have a tender husband
“ yet living; would you wish to deprive him
“ of every earthly consolation? Would you
“ add affliction to affliction, and after he
“ has performed the sorrowful obsequies of
“ his children, to crush all his remaining hope
“ by the news of your voluntary death? No,
“ live my sister! be assured he will soon get
“ us exchanged, when soft sympathies shall
“ wash away your sorrows; and after a few
“ years, who knows but the smiles of a new
“ lovely progeny may again dawn a paradise
“ of happiness on you.” MARIA was affect-
ed, and half raising her eyes from the earth,
she replied, “ O my brother! how consoling
“ do your words sink on my heart! though
“ my reason tells me your arguments are im-
“ probable and fallacious, yet it soothes the
“ tempest of my soul---I will try to live---
“ perhaps I may again behold my dear, dear,
“ dear husband!” Here a flood of tears inter-
rupted her.

As this conversation was held in English,
the savages were inquisitive to know the sub-
ject of it, at the same time enjoining them both
never to utter a syllable in their presence ex-
cept

cept in their own uncouth dialect, which, as they perfectly understood, they could not excuse themselves from. HENRY then informed them that his sister, objecting to their method of preparing food, had desired him to prevail with them to indulge her in dressing her meals herself. This they readily granted, and farther to ingratiate themselves in the prisoners' favour, they dispatched a young Indian to hunt for partridges or quails in the groves adjoining them: He instantly returned with a brood of wood-pigeons, scarcely fledged, which he presented to HENRY, who cleaned and broiled them on sticks, with an officious solicitude to please his sister, which she observed with a look of gratitude, and taking a pigeon from the stick, began to eat more from complaisance than inclination. HENRY was delighted at her ready acquiescence, and their repast being ended, they proceeded on their tiresome journey with less repining than the preceding night. MARIA was exempted from carrying a burden, yet she found the fatigue almost intolerable. They continually passed through a scene of conflagration, the savages firing every cottage in their way, whose mournful blaze catch-

ing the dry fields of grain, would scorch off hundreds of acres in a few moments, and form a burning path for their destroyers. As the sun advanced to his zenith, its rays beat fiercely on our travellers, augmented by the crackling flames around them; when meeting with a cool stream of water, MARIA was commanded to sit down (being over-heated) while the rest approached the rivulet: the Indian that guarded MARIA was stooping down to drink, when a loud rustling among the leaves and trampling of bushes attracted his attention; he listened awhile seemingly much alarmed, then starting up suddenly, he flew to MARIA, and caught hold of her hair, aiming his hatchet at her head: the consequence was obvious, and her fate seemed inevitable; yet, with a stoical composure, she folded her arms across, and waited the fatal stroke with perfect resignation; but while the weapon was yet suspended over her, chancing to look around, he perceived the noise to proceed from a large deer, whose antlers were entangled in the branches of a thicket. Though an uncivilized inhabitant of the forest, he blushed at his precipitancy, and returning the instrument of death to his girdle,

girdle, after some hesitation made this apology :
“ MARIA, this sudden discovery is well for
“ you; I thought we had been pursued, and
“ we never suffer our prisoners to be re-taken;
“ however, I was imprudent to attempt your
“ life before there was a probability of your
“ being rescued:” then desiring her to rise
and drink, he quickly shot the deer, his associates helping him to skin it. Instead of quenching her thirst she sat down pensive on the flowery margin, casting her eyes carelessly on the stream: she knew not whether to esteem her late deliverance from death a happy providence or protraction of misery. Observing the spotted trout, and other fish, to dart sportively across the water, she could not help exclaiming, “ Happy! happy animals! you
“ have not the fatal gift of reason to embitter your pleasures; you cannot anticipate
“ your difficulties by apprehension, or prolong them by recollection; incapable of offending your Creator, the blessings of your
“ existence are secured to you: Alas! I envy
“ the meanest among ye!” A gush of tears concluded her soliloquy; and being called to attend the company, she arose, and they began

their journey for the afternoon. HENRY desiring to have a piece of venison (having left it behind, seldom incommoding themselves with more than the hide and tallow) they returned and obliged him with a haunch, which was very fat: at the next interval of travel he dressed it for himself and MARIA. In the evening they crossed the river somewhat below *Fort-Edward*, in a canoe left hid under some bushes for that purpose. They observed the most profound silence until they entered the woods again; but it was very late before they halted, which they did in a deep hollow, surrounded by pines whose tops seemed to be lost in the clouds. It was necessary here to light a fire, for the wolves howled most dreadfully, and the whole forest rung with the cries of wild beasts of various sorts. The confines of hell could not have given MARIA more dismal ideas than her present situation: the horrid gloom of the place, the scowling looks of her murderous companions, the shrill shrieks of owls, the loud cries of the wolf, and mournful screams of panthers, which were redoubled by distant echoes as the terrible sounds seemed dying away, shook her frame with

with cold tremors---she sunk under the oppression of terror, and almost fainted in HENRY's arms; however, on perceiving the beasts durst not approach the light, but began to retire, she became a little more assured, and helped HENRY to erect a booth of pine branches, making a bed of the same materials in it while he prepared their supper: having eaten, and kindled a large fire in the front of her arbour, she laid down and soon fell in a deep sleep. She felt herself refreshed by this unexpected repose, and the next morning, with some alacrity, continued her journey, hoping at last to arrive at some Christian settlement. Arriving at *Lake-Champlain*, they raised a wigwam on the bank, expecting the coming of Indians from the opposite shore to carry them over.

Here our unfortunate captives were stript of their habits, already rent to pieces by briers, and attired each with remnants of old blankets. In this new dress Mrs. KITTLE ventured to expostulate with the savages, but it was talking to the stormy ocean; her complaints served only to divert them; so retiring among the bushes, she adjusted her coarse dress somewhat
decently,

decently, and then seating herself silently under a spreading tree, indulged herself in the luxury of sorrow. HENRY, sensible that they expected more fortitude from him, and that if he sunk under his adverse fortune he should be worse treated, affected to be cheerful; he assisted them in catching salmon, with which the lake abounds; an incredible quantity of wild fowl frequenting the lake also, he laid snares for those of the lesser sort, (not being allowed fire-arms) and succeeded so well, that his dexterity was highly commended, and night coming on, they regaled themselves on the fruits of their industry. The night was exceedingly dark, but calm; a thick mist hovered over the woods, and the small ridgy waves softly rolled to the shore, when suddenly a large meteor, or fiery exhalation, passed by them with surprising velocity, casting on every side showers of brilliant sparkles. At sight of this phenomenon the Indians put their heads between their knees, crying out in a lamentable voice, "Do not! do not! do not!" continuing in the same attitude until the vapour disappeared. HENRY, with some surprise, demanded the reason of this exclamation,

tion; to which they replied, "What he had
" seen was a fiery dragon on his passage to
" his den, who was of so malevolent a tem-
" per, that he never failed, on his arrival there,
" to inflict some peculiar calamity on man-
" kind." In about five minutes after the
earth was violently agitated, the waves of the
lake tumbled about in a strange manner, seem-
ing to emit flashes of fire, all the while attend-
ed with most tremendous roarings, intermixed
with loud noises, not unlike the explosion of
heavy cannon. Soon as the Indians perceived
it was an earthquake, they cried out, "Now
" he comes home!" and casting themselves
in their former posture, filled the air with dis-
mal howlings. This was a terrible scene to
MARIA, who had never been witness to so
dreadful a convulsion of Nature before; she
started up and fled from her savage companions
towards an eminence at some distance, where,
dropping on her knees, she emphatically im-
plored the protection of Heaven: however,
she was followed by an Indian and HENRY;
the latter, highly affected with her distresses,
taking hold of her trembling hand, "But why,
" my sister!" said he, "have you fled from
" us?

“us? is the gloom of a forest more cheering
“than the sympathising looks of a friend?”
“No, my brother!” replied MARIA; “but
“the thought was suggested to me, that the
“supreme God perhaps was preparing to
“avenge himself of these murderers by some
“awful and uncommon judgment, and I fled
“from them as LOT did from *Sodom*, lest I
“might be involved in the punishment of their
“guilt.” They conversed in English, which
displeasing the Indian, he ordered them to re-
turn to the wigwam, threatening to bind MA-
RIA fast if she offered to elope again. The
flock being over, silence again spread through
the realms of darkness, when a high wind
arose from the north and chilled our half-naked
travellers with excessive cold. The savages
(whose callous skins were proof against the in-
clement weather) not caring to continue their
fires, lest they should be discovered and sur-
prised by some English party, they passed here
a very uncomfortable night; but the wind sub-
siding, and the sky growing clear, the sun rose
peculiarly warm and pleasant, streaming ten
thousand rays of gold across the lake. MARIA
had scarcely performed her oraisons, when the
savages,

savages, forming a circle round her and HENRY, began to dance in a most extravagant manner, and with antic gestures that at another time would have afforded mirth to our travellers. Having continued their exercise some time, they incontinently drew out boxes of paint, and began to ornament their captives with a variety of colours; one having crossed their faces with a stroke of vermilion, another would intersect it with a line of black, and so on until the whole company had given a specimen of their skill or fancy.

Soon after two canoes arrived, in which they passed over the lake, which was uncommonly serene and pleasant. They proceeded not far on their way before they were obliged to halt for two days, on account of MARIA's inability to travel, her feet being greatly swollen and lacerated by the flinty path. At length, by easy stages, they came in view of an Indian settlement, when MARIA's long unbenumbed features relaxed into a half smile, and turning to HENRY, "Here, my brother!" said she, "I shall find some of my own sex, to whom simple Nature, no doubt, has taught humanity; this is the first precept she inculcates in the female

“female mind, and this they generally retain through life, in spite of every evil propensity.” As she uttered this elogium in favour of the fair, the tawny villagers, perceiving their approach, rushed promiscuously from their huts with an execrable din, and fell upon the weary captives with clubs and a shower of stones, accompanying their strokes with the most virulent language; among the rest an old deformed squaw, with the rage of a Tisiphone, flew to MARIA, aiming a pine-knot at her head, and would certainly have given the wretched mourner her quietus had she not been opposed by the savage that guarded Mrs. KITTLE: he at first mildly expostulated with his passionate countrywoman; but finding the old hag frantic, and insatiable of blood, he twisted the pine-knot from her hand and whirled it away to some distance, then seizing her arm roughly and tripping up her heels, he laid her prostrate, leaving her to howl and yell at leisure, which she performed without a prompter.---MARIA was all in a tremor, and hastily followed her deliverer, not caring to risk another encounter with the exasperated virago. By this time the rage and tumult of the

the savages subsiding, the new-comers were admitted into a large wigwam, in the center of which blazed a fire. After they were seated, several young Indians entered with baskets of green maize in the ear, which, having roasted before the fire, they distributed among the company.

Mrs. KITTLE and her brother complaining of the bruises they met with at their reception, an old Indian seemed to attend with great concern; then leaving the place, in a little time returned with a bundle of aromatic herbs under his arm, the juice of which he expressed by rubbing them between two stones with flat surfaces; this he gave them to drink, applying the leaves externally. They instantly found relief from the medical quality of this extraordinary plant, and composing themselves to sleep, expected a good night's repose; but they were mistaken, for their entertainers growing intoxicated with spirituous liquors, which operating differently, it produced a most complicated noise of yelling, talking, singing, and quarrelling: this was a charm more powerful than the wand of Hermes to drive away sleep: but grown familiar with sorrow and disappointment, MARIA regarded this as a trifle,

G

and

and when HENRY expressed his concern for her, smiling, she replied, "We must arm ourselves with patience, my brother! we can combat with fate in no other manner."

It were endless to recapitulate minutely every distress that attended the prisoners in their tedious journey; let it suffice, that having passed through uncommon misery, and imminent danger, they arrived at *Montreal*.--- Here the savages were joined by several scalping parties of their tribe, and having previously fresh painted themselves, appeared in hideous pomp, and performed a kind of triumphal entry. The throng of people that came out to meet them, threw MARIA in the most painful sensations of embarrassment; but as the clamours and insults of the populace increased, a freezing torpor succeeded, and bedewed her limbs with a cold sweat---strange chimeras danced before her sight---the actions of her soul were suspended---she seemed to move mechanically, nor recollected herself till she found she was seated in the Governor's hall, surrounded by an impertinent, inquisitive circle of people, who were inquiring into the cause of her disorder, without attempting any thing towards her relief. Discovering her situation,

situation, she blushing withdrew to a dark corner from the public gaze, and could not help sighing to herself, "Alas! but a very few
" days ago I was hailed as the happiest of wo-
" men---my fond husband anticipated all my
" desires---my children smiled round me with
" filial delight---my very servants paid me the
" homage due to an angel---O my God! what
" a sudden, what a deplorable transition! I
" am fallen below contempt!" As she thus moralized on her situation, an English woman (whom humanity more than curiosity had drawn to the place) approached MARIA, and observing her tears and deep dejection, took hold of her hand, and endeavoured to smile; but the soft impulses of nature were too strong for the efforts of dissimulation---her features instantly saddened again, and she burst into tears, exclaiming, (with a hesitating voice,)
" Poor, forlorn creature! where are thy
" friends! perhaps the dying moments of thy
" fond parent, or husband, have been cruelly
" embittered with the sight of thy captivity!
" perhaps now thy helpless orphan is mourn-
" ing for the breast which gave him nourish-
" ment! or thy plaintive little ones are won-
" dering

“dering at the long absence of their miserable
“mother!”---“Oh! no more! no more!”
interrupted MARIA; “your pity is severer
“than savage cruelty---I could stand the
“shock of fortune with some degree of firm-
“ness, but your soft sympathy opens afresh
“the wounds of my soul! my losses are be-
“yond your conjecture--I have no parent,
“no sportive children, and, I believe, no
“husband, to mourn and wish for me!”
These words were succeeded by an affecting
silence on both sides: meanwhile the Indians
testified their impatience to be admitted to the
Governor by frequent shouts; at length his
Excellency appeared, and having held a long
conference with the savages, they retired with
his Secretary, and our prisoners saw them no
more.

After their exit the Governor turning round
to MARIA and HENRY, demanded who they
were? Mrs. KITTLE's perplexity prevented
her reply; but HENRY, in a most respectful
manner, gave him a succinct account of their
misfortunes. The Governor perceiving him
sensible and communicative, interrogated him
farther, but he modestly declined giving any
political

political intelligence. Observing that MARIA suffered greatly in this interview, he soon concluded it, after having presented several pieces of calicoes and stuffs to them, desiring they would accept what they had occasion for. Mrs. KITTLE immediately singled out a piece of black calimanco with tears of gratitude to her benefactor; who, smiling, observed she might chuse a gayer colour, as he hoped her distresses were now over. MARIA shook her head in token of dissent, but could make no reply. He then dismissed them, with a small guard, who was directed to provide them with decent lodgings.

HENRY was accommodated at a baker's, while his sister, to her no small satisfaction, found herself placed at the English woman's who, on her arrival, had expressed so much good nature. She had scarcely entered, when Mrs. D-----, presenting her with a cordial, led her to a couch, insisting on her reposing there a little, "for," says she, "your waste of spirits requires it."

This tenderness, which MARIA had long been a stranger to, relaxed every fibre of her heart: she again melted into tears; but it was a

gush of grateful acknowledgment, that called a modest blush of pleasure and perplexity on Mrs. D-----'s cheek. Being left alone, she soon fell in a profound sleep; and her friend having prepared a comfortable repast, in less than an hour awaked her, with an invitation to dinner---“ And how do you find yourself, “ my sister?” said she instinctively, seizing MARIA's hand and compressing it between her's; “ may we hope that you will assist us “ in conquering your dejection?”---MARIA smiled benignly through a crystal atmosphere of tears, and kissing the hand of her friend, arose. Having dined, and being now equipped in decent apparel, MARIA became the admiration and esteem of the whole family. The tempest of her soul subsided in a solemn calm; and though she did not regain her vivacity, she became agreeably conversable.

In a few days, however, she felt the symptoms of an approaching fever. She was alarmed at this, and intimating to Mrs. D----- her fears of becoming troublesome, “ Do not be concerned,” returned that kind creature; “ my “ God did not plant humanity in my breast to “ remain there an inactive principle.” MA-

RIA

MARIA felt her oppression relieved by this generous sentiment; and indeed found her friendship did not consist in profession, as she incessantly tended her during her illness with inexpressible delicacy and solicitude. When she was again on the recovery, Mrs. D----- one day ordered a small trunk covered with Morocco leather to be brought before her, and opening it, produced several sets of fine linen, with some elegant stuffs and other necessaries. ---“ See,” said she, “ what the benevolence “ of *Montreal* has done for you. The ladies “ that beg your acceptance of these things, “ intend likewise to enhance the favour, by “ waiting on you this afternoon.” ---“ Ah!” interrupted MARIA, “ I want them not; this “ one plain habit is enough to answer the purpose of dress for me. Shut the chest, my “ dear Mrs. D-----, and keep them as a small “ compensation for the immense trouble I have “ been to you.” ---“ If this is your real sentiment,” replied her friend, (shutting the chest, and presenting her the key,) “ return “ your gifts to the donors; and since you will “ reward me for my little offices of friendship, “ only love me, and believe me disinterested, “ and

“and I shall be overpaid.”---“I see I have
“wronged your generosity,” answered MARIA. “Pardon me, my sister, I will offend
“no more. I did not think you mercenary---
“but---but---I meant only to disengage my
“heart of a little of its burden.”---As this
tender contest was painful to both parties, Mrs.
D----- rising abruptly, pretended some business,
promising to return again directly.

In the afternoon MARIA received her visitants in a neat little parlour. She was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, and wore a small muslin cap, from which her hair fell in artless curls on her fine neck: her face was pale, though not emaciated, and her eyes streamed a soft languor over her countenance, more bewitching than the sprightliest glances of vivacity. As they entered she arose, and advancing, modestly received their civilities, while Mrs. D---- handed them to chairs: but hearing a well-known voice, she hastily lifted up her eyes, and screamed out in an accent of surprise, “Good Heaven! may I credit my senses? My dear Mrs. BRATT, my kind neighbour, is it really you that I see?” Here she found herself clasped in her friend’s arms,
who,

who, after a long subsiding sigh, broke into tears. The tumult of passion at length abating ---“ Could I have guessed, my MARIA,” said she, “ that you was here, my visit should not “ have been deferred a moment after your arrival; but I have mourned with a sister in “ affliction, (permit me to present her to you,) “ and while our hearts were wrung with each “ other’s distress, alas! we inquired after no “ foreign calamity.” Being all seated, “ I “ dare not,” resumed MARIA, “ ask after “ your family; I am afraid you only have “ escaped to tell me of them.” ---“ Not so, my “ sister,” cried Mrs. BRATT; “ but if you “ can bear the recollection of your misfortunes, do oblige me with the recital.” The ladies joined their intreaty, and Mrs. KITTLE complied in a graceful manner.

After some time spent in tears, and pleasing melancholy, tea was brought in; and towards sun-set Mrs. D---- invited the company to walk in the garden, which being very small, consisted only of a parterre, at the farther end of which stood an arbour covered with a grape-vine. Here being seated, after some chat on indifferent subjects, MARIA desired

fired Mrs. BRATT, (if agreeable to the company) to acquaint her with the circumstances of her capture. They all bowed approbation; and after some hesitation Mrs. BRATT began:---

“ My heart, ladies, shall ever retain a sense
“ of the happiness I enjoyed in the society
“ of Mrs. KITTLE and several other amia-
“ ble persons in the vicinage of *Schochticook*,
“ where I resided. She in particular cheered
“ my lonely hours of widowhood, and omit-
“ ted nothing that she thought might conduce
“ to my serenity. I had two sons; she recom-
“ mended the education of them to my leisure
“ hours. I accepted of her advice, and found
“ a suspension of my sorrows in the execution
“ of my duty. They soon improved beyond
“ my capacity of teaching. RICHARD, my
“ eldest, was passionately fond of books, which
“ he studied with intense application. This
“ naturally attached him to a sedentary life,
“ and he became the constant instructive com-
“ panion of my evening hours. My youngest
“ son, CHARLES, was more volatile, yet not
“ less agreeable; his person was charming,
“ his wit sprightly, and his address elegant.

“ They

“ They often importuned me, at the commencement of this war, to withdraw to *Albany*; but, as I apprehended no danger, (the British troops being stationed above us, quite from *Saratoga* to the Lake) I ridiculed their fears.

“ One evening as my sons were come in from reaping, and I was busied in preparing them a dish of tea, we were surprised by a discharge of musketry near us. We all three ran to the door, and beheld a party of Indians not twenty paces from us. Struck with astonishment, we had no power to move; and the savages again firing that instant, my CHARLES dropped down dead beside me. Good God! what were my emotions! But language would fail, should I attempt to describe them. My surviving son then turning to me, with a countenance expressive of the deepest horror, urged me to fly. “ Let us be gone this instant,” said he; “ a moment determines our fate. O my mother! you are already lost.” But despair had swallowed up my fears; I fell shrieking on the body of my child, and rending away my hair, endeavoured to recall

“ call him to life with unavailing laments.
“ RICHARD, in the meanwhile, had quitted
“ me, and the moment after I beheld him
“ mounted on horseback, and stretching away
“ to the city. The Indians fired a volley at
“ him, but missed, and, I flatter myself that
“ he arrived safe. And now, not all my
“ prayers and tears could prevent the wretches
“ from scalping my precious child. But when
“ they rent me away from him, and dragged
“ me from the house, my grief and rage
“ burst forth like a hurricane. I execrated
“ their whole race, and called for eternal ven-
“ geance to crush them to atoms. After a
“ while I grew ashamed of my impetuosity;
“ the tears began again to flow silently on my
“ cheek; and, as I walked through the forest
“ between two Indians, my soul grew sudden-
“ ly sick and groaned in me; a darkness, more
“ substantial than Egyptian night, fell upon
“ it, and my existence became an insupport-
“ able burthen to me. I looked up to Hea-
“ ven with a hopeless kind of awe, but I
“ murmured no more at the dispensations of
“ my God; and in this frame of sullen resigna-
“ tion I passed the rest of my journey, which
“ being

“being nearly similar to Mrs. KITTLE’s, I
 “shall avoid the repetition of. And now per-
 “mit me (said she, turning to the French la-
 “dies) to acknowledge your extreme goodness
 “to me. I was a stranger, sick and naked, and
 “you took me in. You indeed have proved
 “the good Samaritan to me, pouring oil and
 “wine in my wounds.”---“Hush, hush! (cri-
 “ed Madame DE ROCHE,) you estimate our
 “services at too high a rate. I see you are no
 “connoisseur in minds; there is a great deal
 “of honest hospitality in the world, though
 “you have met with so little.”

“I now reject, (interrupted Mrs. BRATT,)
 “all prejudices of education. From my in-
 “fancy have I been taught that the French
 “were a cruel perfidious enemy, but I have
 “found them quite the reverse.”

Madame DE R. willing to change the subject,
 accosted the other stranger,---“Dear Mrs.
 “WILLIS, shall we not be interested likewise
 “in your misfortunes?”---“Ah! do, (added
 Mademoiselle V.) “my heart is now sweetly
 “tuned to melancholy. I love to indulge these
 “divine sensibilities, which your affecting his-
 “tories are so capable of inspiring.”---MA-

RIA then took hold of Mrs. WILLIS's hand, and pressed her to oblige them.---Mrs. WILLIS bowed. She dropt a few tears; but assuming a composed look, she began:---

“ I am the daughter of a poor clergyman,
“ who being confined to his chamber by sickness, for several years, amused himself by
“ educating me. At his death, finding myself friendless, and without money, I accepted the hand of a young man who had
“ taken a leased farm in Pennsylvania. He
“ was very agreeable, and extravagantly fond
“ of me. We lived happily for many years
“ in a kind of frugal affluence. When the
“ savages began to commit outrages on the
“ frontier settlements, our neighbours, intimidated at their rapid approaches, erected a
“ small fort, surrounded by a high palisade.
“ Into this the more timorous drove their cattle at night; and one evening, as we were
“ at supper, my husband (being ordered on guard) insisted that I should accompany him
“ with the children (for I had two lovely
“ girls, one turned of thirteen years, and another of six months.) My SOPHIA assented
“ to the proposal with joy. “ Mamma,
(said

“ (said she,) what a merry woman the Cap-
“ tain’s wife is; she will divert us the whole
“ evening, and she is very fond of your com-
“ pany: come, I will take our little CHAR-
“ LOTTE on my arm, and papa will carry the
“ lantern.” I acceded with a nod; and al-
“ ready the dear charmer had handed me my
“ hat and gloves, when somebody thundered
“ at the door. We were silent as death, and
“ instantly after plainly could distinguish the
“ voices of savages conferring together. Chil-
“ led as I was with fear, I flew to the cradle,
“ and catching my infant, ran up into a loft.
“ SOPHIA followed me all trembling, and
“ panting for breath cast herself in my bosom.
“ Hearing the Indians enter, I looked through
“ a crevice in the floor, and saw them, with
“ menacing looks, seat themselves round the
“ table, and now and then address them-
“ selves to Mr. WILLIS, who, all pale and
“ astonished, neither understood nor had
“ power to answer them. I observed they
“ took a great pleasure in terrifying him, by
“ flourishing their knives, and gashing the
“ table with their hatchets. Alas! this sight
“ shot icicles to my soul; and, to increase my
“ distress,

“distress, my SOPHIA’s little heart beat
“against my breast, with redoubled strokes,
“at every word they uttered.

“Having finished their repast in a gluttin-
“nous manner, they laid a fire-brand in each
“corner of the chamber, and then departed,
“driving poor Mr. WILLIS before them.
“The smoke soon incommoded us; but we
“dreaded our barbarous enemy more than the
“fire. At length, however, the flames be-
“ginning to invade our retreat, trembling and
“apprehensive, we ventured down stairs; the
“whole house now glowed like a furnace;
“the flames rolled towards the stairs, which
“we hastily descended; but just as I sat my
“foot on the threshold of the door, a piece of
“timber, nearly consumed through, gave way,
“and fell on my left arm, which supported my
“infant, miserably fracturing the bone. I in-
“stantly caught up my fallen lamb, and haf-
“tened to overtake my SOPHIA. There was a
“large hollow tree contiguous to our house,
“with an aperture just large enough to admit
“so small a woman as I am. Here we had
“often laughingly proposed to hide our chil-
“dren, in case of a visit from the olive colour-
“ed

“ed natives. In this we now took shelter;
“and being seated some time, my soul seemed
“to awake as it were from a vision of horror:
“I lifted up my eyes, and beheld the cottage
“that lately circumscribed all my worldly
“wealth and delight, melting away before the
“devouring fire. I dropt a tear as our apostate
“first parents did when thrust out from *Eden*.
“The world lay all before them, where to
“chuse their place of rest, and Providence
“their guide. Ah, EVE! thought I, hadst
“thou been like me, solitary, maimed, and
“unprotected, thy situation had been deplorable
“indeed. Then pressing my babe to my
“heart, “How quiet art thou, my angel, (said
“I;) sure---sure, Heaven has stilled thy little
“plaints in mercy to us.”---“Ah! (sobbed
“SOPHIA,) now I am comforted again that
“I hear my dear mamma’s voice. I was
“afraid grief would have forever deprived me
“of that happiness.” And here she kissed
“my babe and me with vehemence. When
“her transports were moderated, “How cold
“my sister is, (said she,) do wrap her up
“warmer, mamma; poor thing, she is not
“used to such uncomfortable lodging.”

“ The pain of my arm now called for all
“ my fortitude and attention ; but I forbore to
“ mention this afflicting circumstance to my
“ daughter.

“ The cheerful swallow now began to usher
“ in the dawn with melody ; we timidly pre-
“ pared to quit our hiding place ; and turning
“ round to the light, I cast an anxious eye of
“ love on my innocent, wondering that she
“ slept so long. But oh ! horror and misery !
“ I beheld her a pale, stiff corpse in my arms ;
“ (suffer me to weep, ladies, at the cruel re-
“ collection.) It seems the piece of wood that
“ disabled me, had also crushed my CHAR-
“ LOTTE’s tender skull, and no wonder my
“ hapless babe was quiet. I could no longer
“ sustain my sorrowful burden, but falling
“ prostrate, almost insensible at the dreadful
“ discovery, uttered nothing but groans. So-
“ PHIA’s little heart was too susceptible for
“ so moving a scene. Distracted between her
“ concern for me, and her grief for the loss
“ of her dear sister, she cast herself beside me,
“ and with the softest voice of sorrow, bewail-
“ ed the fate of her beloved CHARLOTTE---
“ her sweet companion---her innocent, laugh-
“ ing

“ing play-fellow. At length we rose, and
“SOPHIA, clasping all that remained of my
“cherub in her arms, “Ah! (said she,) I did
“engage to carry you, my sister, but little
“did I expect in this distressing manner.”
“When we came in sight of the fort, though
“I endeavoured to spirit up my grieved child,
“yet I found my springs of action begin to
“move heavily, my heart fluttered, and I
“suddenly fainted away. SOPHIA, conclud-
“ing I was dead, uttered so piercing a cry,
“that the centinel looking up, immediately
“called to those in the fort to assist us. When
“I recovered, I found myself in a bed encir-
“cled by my kind neighbours, who divided
“their expressions of love and condolence
“between me and my child. I remained in
“the fort after this; but, ladies, you may think,
“that bereft as I was of so kind a husband and
“endearing child, I soon found myself soli-
“tary and destitute. I wept incessantly; and
“hearing nothing from my dear WILLIS, I
“at length resolved to traverse the wilds of
“*Canada* in pursuit of him. When I com-
“municated this to my friends, they all strong-
“ly opposed it; but finding me inflexible,
“they

“ they furnished me with some money and ne-
“ cessaries, and obtained a permission from
“ the Governor to let me go under protection
“ of a flag that was on the way. Hearing
“ likewise that a cartel was drawn for an ex-
“ change of prisoners, I sat out, flushed with
“ hope, and with indefatigable industry and
“ painful sollicitude, arrived at *Montreal*, worn
“ to a skeleton (as you see ladies) with fatigue.
“ I omitted not to inquire of every officer,
“ the names of prisoners who had been brought
“ in. At length I understood that Mr. WIL-
“ LIS had perished in jail, on his first arrival,
“ of a dysentery.---Here my expectations ter-
“ minated in despair. I had no money to re-
“ turn with, and indeed but for my SOPHIA
“ no inclination---the whole world seemed
“ dark and cheerless to me as the fabled re-
“ gion of Cimmeria, and I was nigh perishing
“ for very want, when Mrs. BRATT, hearing
“ of my distress, sought my acquaintance: she
“ kindly participated my sorrows, and too---
“ too generously shared her purse and bed with
“ me. This, ladies, is the story of a broken-
“ hearted woman; nor should I have intruded
“ it in any other but the house of mourning.”

Here

Here she concluded, while the ladies feverally embracing her, expressed their acknowledgments for the painful task she had complied with to oblige their curiosity.----

“Would to Heaven!” said Madame DE R. “that the brutal nations were extinct, for never---never can the united humanity of *France* and *Britain* compensate for the horrid cruelties of their savage allies.”

They were soon after summoned to an elegant collation; and having spent best part of the night together, the guests retired to their respective homes.

During two years, in which the French ladies continued their bounty and friendship to Mrs. KITTLE, she never could gain the least intelligence of her husband. Her letters, after wandering through several provinces, would often return to her hands unopened. Despairing at length of ever seeing him, “Ah!” she would say to Mrs. D----, “my poor husband has undoubtedly perished, per- haps in his fruitless search after me, and I am left to be a long---long burden on your goodness, a very unprofitable dependant.”

In

In her friend's absence she would descend into the kitchen, and submit to the most menial offices; nor could the servants prevent her; however, they apprised Mrs. D---- of it, who seized an opportunity of detecting her at her labour. Being baffled in her humble attempt by the gentle reproaches of her indulgent patroness, she sat down on the step of the door, and began to weep. "I believe, good Mrs. D-----," said she, "were you a hard task-master, that exacted from these useless hands the most slavish business, I could acquit myself with cheerfulness: my heart is like ice, that brightens and grows firmer by tempests, but cannot stand the warm rays of a kind sun." Mrs. D----- was beginning to answer, when hearing a tumult in the street, they both hastened to the door, and MARIA, casting her eyes carelessly over the crowd, in an instant recognized the features of her long-lamented husband; who sprang towards her with an undescribable and involuntary rapture: but the tide of joy and surprise was too strong for the delicacy of her frame: she gave a faint exclamation, and stretching out her arms to receive him, dropped senseless at his feet. The succession

cession of his ideas was too rapid to admit describing. He caught her up, and bearing her in the hall, laid his precious burden on a settee, kneeling beside her in a speechless agony of delight and concern. Meanwhile the spectators found themselves wonderfully affected---the tender contagion ran from bosom to bosom---they wept aloud; and the house of joy seemed to be the house of lamentation. At length MARIA opened her eyes and burst into a violent fit of tears---Mr. KITTLE, with answering emotions, silently accompanying her; then clasping his arms endearingly round her, "It is enough, my love," said he, "we
" have had our night of affliction, and surely
" this blessed meeting is a presage of a long
" day of future happiness; let me kiss off those
" tears, and shew by your smiles that I am
" indeed welcome." MARIA then bending fondly forward to his bosom, replied, sighing,
" Alas! how can your beggared wife give you
" a proper reception? she cannot restore your
" prattling babes to your arms---she comes a-
" lone! Alas! her presence will only serve
" to remind you of the treasures---the filial
" delights you have lost!"---"God forbid,"
answered

answered he, "that I should repine at the loss
"of my smaller comforts, when so capital a
"blessing as my beloved MARIA is so won-
"derfully restored to me." Here he was in
civility obliged to rise and receive the compli-
ments of Mrs. BRATT, Mrs. WILLIS, and
Madame DE R----, who, hearing of his ar-
rival, entered just then, half breathless with
impatience and joy. The company increas-
ed; an elegant dinner was prepared: in short,
the day was devoted to pleasure; and never
was satisfaction more general---festivity glow-
ed on every face, and complacency dimpled
every cheek.

After tea MARIA withdrew in the garden,
to give her beloved an account of what had be-
fallen her during their separation. The elo-
quence of sorrow is irresistible. Mr. KITTLE
wept, he groaned, while all impassioned (with
long interruptions of grief in her voice) she
stammered through her doleful history; and
yet she felt a great satisfaction in pouring her
complaints into a bosom whose feelings were
in unison with her's---they wept---they smiled
---they mourned, and rejoiced alternately,
with an abrupt transition from one passion to
another.

Mr.

Mr. KITTLE, in return, informed her, that having thrown himself into the army, in hopes of ending a being that grew insupportable under the reflection of past happiness, he tempted death in every action wherein he was engaged, and being disappointed, gave himself up to the blackest melancholy. "This gloomy scene," he observed, "would soon have been closed by some act of desperation; but one evening, sitting pensive in his tent, and attentively running over the circumstances of his misfortunes, a thought darted on his mind that possibly his brother HENRY might be alive." This was the first time the idea of any one of his family's surviving the general murder had presented itself to him, and he caught at the flattering suggestion as a drowning wretch would at a plank. "Surely, surely," said he, "my brother lives---it is some divine emanation lights up the thought in my soul---it carries conviction with it: I will go after him---it shall be the comfort and employment of my life to find out this dear brother---this last and only treasure." Persuaded of the reality of his fancy, he communicated his design to a

I

few

few of his military friends; but they only laughed at his extravagance, and strongly dissuaded him from so wild an undertaking. Being discouraged, he desisted; but shortly after, hearing that a company of prisoners (who were enfranchised) were returning to *Quebec*, he got permission to accompany them. After a very fatiguing journey he arrived at *Montreal*, and was immediately introduced to the General Officer, who patiently heard his story; and treated him with great clemency. Having obtained leave to remain a few days in town, he respectfully withdrew, and turning down a street he inquired of a man who was walking before him, where lodgings were to be let? The stranger turned about, civilly taking off his hat, when Mr. KITTLE, starting back, grew as pale as ashes—"Oh, my God!" cried he, panting, "oh! HENRY, is it you! is it indeed you! No, it cannot be." Here he was ready to fall; but HENRY, with little less agitation, supported him; and a tavern being at hand, he led him in. The master of the hotel brought in wine, and they drank off many glasses to congratulate so happy a meeting. When their transports were abated,

abated, HENRY ventured to tell him that his MARIA was living and well. This was a weight of joy too strong for his enfeebled powers---he stared wildly about. At length, recovering himself, "Take care, HENRY," said he, "this is too tender a point to trifle upon." ---"My brother," replied HENRY, "be calm, "let not your joy have a worse effect than "your grief---they both came sudden, and it "behoves a man and a christian to shew as "much fortitude under the one as the other." ---"Alas! I am prepared for some woeful deception," cried Mr. KITTLE; but, HENRY, this suspense is cruel."---"By the eternal God!" rejoined his brother, "your MARIA, your wife, is in this town, and if "you are composed enough, you shall immediately see her." Mr. KITTLE could not speak---he gave his hand to HENRY, and while (like the Apostles friends) he believed not for joy, he was conducted to her arms, and found his bliss wonderfully real.

"I have ventured to tell him," said
 "the young man, "that I was a
 "weight of too long for his comfort."
 "is the third will, about. At length, he
 "covering himself, "Take care, Henry," said
 "he, "this is too tender a point to be upon."
 "My father," replied Henry, "I believe
 "that not your joy have a worse effect than
 "your father's. Both were hidden, and it
 "denotes a man and a Christian to show as
 "much kindness under the one as the other."
 "Alas! I am prepared for some wooden dis-
 "cussion," cried Mrs. Zittel; but, thank-
 "you, this discussion is needless."—By the way—
 "and God!" rejoined the brother, "your
 "Maria, your wife, is in this town, and if
 "you are comforted enough, you will know
 "directly too well. Her letter could not
 "possibly have given him such a, Henry, and
 "when (as the apostle says) he believed
 "not for joy, he was comforted in her name,
 "and found his bliss wonderfully real."

THE STORY OF
HENRY AND ANNE.
FOUNDED ON FACT.

HENRY and ANNE were born in *Germany*, in the Marquisate of *Baden*: their parents dwelt contiguous to each other, and the most sentimental friendship subsisted between the two families. ANNE was graceful even in infancy; HENRY tall and majestic, strong and active, though not regularly beautiful; their poverty early introduced them on the fields: their little hands were lacerated by the bearded grain, and their tender feet wounded by the asperities of a flinty soil. ANNE's lovely complexion soon lost its delicate whiteness, but was amply recompensed by the bloom

of luxuriant health. Whilst they toiled together in gathering the stones from the green surface of a meadow, or weeding the vines, the courtly passenger would stop and gaze with pity to see so much elegance and beauty of form joined to the servility of unremitted labour. HENRY redoubled his exertions constantly to lessen little ANNE's fatigue; and when their task was done, they rejoined their companions, assisted them to complete their work; and with gleeful hearts sported themselves to sleep.

Nor were the old farmers displeased to see the growing affection between their children: "We shall soon be closer united," said they; "HENRY and ANNE (our only offspring) shall cement our friendship, and perpetuate our names to remotest centuries." Alas! in the midst of this enchanting vision, an officer, attended by a file of musqueteers, demanded HENRY. He was now seventeen, full grown, and must enter his Lord's service. It was in vain to expostulate. Without a farewell sigh from ANNE, or scarce an embrace from his distracted parents, he must depart. Being escorted to a distant town, he was there initiated

initiated into all the military manœuvres, and three weeks after joined his regiment, which left that part of *Germany* soon after. HENRY'S disappointed love sunk him into melancholy--- he grew desperate, and negligent of life. In a very warm action, being engaged with the enemy in fight of the General, he ventured himself rashly, and fought without caution. It was called intrepidity, and he was advanced to the rank of serjeant. Having acquitted himself with honour, and the time of his service being elapsed, his Captain gave him his discharge, with previous offers of promotion if he would continue in his company. "I blush to decline my officer's generous proposal," said HENRY; "but it is better to be virtuous than fortunate--- I have left three broken hearts at home, I must hasten to heal them---the soft voice of my ANNE calls me from the thunder of *Bellona*."---"Go," said his commander in a softened tone, "I know what love is---my HENRY can be happy, I only great;" then dropping a tear, "Go HENRY---farewell---I know you deserve to be happier than I am."

The

The interview between the lovers was tender and romantic. -- ANNE, to console her HENRY's parents, remitted not her assiduities to please them. She cultivated their garden; she culled the richest fruit and brightest flowers to amuse them: her active fingers extended an imperceptible thread of flax to provide them linen of finer texture than the product of Egyptian looms: she resisted the importunity of HENRY's rivals heroically; while her old father, weeping for joy, commended her constancy. "My child," said he, "thou art no disgrace to thy lineage; HENRY loves thee, he is worthy of thee, and worthy of every sacrifice thou canst make him; cheer up my little one, he will soon return." -- "No, my father, some inexorable shot will cleave his brave heart." So saying, she rose agitated from weeding a bed of lupins, when a foot soldier approached. Scarce had the old man civilly accosted the stranger over the hedge, when ANNE screamed out, "Oh heaven! father, it is our HENRY, our own HENRY." -- In an instant the family was convened; from tears they made abrupt transitions to mirth, which soon caught the ears of the good

good neighbours, who came in crouds to felicitate the soldier's arrival. His parents invited them to return the next day and share the general festivity, which they freely accepted, and assisted to slaughter the poultry and fattest lambs. The entertainment was truly pastoral. The tables were spread in the vineyard, beneath verdant arches that were impurpled by weighty clusters of grapes; a gushing fountain close by dispensed a delicious coolness, and baskets of flowers filled the air with balmy sweetness. To heighten the scene, the silvery airs of music, from the violin, harp, and mellifluous flute, softly circled through the sky. In short, a priest was called and our lovers married.

For two years peace and plenty were their household gods; but then HENRY seeing a family increasing, began to reflect on the means of supporting them. He had no land, and had never been taught any mechanical branch of business; however, after taking advice, he purchased a small stock of merchandise, and prepared to follow the army. The good parents exhausted themselves to increase his commodities. "Be frugal and cautious, son," said

said they; "remember ANNE and her babe."
---"Ah!" cried HENRY, embracing them,
"if I dishonour my parents, take ANNE from
"my bosom, give my paradise to a stranger,
"and let me die the death of a villain!"

HENRY visited his beloved friends frequently, but the army being stationed at a considerable distance from them, after an interval of three years, he fought in absence near eleven months; he had accumulated eight hundred pounds in cash by extraordinary application, which compensated in some measure this painful separation, when he received a summons to return home. It seems his father-in-law had been dispossessed of his farm, through inability to discharge his rent. The good old man retired with his child to HENRY's parents, where they were cordially received; but grief made insensible inroads in his constitution; in less than three weeks (having languished a few days) he died in ANNE's arms.

HENRY burst into tears at the news. "Cruel parent," said he, "you knew my happy situation---why did you let the canker of disappointment abridge your days? my treasure was your own---I am infinitely your
"debtor

“debtor---I never yet earned my RACHEL.”
---Having paid a tribute of sincere drops of gratitude and love, he sighed and went to bed; he slumbered, and saw his ANNE smile with joy at the gold and silver he poured at her feet: his little ones climbed his knees, and seemed to be delighted with the glitter of his treasures: his enamoured fancy called up every pleasing idea to sport round his innocent family, when he was suddenly awaked by four ruffians, who entered his tent well armed; and, advancing to his bed, bade him be silent, at the peril of immediate destruction. Regardless of their menaces, he started up and demanded their business; upon which they seized and bound him hand and foot, then fell to rummaging the tent. They soon discovered his money---what a glorious booty! In vain did he plead, soothe, and threaten. “Leave me a few
“pieces: leave me but a little, a very little,
“to carry me to my poor wife and children.” His rhetoric made no impression---they left him not a sou.

Being at some distance from the camp, his repeated calls for help were not heard; at length, in the silence of midnight, a sentinel distinguished

distinguished a mournful cry for assistance, and sent a couple of veterans to reconnoitre. HENRY, now relieved from corporeal confinement, began to feel his heart contracted and shrunk by ideas of approaching beggary. He looked round him; the whole creation seemed comfortless and desolate. "How shall
"I behold my domestic blessings? how shall
"I look ANNE in the face? would to God I
"had tilled some sterile spot of ground, we
"would have been content in indigence; nature
"would have been satisfied with herbs
"and lentils. Cursed ambition to be rich has
"ruined me, and I am a traitor to my family." With these bitter reflections the day broke, and having collected the little furniture of his tent, he disposed of it to advantage to the humane soldiery, who universally loved him and pitied his misfortunes. Having secured his cash in a small bag, he set off with a reluctant step for home. In vain did the birds carol on the elms that shaded the road. In vain did the ploughman whistle gleefully, and the lambs wanton o'er the green hillocks. No enlivening scene could dissipate his melancholy.

He

He protracted his journey through fear of being too soon the messenger of ill tidings. On the second day at noon, having bought a loaf of bread, he sat down by a rivulet to eat; his tears flowed apace, and he began to deliberate whether he should return to ANNE or not. He counted his little store, and fell listless on the grass through despondency. While thus he lay sadly ruminating, a handsome couple (thinking themselves unobserved) passed through the bushes. "Alas!" said the man, "for six years my EMMA you have sustained the most bitter poverty with your unfortunate husband. My heart breaks under the oppression of your misery; I cannot bear it ---return I beseech you, to the Baron; ask his fatherly forgiveness; he will reinstate you to favour---and lovely EMMA I shall die content."---"I smile," replied the fair one, "at your ignorance; gold and gems and banquets have no charms for me; my heart was formed for social happiness; I love you, and deprived of your company I should languish and die, whereas I feel no uneasiness at the absence of riches; we have enough to subsist comfortably on,

K

"though

“ though it be coarse ; so pray, my dear, drop
“ this unwelcome delicacy.” Here they
went out of hearing, and HENRY, struck
with the lady’s sentiments, began to resume
courage. “ I am ashamed,” said he, “ at
“ my want of fortitude ; here is voluntary po-
“ verty accepted in preference of an anxious
“ mind : surely ANNE will have as much
“ philosophy in that article as the unfortunate
“ EMMA : what a destruction have I escap-
“ ed ! had I wandered away from my desolate
“ family, we had all been miserable indeed.”
So thinking, he took his pack on his shoulders
and proceeded on his journey.

The fourth evening, passing leisurely by
his deceased parent’s door, he involuntarily
turned back and walked in. Here his feelings
received a new shock. Strange faces accosted
him---rudeness and dirt had usurped the place
where ANNE once reigned the goddess of ci-
vility and neatness. The green inclosure,
surrounded by jessamine, was trampled on by
swine, and lean cattle browsed on the vines
that mantled over ANNE’s window. He turn-
ed with grief and disgust from this mortifying
scene, and had gone but a little farther, when

ANNE

ANNE descrying him at a distance, flew like a bird across the meadow, and fell into his arms. After the first emotions of transport were subsided, HENRY affectionately embraced his lovely babes and tender parents, who met him on the road. "I miss but one
" from this beloved company," said HENRY.
---ANNE burst into tears. "My HENRY,
" you will miss the chief of our good neighbourhood---our indulgent old Lord is dead;
" his tyrannical heir oppresses his tenants with
" heavy rents and severe exactions, and they
" have unanimously agreed to shelter themselves from this great burden, by flying to
" the wilds of *America*."

After they were seated in the house, "What
" your spouse advances," said the old man,
" is true; and your aged parents would have
" also been forced to venture their trembling
" limbs and grey hairs over the dangerous
" ocean, had not our blessed HENRY's industry
" secured us a competency." This trial was too severe. HENRY changed countenance, and cast his eyes around with an alarming wildness. "What is the matter
" with my child?" cried his mother. Alas!

this encounter was too sudden. "Old and
"experienced as I am, I feel almost over-
"come with joy myself."---"Ah!" ex-
claimed her son (recollecting himself) "fain
"would I conceal from such endearing friends
"the motive of my distress; but I should ex-
"pire in the effort: forgive and pity a wretch
"who brings home nothing but misery---
"who can see his family fall to ruin, and yet
"live."---All astonished they gazed at each
other in silence, while HENRY sobbed, un-
able to articulate a word. At length ANNE,
all shining through tears, drew nigh and
kneeled before him---"Keep us not in sus-
"pence, my husband; pour your griefs into
"our bosoms, and wrong us not by reserve;
"you can never bring misery to us whilst you
"remain virtuous and loving as now."---
HENRY clasped the sad orator with passionate
fondness in his arms; and after a little hesita-
tion acquainted them with the particulars of
his misfortune.

It was in vain to try to conceal their surprise
and disappointment, though HENRY's afflic-
tion forbade them to fall into repining, or any
expression of discontent. By degrees their
chagrin

chagrin subsided. The poor acquiesce with greater resignation to calamity than the rich, who seldomer meet with disappointment. At last, by an insensible gradation, our pensive associates became blest and easy. A small repast was provided, and shutting out corrosive Care, they indulged the hour of festivity with as much glee as if the robbers had restored the money ten fold.

The story of HENRY's robbery was soon known, and his parents concluded that their Lord would shew some lenity to them; but finding him invariably cruel and oppressive, they began to attend to the flattering informations about the New World.---“At least,” said ANNE, “we shall go into a land of simplicity---the artless savages subsist not by rapine and deceit: pride and hypocrisy and avarice are strangers where luxury and titles are unknown.”---The old man dissented from this opinion. “Wherever the print of human footsteps have appeared, there certainly, my child, all human vices follow, though often under different appellatives; however, we must hazard this adventure. As the Lepers said at Samaria,

balance

“if we stay here we shall certainly perish,
“and if we go away, at the worst, we can
“but die.”

The ensuing week, as they were merrily chatting on the green before the door, a sudden cloud overspread the heavens with blackness, which soon fell in a torrent of rain, intermingled with thunder and lightning. The family retired in the house; but HENRY hastened to drive the cattle and sheep to a place of security. All wet and dropping with rain he was returning to the house, when an elegant phaeton, attended by a number of domestics, stopped at the gate. A gentleman handed out a lady, who seemed much affrighted with the storm, and conducted her, with a delicate tenderness, to the door. HENRY opened it wide, and bowing to the ground, desired them to walk in, presenting them each with a chair. The noble air, and rich dresses of the new guests, awed our humble rustics, who scarcely durst lift up their eyes at them, until the gentleman, saluting the lady, inquired how his fair EMMA did after her fright. HENRY then instantly recollecting the lady's countenance, with a modest apology for his boldness, recounted

counted his adventure at the brook---“ I presume,” added he, “ this lady is the very same lovely EMMA whose noble disinterestedness made me blush at my want of fortitude, and in effect saved my family from ruin.” Here EMMA, starting up, seized his hand---“ I little thought, my kind friend, that our conversation had an auditor at that time; but since you have been a witness of my distress, rejoice with me in my present happy situation.” Here, resuming her seat, while her spouse hung enamoured over her chair, she favoured the attentive circle with an abridgment of her history.---

“ I am the only child of the present Baron of *Schauffhausen*, who was particularly cautious that my education should render me up an accomplished lady to the world. On my first introduction into the *grande monde*, I found myself encompassed by admirers, whose addresses I permitted from vanity; but advancing to my twentieth year, my father grew solicitous that I should select a husband from the number. It was in vain to remonstrate to him that my heart was disengaged. He insisted on my accepting a
“ partner

“ partner for life.---“ Chuse, my child, (said he,) throughout all the empire; you can ennoble a peasant by your alliance with him, or cast a new lustre over the escutcheon of a prince.”

“ Seven months after this I became acquainted with my present husband; and not doubting but that the Baron would accede to our union, I permitted the most violent love to steal into my bosom. I acquainted him in a dutiful and affectionate manner of my attachment, to which he made no reply; but turning from me with a stern look (to my surprise) shut his closet door full in my face. In ten minutes I received this note---

“ If you are determined, Miss, to debase the nobility of your birth, by a marriage with your present object, I renounce you forever. Take your jewels and clothes, and be miserable.

“ **LODOVICUS STRELITZ.**”

“ I wept incessantly on the perusal of this cruel biller. I wrote one to my lover, desiring him to forget me; but before I could dispatch it, my cousin CHARLOTTE enter-

“ ed

“ed the room in great confusion. “Begone,
“EMMA,” said she, “your father is exas-
“perated to a degree of madness. He bids
“me to give you this purse of pistoles, and
“commands you to quit the castle instantly.”
---“Alas!” said I, sinking on the floor, “I
“sacrifice my love to my duty. My dear
“cousin, tell my old parent I am no longer
“a rebel to his will.” Here I wept bitter-
“ly; but the cruel CHARLOTTE called out,
“Here, JOSEPH, if the chaise is ready, hand
“your young lady in. I am commissioned,
“dear EMMA, to wait on you to another
“lodging. The angry Baron is from home,
“and I forfeit his favour if I do not oblige
“you to submit.”---I then rose from my
“knees, and sullenly giving my hand to her,
“said faintly, “I see, CHARLOTTE, you
“have supplanted me; your undermining arts
“have ruined me.” She made no reply, and
“I suffered myself to be conducted to the
“chaise. In two hours we came to a neat
“farm-house. CHARLOTTE formally took
“leave of me, and I was shewn to a small, clean
“apartment, where, in a fit of agonizing des-
“pair, I threw myself upon a little bed.
“The

“ The woman of the house, coming in, informed me that CHARLOTTE had advanced the pay for my year’s board at her house; and concluding I was some refractory child, gave me a long lecture on obedience to parents. I scarcely heard her.

“ After a few days I wrote to my father. I begged the intercession of my relations, but in vain; CHARLOTTE had stopped up every avenue to mercy. Finding myself rejected totally, I at length yielded to the emotions of a soft passion, and accepted the hand of my present husband. We lived happily during six years, when, being seized with a pleurisy, my physician made a report of my danger and poverty to my father. We had a small hut on the common. The Baron’s coach drove up to the door. He stooped as he entered, and walked cautiously over the loose uneven floor of my poor bed-room. I rose up surprised to see him; and as I sat leaning against a pillow, the old man, in a gush of grief and remorse, fell on my bed sobbing and unable to speak. My two little ones seeing me weep, came up with visible concern. The eldest kissed
“ my

“ my hand and said, “ Don’t cry any more,
“ mamma, Mrs. MORELY has sent us bread
“ and milk enough for two days.” Here the
“ Baron redoubled his sighs and seemed nearly
“ suffocated, when I feebly bent towards him.
“ O my father! am I then forgiven?” But
“ what he replied I know not—I fainted on
“ the pillow. To be short, he took us all
“ home. CHARLOTTE’s indiscretions drew
“ the odium of the family on her, and a bro-
“ ken lieutenant carried her off to *England*.
“ My father became excessively fond of my
“ spouse and children, and we are now upon
“ a visit to an old aunt, who lays a dying, and
“ to whom I am sole heiress. My friends,”
“ continued she, “ I see by your looks my
“ history is not impertinent, and I acknow-
“ ledge myself yet indebted to HENRY for his
“ obliging partiality to me.”

ANNE, with pleased looks, immediately
spread a table with a clean diaper cloth, and
placed on it several earthen plates, filled with
the most delicious fruits, some biscuits, a plate
with honey-combs, and a flask of wine; while
HENRY, bowing low, thanked the lady for
the honour she had done him. “ I bless the
“ Almighty,” said HENRY, “ for so signally
“ rewarding

“rewarding virtue. I even rejoice that the
“Baron’s cruelty gave your excellent qualities
“an opportunity to shine out so philosophical-
“ly in the test of poverty. Believe me, Ma-
“dam, the lustre of many a soul lies hidden
“beneath the splendor of affluence, like the
“Grand Duke’s gems in the green vault.”
The gentleman smiled---“And many a senti-
“mental mind, my HENRY,” said he, “is
“circumscribed by poverty, and is of little
“utility to mankind beyond the limits of his
“own family. I heartily wish you, my friend,
“a fortune equal to your merit; in the mean-
“while accept this trifle,” handing him a
purse with twenty pistoles. HENRY, amid the
highest confusion of blushing gratitude, re-
ceived the gift gracefully, and pressed his be-
nefactors to accept of his little regale. When
they had eat, the sun began to shine out with
new lustre after the rain, and EMMA proposed
to proceed on their journey. She took a ten-
der leave of HENRY, and kissing ANNE, stepped
into the carriage, which instantly drove out
of sight.

Soon after this agreeable interview, they
prepared for their long voyage. The pensive
neighbours

neighbours assembled, and having delivered their cattle to the Marquis's steward, they all embarked in a small vessel on the *Rhine*. After a tedious sail down the river, they were taken aboard a ship bound for *New-York*, in *America*. A fair wind sprung up; they soon lost sight of the Imperial shores, and found themselves surrounded by a horizon of waters. The poor cottagers viewed the uncommon scene with pleasure, mixed with dread; but in a few days were accustomed to the prospect, and great agitation of the vessel. HENRY, to lessen the expence, had conditioned to work out his passage; but he could procure only very indifferent accommodations for his family, the ship being so crowded. After a few weeks sail ANNE's eldest son sickened and died, and the mournful parents, with agonizing hearts, committed the babe of their hopes, the darling of their bosoms, to the waves. "There sinks
 " my child," cried ANNE, weeping, " in the
 " depth of the wild ocean: instead of flumber-
 " ing in my arms, he is gone to be the food
 " of sea monsters." HENRY supported and comforted her. " We have another, my
 " beloved; let us not sin away the only re-
 L " maining

“maining little one by fruitless repinings;
“our son is ascended to his Creator; it is not
“him that welters in the deep: O! grieve
“not that he is taken from the evil to come;
“from evils which we shall yet sorrow over!
“Wisely and mercifully has Providence pro-
“portioned our sufferings to our strength, and
“given the lenient hand of Time power to
“mollify those griefs he cannot cure.” In a
little space ANNE’s sorrows sunk into a lan-
guid serenity. She began to smile as usual,
and HENRY was happy.

They had a tedious passage; but at length,
one moonshine night, the sailors cried out,
“land!” In a moment they all crowded upon
deck: it was very calm, and near day: a gen-
tle south breeze arose soon after, and by sun-
rise they clearly distinguished the little islands
covered with verdure, and the white beach on
the bold continent. As they sailed up the
Narrows, with a fair wind, the strangers
admired the beauty of the country, which
they little expected to find so well cultivated.
When they were anchored in the harbour,
HENRY requested a scull-boat to go on shore;
upon which an English sailor offered his assist-
ance,

ance, rallying him a little; "Why, demme
"brother, these people can't understand your
"gibberish; they will set you in the stocks
"for a Jesuit." They got on shore, and the
sailor procured for HENRY's little family a de-
cent apartment in Beaver-street. HENRY ex-
pressed his acknowledgments to the generous
sailor, for he really found he should never have
been able, in his uncouth broken language,
to make the people understand him.

Here HENRY left his little family while he
went to seek a spot on the vacant lands of this
state, where he might accommodate them.
He sailed with a Dutch skipper to *Albany*, and
being informed by him where he might find
such a place as he wished for, he set off early
the morning after his arrival on foot. As he
walked along the clovery banks of the *Hudson*,
the long beams of the rising sun glanced over
its crumpled surface, and gilt the opposite
shores with peculiar beauty; the tall pines of
the adjacent forest waved in solemn grandeur;
the thrush warbled in the thicket; and at every
short distance a little fountain cast its silvery
waves across the way, and supplied the thirsty
traveller with a seasonable regale. Charmed

with the scene, HENRY often stopped. He surveyed each opening prospect with singular pleasure. The bright rays of Hope again dawned upon his soul, and diffused its enlivening influence through his late unecheery heart. "Yes," said he, "I feel that we shall, in the uncultivated forests of *America*, enjoy that tranquillity which the inhospitable plains of *Europe* denied us." Here he was interrupted by the appearance of a traveller, who no sooner perceived him than he flew to him. "O, my HENRY!"----"O, my FREDE-
"RICK!" were all they could say for some time. They clasped each other in their arms. They wept and smiled alternately. It was a fellow soldier of HENRY's, a very dear friend.

After their first transports were over HENRY told him all that had passed since they parted; and the soldier, in return, told him, that soon after HENRY quitted the army he left it too, and in hopes of settling happily in the village where he was born, had returned to it after an absence of some years; but upon his arrival there, finding his parents dead, and the object of his sincerest affection married to another, in a fit of grief and rage he left his native country.

country and came to *America*. “And here, “my friend,” continued he, “I am happily “situated for life; I have married an amiable “woman; my neighbours are all like brothers; and the acquisition of your dear family to our little circle will add new pleasure “to it.”

The sun was setting when they entered the beautiful village of *Tomhanick*. The farmers had finished their daily task, and were smoking by their doors, while the younger tribe gambled on the green before them: the blush of health hung careless on every cheek, and content smoothed every brow. FREDERICK invited the cottagers home with him; and as they were seated round a table covered with the fruits of the season, he related to them the history of HENRY's life. The good people were affected by the recital of his misfortunes, and promised to assist him. “You have been “unfortunate,” said an old man, “but if you “will live as we do, you shall be happy.” The next day they assembled, and in the course of two days they finished a neat log-house for HENRY, such as they themselves dwelt in.

With a heart filled with gratitude and joy, he returned to his ANNE; he repeated the particulars of his journey and its happy issue, and proposed their removal to their new habitation as soon as possible. To this they all assented with pleasure; and having packed up their little effects, and paid their rent, they set out in a few days for *Tomhanick*. There they were received with the most hearty welcomes; and as they were much reduced, each of the neighbours contributed something to raise HENRY's stock, and make him happy. There they reside still, beloved and respected by all, and find their industry rewarded by prosperity and contentment.*

* The four last paragraphs of this story were written by Mrs. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES—indisposition having prevented Mrs. BLEECKER (her mother) from completing it.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

MY DEAR GIRL,

WHEN I had wrote you my last narrative of distresses, I was afraid I had discouraged you, by my complaints, from continuing a correspondence so pleasing to me. My soul was then responsive only to the voice of grief, and the whole world seemed cheerless to me as the fabled region of Cimmeria. The tempest of my soul has again subsided: But, my dear, as you desire to know how we are circumstanced, in compliance with your request, I must again wound your feelings with a lamentable story: therefore, sadden your countenance accordingly; and I stipulate, that between every paragraph you shall pause and make a moral reflection.

The tories have visited many of our neighbours in a hostile manner, under the disguise of Indians. This struck a panic over the stoutest

stoutest of us ; but yesterday they seized an old man, and proposed the plundering of our house to him ; he declined it, though a disaffected person himself, and acquainted us with our danger ; also, that the banditti were thirty in number. You may guess (but 'tis likely you will not) that our disorder on this exceeded the confusion of AGRAMONTA's camp : every thing topsy-turvy, every one hurrying to secrete some little bundle in an unsuspected vacancy, and one dreadful apprehension expelling another ; for SUSAN and I ventured up in a loft without light, where spectres have been gamboling for at least a dozen centuries---by report.

We still remain greatly alarmed, and never undress for bed. However, we have passed the preceding season in security and pleasure ; we have frequently had sociable dances, which by way of eminence we stile a ball. The most disagreeable of our hours are when we admit politics in our female circle : this never fails of opening a field of nonsensical controversy among our ladies.

I expect shortly to remove to *Tomhanick* again, where conversing with my absent friends

friends will be my chief amusement; and as I highly value a sensible intelligent writer, I wish I knew how to bribe cousin to favour me with her letters also.

You have omitted, my dear, to mention a syllable of your good mamma and Mrs. B. but even that is a presumption of their welfare. Please to tender my regards to them, and accept of Mr. BLEECKER's. My little PEGGY begs leave to kiss your hands; and I am, dear girl, with unaffected sincerity, your

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Cojemans, April 12, 1779.

Tomhanick, April 8, 1780.

YOU are to look upon my letters as coming from the ends of the earth, (if a scriptural phrase may be allowed) from an abstracted person who loves and respects you, and who contemplates your character with the generous refinement with which we think of our departed friends; that is, remembering their bright qualities only, while their foibles pass not under the eye of partial retrospection.

I believe,

I believe, if ever we meet on this side eternity, my dear cousin, we shall miss so many of our beloved friends as will effectually damp all transport; we shall have to mourn over those that are gone, not rejoice over those who are left.---No, we shall never meet; unnumbered rivers, hills, and other obstacles arise and intercept the very idea. But think not I dislike my situation here; on the contrary, I am charmed with the lovely scene the spring opens around me.---Alas! the wilderness is within: I muse so long on the dead until I am unfit for the company of the living.

I am very glad to hear that aunt P. is well; be pleased to send my tender regards to her. Desire your dear mamma and cousin B. to accept of my affection. I receive letters frequently from S. S. he likewise presents his respects to your family. Mr. B. and SUSAN and PEGGY desire to be remembered.

My dear, may you have happiness here equivalent to your merits, and future bliss more than a mortal can deserve, is the sincere prayer of your assured friend,

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

I have hinted to PEGGY that I never receive your letters.

MY

MY DEAR COUSIN,

YOUR letter was more acceptable to me than the smiles of the returning spring after this long rigid winter; (and indeed your silence contributed to make it more tedious.) But I wonder what caprice of fortune intercepts all my epistles: surely she owes you several voluminous packets which I committed to her care. And since I am in a vein of wondering, I wonder how you could be so long ignorant of the place of our KIRRY's residence: her stay with us was short; the charming city tempted her away: but shortly after she emigrated to *Halfmoon*, five miles from here, where she remains.

As to myself, I have but little to inform you, unless it should be the history of my heart, and even in that there is no novelty. I love the same persons, the same amusements, the same opinions I did ten years ago. But my affection is almost become a painful sensation to me; for, except my dear little family, all my friends are dead, or far, far absent. This, the poet observes, is the perquisite of long life: but my days have been evil and few: I find no disposition

disposition towards new attachments; and if but a few more of those I love drop from me, I shall be left a wretched individual as I began.

How shall I apologize, my cousin, for writing in this strain to a fair lady who would chuse to hear of none but metaphorical deaths, and innocent murders caused by her eyes? I will exclude these heavy ideas, and be gay to please my sprightly correspondent.

I believe Hymen likes a southern clime; our northern blasts would blow out his torch; but I hope he will return with the Zephyrs, to legitimate several premature children in our neighbourhood, which Love has produced in his absence. I hear of but one marriage round here this winter. Our girls begin to tremble. I believe I must send the following advertisement to LONDON:---

‘ TWO young ladies, possessed of many
 ‘ genteel accomplishments, amiable qualities,
 ‘ and every grace of person, are willing to accept of any continental officer as a partner
 ‘ for life, provided he be a gentleman of birth,
 ‘ fortune, beauty, and honour.

‘ N. B. None need apply but such as have
 ‘ signalized themselves in the present contest.’

Upon

Upon second thoughts I will defer it, as we cannot possibly keep a wedding in taste until the war is concluded.

I can rally no more, our situation is so truly critical as to render levity criminal in us. The savages alarm us daily by sudden eruptions in the country.---Dear girl, my paper obliges me to conclude abruptly: you see I have scarce room to present my love to friends, or stile myself your affectionate

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

To Miss V-----.

DEAR GIRL,

WHILE you are entertaining us with accounts of the brilliant dissipations of the *grande monde*, in return I can only inform you that our trees here are green, that the birds sing, and the rivulets murmur; themes that will not bear expatiating on without degenerating into downright poetry; and I design at present to deliver my sentiments in prose. I find you are making greater lamentations than ever

M

JEREMIAH

JEREMIAH did at the removal of the camp. Be comforted my dear; as your irresistibleness have certainly captured many hearts in it, various will be the pretences of the military *petit maitres* for remaining at -----; you will have a polite circle of invalids to escort you about the country, nor be obliged to bend your ear to the unpolished love-tale of a fighting rustic.

But, my dear, I have been considering in what manner you will accommodate yourselves again to the silent and soft melancholy of a rural scene. Major P----, who is here, obviates this difficulty by observing, that the clatter of three young ladies tongues will be an excellent substitute for the thunder of cannon, drums, &c. This I would by no means admit, assuring him you were a superior order of beings to our common chit-chat females, wishing him no greater punishment for his rash judgment than once to be exposed to an electrical glance from your fine azure eyes. The Major was convinced, and now sits in dust and ashes.

As for S****, I know of no one inhabitant of our forest she can reasonably hope to make
a conquest

a conquest of except our Parson, who, though past his grand climacteric, is still a bachelor, and living within point blank shot of her eyes. It is expected he must soon capitulate or die.

We live perfectly retired, and see very little company at present, as the ladies in our vicinage are busy hoeing their corn and planting potatoes. As we are not quite so well calculated for this rural employment, we left the sun-burnt daughters of Labour yesterday, and went on pilgrimage to the *Half-Moon*, to visit Mrs. P****s. Though patience is my particular virtue, in our return I was really guilty of some unphilosophic invectives against the road: S**** grew captious and sullen: Mr. BLEECKER contracted his brows; but just as he handed us from the carriage, we were presented with your letters, which, in a few moments, restored us to our former complacency and good humour. You see what a good effect your epistles have: if you have any thing of a generous principle in your composition, I am sure this one motive will induce you to write often, very often. I have enclosed some verses in compliance with your desire: they were composed at the time of our retreat from

BURGOYNE, the most melancholy period of my life; so if they are too serious for the volatility of a gay lady's ideas, hand them over to your good mamma, and I am convinced she will excuse their imperfections, in respect of their moral tendency; give my profound respects to her: please to tender my warmest affection to Mrs. B. and accept the hand of sincere friendship from your

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, June 12, 1779.

To Mr. B-----.

Wednesday Evening, July 12, 1779.

MY DEAR,

I Could not see the folly and deformity of my impetuous behaviour this morning, while blinded by passion; but after you was gone, when I felt lonesome, and had leisure for reflection, when my fever returned, and I missed that tender solicitude which always alleviated my pain when you was near, I cannot describe

scribe how exquisite a compunction seized me; I have been lost the whole day in sorrow. Good God! how inconsistent is the human mind! obstinate in passion, and stormy as the *Caspian*; then again soft and yielding to persuasion, as snow before the warm influence of a summer heaven; and yet perhaps this great agitation of the spirits is meant to keep them from subsiding into a state of insensibility, as strong winds prevent the waters of a lake from stagnating.

I hope health and pleasure will attend you in your journey, and sometimes I hope you will call in my idea to amuse your silent hours when you ride alone through the lofty forest, or along the bank of some placid river, or over some flowery mead, whose glowing gems glitter beneath the crystal globules of morning; these objects inspire love and softness, and it is in such moments I would fain have you think of me. My head aches, I must lie down.

Thursday Evening, July 22:

I HAVE been very sick, and kept my bed all day. Your absence increases my disorder:

M 3

O how

O how solitary am I in this great city ! Adieu,
I am too unwell to sit up.

Friday Evening, July 23.

I FIND myself better. Mrs. V. S. paid us a visit this afternoon: after tea she persuaded me to walk out; the evening was lovely, the sun shone with a peculiar softness through the humid atmosphere, and the glassy *Hudson* blushed at the brightness of the painted heaven; (pardon my poetical phrenzy;) but not the blushing river, nor glowing skies, nor smiling sun could conquer my invincible melancholy. Here am I returned in as great a humour for moralizing as ever PLATO was: however, I shall quit troubling you to-night with my reflections, and perhaps to-morrow a more agreeable subject may occur. You see I continue writing till some opportunity bids me close the dull journal. Good night.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

To Miss V-----.

Tomhanick, Oct. 29, 1779.

I Begin to resent your silence, my lovely cousin. I have sent a large paquet to -----, but find no return. I am not skilled in divination, yet I am tempted to interpret your omission into an omen of declining friendship. No, I reject the thought; my P****, my M****, have not such very mutable hearts; my letters have either wandered astray, or my dear girls have been prevented answering as yet.

I can communicate nothing that may prolong this letter agreeably. The glories of summer (my usual topic) languish and lose their lustre; the airy cliffs and deep forests echo nothing but storms; we have not even one bird left with whose warbling I might delight you, nor one shade where I can comfortably recline to describe a lovely landscape to your ladyship. When vernal suns shall again kindle a glow of beauty on the face of Creation, I may possibly entertain you with my Sylvan improvements; till then accept, dear girl, of tea-table news and politics.

We

We are flattered here with an account that General WASHINGTON is preparing to invest *New-York*, that the enemy have evacuated *Rhode-Island* and the Highland forts, and that Count DE ESTAING's squadron is at the Hook. In consequence of this our militia are ordered to garrison the frontier towns. Mr. B. marches to-morrow to *Fort-Edward*, on a three months expedition; S**** and I, in the interim, will be cloistered, shut up, imprisoned, (pray help me to a more emphatical word to express our confinement,) for we have no other passable gallant, and we dare not venture alone through our woods, which are infested at present by wolves and bears, who growl even in our very courtyard. S****, however, depends upon visiting the *Albany* weekly balls with an escort of Majors, Cornets, and other military gentlemen; but she is ill-prepared for such a scene, being, to my knowledge, in the thirty-third page of HOMER's *Odyssy*, which will utterly disqualify her for such idle company, and I expect send her to the loom with PENELOPE.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

To

To Miss -----.

YOU ask me whether I am sincere? To disguise my sentiments is an art I have yet to learn. I wish, my dear, I had some spice of the hypocrite; I should then possibly attain a better knowledge of this world, which deserves to be treated with less candour. I have studied it but superficially; and the more I consider it, the less I like it. You, my dear, have met with rough tempests in it; and I, who have encountered rougher, can now sincerely sympathize with you. The melancholy vein that ran through your letter wonderfully affected me. SUSAN too has a kind susceptible heart: she feels, she resents your injuries.

Mr. POPE observes, that resignation is the most melancholy of all the virtues; but we can combat Fate with no other weapon than Patience, and it is not so hard to effect as we are apt to imagine; the practice is easy and full of consolation. The over-wearied traveller sits down dejected, benighted, and thinks he can go no farther; but he soon finds that very
respice

respite which was the result of his despair, has enabled him to proceed cheerly on his journey. Trust in God then my friend, he will make plain the rough path, and the crooked straight; your virtues will survive obloquy and reproach, they will even shine the brighter for it, and I am sure you have lost no real friend by it.

When will you come to us? we will shut out the world; we will shut out every thing but love and joy. My heart tells me we will soon meet, and that is happiness: Perhaps I may be deceived; but you never will, my dear, in believing me to be your assured and tender friend,

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.
Tomhianick, Sept. 3, 1779.

To Miss A. M. V-----.

WHETHER a sedentary life has a heavy influence on my temper, or that I am verging to a period of life in which we consider things in a moral point of view only, I know not; but

but I find that I often suffer a constraint when I affect to be gay, and trifle as formerly. But I am under no concern, my dear, of disgusting you by being serious; your judgment is mature as my years, and puts us on a level: however, I promise to be lively when I can, and expect you will not give me cause to make the scriptural complaint, "I have piped, and ye have not danced; I have mourned, and ye have not wept."

We have been often alarmed this summer by unexpected eruptions of the savages on the frontiers, and once in actual flight, when Mr. PARKS was killed at *Fort-Edward*. I never saw so general a panic as that affair struck through the country: but our late suffering by the rapid approaches of an enemy, is some apology for the present apprehensions.

I hope the winter will restore tranquillity to us, when we shall no more "tremble at the shaking of a leaf," but form a happy circle round the fire-side. Ah, my dear cousin! that circle has been imperfect since the death of my dear mamma, my dear ABELLA. But let me not repine, I have had my days of more than human happiness with them; let me

me also sit out my night of affliction content, especially since it admits of much alleviation by the presence of a few surviving beloved friends. Truly, my cousin, friendship is happiness; dissolve every tender attachment, set the soul independent of all social connections, and its existence will become comfortless and burthenfome. A Paradise could not satisfy ADAM without an EVE. A fine writer elegantly says, *I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.* To trifle a little with the metaphor---I am condemned to moon-light, as I see your's only by reflection; that is, by your letters.

Dear girl, I admire (in common with the world) your wit and beauty; but it is your good sense and amiable qualities have fixed me so entirely you affectionate friend,

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, Sept. 4, 1779.

To Miss V-----.

MY VERY DEAR COUSIN,

IT was but yesterday I closed my letter to you; but an hour before my blessed husband

was

was torn (perhaps for ever) from my arms: he was taken by tories in sight of his house. O! this cruel disaster has crushed me to the centre: I am sunk deeper than the grave. In the bitterness of my soul I forget to eat my bread, and mingle my drink with tears. Alas! the man I have lost was too good, too kind; his qualities were so gentle and amiable; he loved me with too great an excess of tenderness; with so much delicacy and softness, as becomes very painful for me to recollect: And his affection seemed to increase every day: he was always endeavouring to please me; always anxious about my happiness. If I looked but a little pensive, he was alarmed. It was but two nights ago that he waked me by putting his hand across my forehead, and finding me in a cold clammy sweat, he started up and got me a glass of wine. I was not sensible of any disorder, but was surprised to find myself cold as a corpse. I sat up, while he, kneeling by the bed side, grasped my hand in an agony of concern and tenderness. "Ah! my beloved, (said he) we must quit this place: you try to hide your distress from me, but I perceive your mind is filled with

N

" dreadful

“dreadful presages.” Alas! my dear, pray for me, that the God of all compassions may pity him, and restore him to my bleeding bosom. O! my sorrows are swelled to a deluge; they overwhelm me. Almighty God, I sink, I perish under the stroke of thy hand! save me from temptation in this my hour of darkness and horror! Surely this is a day of trouble and astonishment to me. O that we all rested in the quiet grave together! My dear cousin, try (if you please) to send the inclosed incoherent lines to my brother. Adieu! adieu! and may the merciful God shower his blessings on your family.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

August, 1781.

To Miss V-----.

MY DEAR PEGGY,

BY a most wonderful train of surprising providences my beloved husband is restored to my arms. I shall, in the amplest manner, relate his happy escape; but your gentle bosom can best tell you my happy feelings on this occasion.

occasion.---He was busied in the harvest, at a small distance from the house; but having been previously menaced by our inveterate tories, and my heart presaging some heavy calamity, I pressed him to remain at home, but without effect. Towards evening, parting from his labourers, he was returning home with old MERKEE, a white servant, and a load of wheat; when six men, starting from among the bushes, presented their fixed bayonets to his breast, bidding him to surrender or he was a dead man. "I yield myself," cried he in surprise, "provided you promise to use me as a gentleman."---"You shall be used," replied their leader, "as a prisoner of war commonly is." Upon this they were taken farther in the wood, where they pinioned my husband; a cut-throat looking Hessian leading him by the rope with one hand, while the other held a tomahawk, with which he swore to dispatch the prisoner if pursued. But his great anguish for me made him insensible of fear; he begged, in the most pathetic terms, that the negro might return to let me know what was become of him, but all in vain. MERKEE wept bitterly---"O!" said he, "I am an old negro---no matter for

“ me; but my good master is a young man,
“ and my dear mistress will break her heart---
“ she will die.” After a most fatiguing and
rapid march, towards day they encamped in a
deep swamp, where they produced General
St. LEDGER’s orders to take my husband and
bring him to *Canada*, but to use him tenderly,
take particular care of his health, and not to
pillage his house. They had watched for him
four days, on a small ascent which command-
ed a full view of whatever was transacted in
our family; but growing impatient, they had
determined to storm the house that very night;
and swore, had they met with resistance, they
would have sacrificed the whole family. The
party consisted of three tories, one Hessian,
and two British; they were afterwards joined
by two more tories. The British were hu-
mane, and wept whenever my sad spouse de-
plored the mournful fate of his wife and child.
After three nights march through horrid
woods, (for they slept in the day) my hus-
band’s intreaties prevailed on them to let the
boy return with a letter for me. When he
read it to them, most of them shed tears, and
swore it was damned hard a gentleman should
suffer so, but they must obey their orders.

When

When the fourth evening arrived, despairing of relief, (though he still looked up to God with a hopeless kind of dependence,) three Yankees appeared a little way off. One of whom, advancing, bade them surrender; but mistaking BLEECKER for the commander (not observing his ropes,) he presented his piece to shoot him through the head, when the tories, seeing a large party coming up, grounded their arms. They all proceeded to *Bennington*, where the party is laid in irons; while my spouse flew to my arms amid the shouts and congratulations of the whole city, which had seemed wonderfully anxious about his fate. As to my own wanderings, they were trifling. I fled instantly from a place where every object presented me with horror. S----, after weeping for several minutes on my neck, from a noble exertion of fortitude and friendship, insisted on remaining there a while to have an eye to our effects. Our wailings filled the dismally echoing forest; even the tory women melted into tears and compassion, and several fainted in the hall. You may judge with what a broken heart I entered *Albany*; but blessed be the Saviour of sinners, I found it kind and sympathising beyond my merits.

How my dear lover and myself have supported our trials I know not; but (as MARIA of *Molinious* observes) “Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.” The hand of an Almighty Protector was so obvious in leading my husband through his imminent dangers, and “hair breadth escapes,” that on his return home (he told me) he almost fainted under his gratitude, and had so firm a trust and reliance on the goodness of God, that had he been surprised by a new party, he would have been assuredly confident of again escaping. My hour of darkness and astonishment was very great: I prayed with unknown fervency; but, O! I lifted my broken heart in despair: great God! I will no more distrust thy love; I will endeavour no more to offend thee. Ah! how insipid, how trifling appear the honours, and riches, and vanities of life, to being held in the shadow of his hand who is the living God; to having him on our side who is the Arbiter of all nature! Rejoice with us, my cousin.

We shall now remain in *Albany*. I am, my beloved cousin, your happy and affectionate

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Albany, August 9, 1781.

To

To Mrs. F. at Mount-Hope.

I Sit down, dear BETSEY, to congratulate you on a new occasion of happiness to your family, by the birth of another daughter. This agreeable event I never was informed of until this morning, and though you may think my compliment of the latest, yet I would rather be thought impertinent than unfriendly. I fancy you exclaim with LEAH, (in your exultation) "a troop cometh." Happy are you, my cousin, enjoying health, peace and every domestic blessing. Content hath limited your desires to your own mansion; and there every innocent pleasure waits to gratify them. All that remains is to wish you may insure those mercies by a grateful disposition to the giver of them.

Our situation is more precarious. To-day, happy in our Sylvan recess, surrounded by blooming gardens, orchards, and well cultivated fields; the whole valley echoing with the bleatings of sheep, &c. and an air of tranquillity and plenty diffused around our cottages: to-morrow, even this very night, the destroying savage may change this pleasing prospect

pect into desolation and undistinguished ruin: and yet I am unwilling to quit my beloved retreat, the scene of many recent sorrows to me, but (let me confess with pleasing recollection) of many, many former blessings. The death of my dear mother has produced a dreadful chasm in my family; and though I have enough round me whose tender affiduities would console me for a less misfortune, so capital a loss I shall mourn through life. I know, by former observation, dear BETSEY, that you have a very feeling heart: you cannot look back to the period when your mother and mine interchanged the most delicate offices of friendship, and set us an example of the brightest virtue, without a sentiment of gratitude and regret for their loss; even now their image rises to my fancy, pure, lovely and placid as while among us: ah! how infinitely exalted and improved by their change! Pardon this flight, my dear; but let me further insist, that as our education has given us a similarity of ideas, and an equal bias to friendship, such congenial minds ought not to lapse into a neglect of each other: permit me, therefore, my lovely Mrs. F. to renew our obsolete correspondence,

respondence, and after an interval of many years, to assure you that I am still, with every sentiment of regard, your

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, Sept. 6.

To Miss M. V.

I Must decline your compliments (or rather oblique flatteries) my lovely cousin; my reason will not admit of them, whatever latitude my vanity might insist on. My rustic muse inhabits too frigid a clime to practice any musical notes; yet, like all mediocre fingers, she is willing to oblige company, without deferring the favour long, for fear of enhancing their expectation.

I cannot proceed a sentence further without expressing my abhorrence of that base villain ARNOLD. I think there is wanting in language an appellative, suitable to his character. Strange! that for a little money a man would bear to have his reputation stigmatized to eternity, and that a hero, as he was styled. What a contrast between him and the heroes of antiquity.

quity, who sacrificed every thing, even life, to their fame! Yet my resentment subsides into contempt, when I reflect what an abject, vile wretch General ARNOLD is become. The land he has treated with ingratitude, cruelty and perfidy, abhors him, and no doubt the nation he attempted to serve despises him. A traitor is a general object of scorn; and if his feelings are not quite lost in apathy, surely he may borrow CAIN's exclamation, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" nor should I be surprised to hear he had concluded his villainy by some act of desperation. In consequence of his infernal treaty, a party of twelve hundred Tories, Indians, &c. have made a descent on our northern frontiers---have surprised *Fort-George* and *Fort-Ann*, and yesterday demanded the surrender of *Fort-Edward*. Our militia are collecting very fast. *Fort-Stanwix* we hear is likewise invested. Alas! my dear girl, my heart breaks for the distresses around me: The innocent infants, the simple women perish unresisting--sometimes crushed in the flaming ruins of their own houses---nothing but countenances of perplexity and horror to be seen, and lamentable wailings to be

he heard. We are all prepared for flight upon a nearer approach of the enemy; but sensible the moment we quit our dwelling, we submit them to be plundered. We are determined to remain until to-morrow, when perhaps we may have force enough to repel the savages. Dear girl, wherever I am I shall acquaint you with our situation. May heaven defend you from hostile alarms; and may you forget the clamours of war in the peaceable enjoyment of domestic blessings. Assure your dear mamma and Mrs. B***** of my sincere regard; and believe me to be, with every sentiment of esteem, dear MARIA, your friend,

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, Oct. 12.

October 15.

I HAVE had no opportunity to send this, so before I close it must inform you that the above-mentioned party are returned to *Lake-George*. But our spouses are gone again this morning to *Ball's-Town*, (six miles to the west of this,) where the Indians have burnt several houses last night, and carried off a number of prisoners. To add to our apprehensions, thirty
suspected

suspected Indians have come among us, under pretence of hunting, and neither threats nor good words can prevail on them to quit us. The woods are likewise infested with tories, forty having been discovered in one company. Were they not such night destroyers I am sensible we could soon discomfit them; but their irruptions are as unexpected as expeditious.

October 16.

SINCE I wrote the above our panic-stricken neighbourhood left their effects and fled several miles; but becoming a little more assured we are returned. All the whig families are convened in my house, but not a man amongst us except my old negro MERKEE, who keeps the horses in readiness for us. Adieu! may God bless you.

To Miss V-----.

HAPPY, my incomparable girl, is the human mind, in enjoying so great a degree of the benignant heavenly attribute, *Love*. It is this sweet distinction that almost raises us to a level

subsidèd; and as I lately boasted of our heroism, I am ready now to write in a strain of pality, and make a formal recantation.

I have forgot many passages in JOSEPH, and lost the manuscript; but if I can possibly recollect it, I shall submit it to your criticism. However, I take the freedom to trouble you with a little history,* written some time ago for SUSAN, which being altogether a fact, may give you some idea of savage cruelty, and at the same time will justify our fears in your opinion. How this packet in folio will ever arrive to you I know not; it must be some very civil person who will adventure to take charge of it: whoever it is, I am highly obliged to him; but really think his trouble will be fully compensated by the opportunity it will give him of seeing two of the fairest and most sensible lasses in R-----. Forgive this compliment; it is not flattery; and since your patience can hold out no longer, I must, though reluctantly, finish this paper with giving you leave to write one in return ten times as long, to your sincere and affectionate

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

October 19.

* MARIA KITTLE.

To

To Miss V-----.

MY DEAR PEGGY,

I AM wholly discouraged from writing any more to your quarter: our letters, I am sensible, are lost on the way, as I have not received a line from you or M---- since early last fall. This interruption must certainly be the consequence of an impertinent curiosity in some people, who break every seal they meet with, and then destroy the letters for fear of detection. If this should fall into such hands, I must observe to the gentlemen (few ladies being capable of such ungenerosity) that such a proceeding betrays a want of common honesty and common humanity in them. A period is put to many tender friendships by those impertinents, each party resenting being neglected by the other.

I hope, my dear, this mild winter presents you with every elegant pleasure. The army being in your vicinage, must certainly be productive of entertainment. S---- is at *Albany*, and I believe as sedentary as if she was at *Tomhanick*. I expect her with Captains H---- and

O 2

B-----

B----- to-morrow, when we shall ramble together through our forest while the snow lasts.---Shall we never see each other? This unlucky *New-York*---it is almost ominous to mention it; but I often think of it with tears, and the longer I am divided from it, the closer my affections are drawn to it.

I have spent the winter quite lonesome, Mr. B----- being always absent on public business, but is now detained in the chimney corner by a broken shin. I hear no more of K----; we have lately wrote to her, but cannot expect to receive from her such gay communicative letters any more, as she used to send us from R-----. I hope she finds it agreeable.

I wonder you do not send off one of your beaux express, with a packet to put me out of pain about you. This undertaking would have a double advantage; it would highly oblige me, and convince you of your adorer's sincerity by his obedience. The beauties of antiquity always made trial of their lovers merits, by urging them on to prodigious exploits; and I defy you to shew me a single knight in history, enamoured of some beautiful princess, who did not encounter fiery dragons,

gons, kill giants, disenchant miserable ladies, and run innumerable hazards of losing his life for her sake: and shall a modern fair one think that her slave would refuse to ride two hundred miles to deliver a letter?

I have scribbled until you are tired, so haste to finish, and am, with the greatest respect to all your dear family, (whom I sincerely love) amiable cousin, tenderly your's,

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, January 24.

*To Miss T** E***.*

December, 1781.

MY DEAREST SUSAN,

OUR mutual sufferings, through a remarkable train of unfortunate events, have so endeared you to me, that I bear your absence with sorrow and anxiety. After your departure my poor PEGGY was seized with a putrid fever, which almost sent her into eternity: my feelings on this occasion were exquisitely

O 3.

painful;

painful; but blessed be God this cloud also passed over my head, and she recovers finely after two relapses.

Would you believe it, my dear, we are again at *Tomhanick*, in my old apartment, agreeably situated in the neighbourhood of Mr. and Mrs. B-----, who live in the west part of my house. *Albany* became insupportable to me; I would rather have lived in *ROLANDO's Cavern*, than in that unfociable, illiterate, stupid town; I prefer solitude to such company; but I miss you, my sister, in every part of this house; the hall, the little room, &c. continually remind me of the pleasant hours we have passed together in this unenvied retirement. Will you not return before spring? Ah! *SUSAN*, if you do not I shall begin the labours of our flower beds with a heavy heart; your favourite lillies will droop; nor shall I have courage to disengage your pinks from entangling weeds: endeavour, my dear, to come up; I am sure we shall be happy together. I received your obliging present, for which I sincerely thank you, and hope you enjoy all possible felicity in *Jersey*, whose present gaiety is suitable to your youth and sprightliness;

Uprightness: as for my disposition, depressed by calamities, worn out with sorrows, the pensive softness of a rural life accords best with it.-----

Again I am left solitary: Mr. B----- went this morning on an expedition against the illegitimate Vermonters, (or new claimants) with Col. R-----, from the Manor, who arrived here last night with his regiment, and eat up all my ducks and sausages. The new claimants are collected at *Sinchoick*, and form a little army: they have miserably mauled poor F---- and R-----, who keep their beds. Our small force there increases daily, and begins to brow-beat the enemy: in short, we are all anarchy and confusion: heaven only knows when it will end.

The most tragical affair has happened here that I ever remember to have heard of. JAMES YATES, (a son of him at *Pitt's-Town*,) a few nights ago murdered his wife, four children, his horses and cow, with circumstances of cruelty too horrid to mention: by all appearance he is a religious lunatic.

Dear Susan, how shall I conclude? when writing to you my pen insensibly draws me beyond

Beyond the common limits of a letter; but I know you will be fond of hearing every minute particular respecting poor *Tomhanick*, where I flatter myself you have enjoyed some hours of pleasure:

Neighbour F--- has had his shop burnt off yesterday, together with his waggon, sleigh, winter's provision, and many other articles. Your old friend LETTY B----- is well, and at this moment sparking with your old admirer R----. Let me see, have I no more news? Alas! alas! nothing but dry politics, and I am willing to spare you the mortification of them. Indeed, my sweet girl, I am penning a long epistle; but St. PETER knows whether I shall ever find conveyance for it: however, I will continue to write on in discharge of my conscience; and so good night; to-morrow I resume my pen.-----

To-morrow did I say? three days have intervened since I have had leisure to think or write. Yesterday morning my spouse sent for a horse, upon which Mr. B----- and myself went in a sleigh to fetch him; but, on our arrival at *Sinchoick*, the Yorkers we found had retreated, and the new claimants (reinforced
by

By five hundred Vermonters) had taken possession of the ground. General ALLEN was barred up in gold-lace, and felt himself grand as the Great Mogul: they had an old spiked up field-piece, which, however, looked martial. I sat myself down among this formidable set, and being cold, mildly desired one of their Captains to fetch a little dry wood. He obligingly complied, and we soon had a fine fire. I then began humbly to expostulate with these wise men of the east about the commencement of this civil war; and at length demanded how they could expect to support their jurisdiction, in the center of the states, who had not acceded to their claim? They replied, "The four eastern states were their own people, and would certainly assist them." I told them I could not see how they dared break through the confederacy while they were sensible all America's happiness depended upon the union. Captain R----- interrupted, "The assistance of *New-England* would not interfere with the union, as this was a dispute about land, in which Congress had no concern;" and then he damned the Yorkers, and drank success to *Vermont*! which
extraordinary

extraordinary speech and behaviour imposed silence on some of us.

I returned home, and to-day visited the *York* camp at *Schochticook*, where I took leave of my dear B-----, who is obliged to absent himself from us while the Vermonters tyrannize.

January 2, 1782.

I CONCLUDE my journal after a long interval; but, dear SUSAN, so many occurrences have intervened, that I have had scarce time to breathe; our house has been a perfect garrison for several weeks. Our men intended, last Sunday, to storm JACKSON'S house, where the tories were collected; but they capitulated: however, we are all in arms. Mr. B----- went *plenipo* to *Bennington* some days ago, where I attended him: we had an interview with all their great *Sakemakers*; but the issue was no way favourable to the whigs.

We firmly believe these commotions will be suppressed before spring; when I shall take it as an instance of your affection if you can relish our rustic life, and come up among us;

if

If not, I shall submit and grieve. Dear sister, I thank you for your letter and present, though I never received the latter. CATY's goodwill and present I regard with affection, and wish her all health and happiness.

How shall I drop my pen! Adieu, dear girl; we have kept your birth-day yesterday, with some agreeable neighbours, and had a dance in the evening. I am glad you are happy, which is a great and capital satisfaction to your entirely affectionate

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

To Miss S**** T** E****.

DEAR SUE,

I Value your affection beyond any acquisition; but my situation of late has been so peculiarly unfortunate, that I have had no leisure to express mine to you. I am infinitely pleased that you are happy; but I wish some power, partial to me, had prevented your removal by some very fortunate occurrence. O my sister! my sister! every fibre of my heart relaxes
when

when I think of you: the heaviest storm of life has not fallen on my soul with such a weight as the loss of your company. May the gentlest spirit in heaven be the censor of your actions! May you be blest through the remotest ages of eternity! May---but my heart grows too full to proceed.

Let us change the subject. We have lived several weeks in a strange commotion: we have been often attacked by the Vermonters, and defended ourselves with as much resolution as so many janizaries. Would you believe it, I have been forced to parade in the line of battle to defend our castle: however, the union was dissolved, and the new claimants left to shift for themselves; upon which they were apprehended by the Yorkers, and carried to *Albany* jail: among whom were M-----, C-----, T----- and his two sons, JOHN P-----, W-----, JOHN S-----, and several others. The same evening I sent a message to Mrs. T-----, desiring her to return the looking-glass she took from us when *BURGOYNE* came down, upon which she civilly sent it. Our neighbourhood looks solitary: Mrs. JACKSON, Mrs. CURRY, and many more

more are all fled with their families in a clandestine manner. This elopement of the tories gives us new apprehensions: we fear they will attempt in the spring a descent on this quarter; and though the sea-coast is well defended, our poor frontiers are commonly forgotten.

We have not seen the lads this winter. M---- P----- was here yesterday with A---- L-----; they have stolen a wedding. L---- S----- and the Major have likewise concluded their long courtship. J--- H----- is going to die, and old F--- sends his respects to you.

Miss T-- E---, you have all the news, but I must add one trifle more:---Your admirer R---- is no warrior; not all the eloquence of our *York* party could induce him to face the enemy: but his situation admits of some apology: depressed with the loss of you, perhaps he is become indifferent about character, property, &c. &c.

I should not have mentioned this last mortifying article, but in a late packet I received a hint as if Mr. R---- was supplanted in your esteem by some R----- *petit maitre*. Beware of adding to your murders. But, my dear,

you have not entertained me with the smallest

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account

account of your reception in *New-York*, and I claim the favour that you will fill a page on that subject in your next letter. I also insist, that you shortly make an excursion this way, and bring our fair cousins with you: the contrast between the gloom of a deep forest and the brilliancy of a lighted ball-room will make you return to the latter with a double relish. But the gloom of our forest has no ill influence on our conversation; we laugh, and sing, and chat in spite of winter and wars; nor does any thing prompt a momentary sigh, but the loss of our dear SUSAN.

Farewell, my sister; you have long been sensible that I am sincerely your

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

B----- and the children long to see you. Don't forget to assure aunt and Mrs. B. of my friendship for them. Major G-----, who will deliver this, is a worthy gentleman; I recommend him to your acquaintance. One word more and I finish: FAN has a fine son, and has parted with TITUS because she took a dislike to his foolish grinning.---I wish I was with you one half hour, to chat and borrow a pinch
of

of your perfumed snuff. Adieu, I fear I shall begin again before I close this.

The tories are all warned off. P-- T----- will soon be married to J-- P-----.

Tomhanick, March 4, 1782.

*To Miss T** E***.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

THIS day (the anniversary of an event sadly important to me) awakes me from a deception I have admitted since our separation. I have been losing relations, friends, children and acquaintances many years: but with the last farewell salute you gave me, in the bitterness of grief I reproached Providence it had not left me one friend: I retired hither, with my very little family, mourning, and could not help repeating the words of HEZEKIAH, "I shall go softly all my days."----Your letters, PEGGY's and MARIA's I have received, often read, and wept over; but, conscious that my gloomy ideas would be unsea-

sonable in the circle of pleasure, I omitted answering as much as possible.

But this day tells me I have yet a kind companion, who might now have lain fettered in a dungeon, had not Providence interposed. I have an endearing child, who might have now lain in the dark grave, if the same mercy had not restored her. And in spite of habit, gratitude shall make me this day cheerful.

Dear SUSAN, you must peruse the above *alone*: the genuine sentiments of a broken heart appear ridiculous to inexperienced levity: and though your fair companions are sweetly sympathising, their very sensibility induces me to conceal from them the history of my feelings.

The news of this place is, that Miss P----- T----- is married to Mr. J-- P-----; Mr. S----- T--- obliged to abscond for forgery; and Miss S----- C----- is like to take H----- G----- for better for worse. To descend a little--- DIANA has lost SHOCK, and is on the verge of marrying with a certain CUFFE; FAN remains a widow, and MERKEE is the most constant lover I ever knew: but poor Mrs. F--- was lately delivered of a child who is a
terror

terror to every one that sees it. It seems she was struck with so much horror at the sight of JAMES YATES's murdered family, that it made too fatal an impression.

I had almost forgot to mention, that simple BETT HERMAN is married to a Hessian: Mr. B. officiated as priest, and I gave the happy couple a wedding-dinner, to which we invited our most civilized neighbours. E. and G. lodge here alternately, to guard Mr. B. and beg their regards may be presented you.

To return to myself---an unimportant and almost forgotten subject---I have been employed during the winter and spring in attending to my health, which has been considerably impaired and weather-beaten by the storms of affliction.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

GRAY'S ELEGY.

Forgive my relapsing into melancholy: I will make one more exertion to be lively, and if I cannot succeed, will conclude my paper.

I have the finest garden in the country. In the center of four grass walks we have erected

a spacious arbour, closely shaded with annual vines, where we often drink tea, and enjoy the prospect of a lovely collection of flowers on one hand, and a cool shady orchard on the other; a luxuriant lot of herbage behind, and directly opposite a blushing vineyard in miniature. Here, often, when perusing THEOCRITUS, TASSO, and VIRGIL, I drop those pastoral enthusiasts, to reflect on the hours of friendship I have passed with my SUSAN: my cheek then glows with delight, pleasure delicately touches my nerves, and all the springs of life move on cheerily. Ah, SUSAN! I love you more than you imagine. Wherefore are we separated? if for your advantage, I am more than resigned, I am contented.

Do you never hear of SAMMY? does he not write to you? Though I dwell in the depth of a vast forest, that need not limit his love: the still voice of affection cannot be lost in the thunder of war. What can be the reason he forgets me? I must either entertain a contempt of my own demerits, or this-----but love and partiality forbid a decision.

After all, my SUSAN, I will endeavour to circumscribe my happiness to the little lovely spot

spot I occupy, and try to forget the friends whose absence is so painful to me. O! could I think (like the inhabitants of *Topinamboo*) that the mountains which surround me were the limits of the earth, and that the individual spot I dwelt on was the whole world, I might then truly enjoy the pleasures it produced.

What ails the lads in your quarter? They must be very insensible, or you three fair nymphs very cruel, or Hymen surely would light his taper at R-----. If this vein of celibacy continues, I would advise to erect a cloister, and then your nominal Lady Abbess would have something to do; the Miss W.'s would be large contributors, as they have taken the veil thirty years ago. But least the confinement of a number of beauties in a nunnery should cause an insurrection in the *beau monde*, we must also contrive to shut up all the gay, sighing, useless fops in a monastery; and to keep up forms and decencies, Mr. P----- H-----, a superannuated but constant adorer of the widow B. shall be appointed *Monsieur L'Abbé*.

We have lived very quiet this summer. Once a party of five men, headed by ROGER

STEVENS,

STEVENS, lay concealed in the thicket behind our orchard for three nights; but Mr. B. getting intelligence of it, the neighbours collected and put them to flight, very indiscreetly, for they might easily have surpris'd and taken them. I went to see the place where they had stationed themselves; they had made a commodious bed of dry leaves, and had amus'd themselves with plaiting græs and making true lovers knots. Dear sister, farewell.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, August 6, 1782.

*To Miss. T** E***.*

MY CHARMING SUSAN,

YOUR black eyes seem to have done some execution already; but you, more cruel than the Princess of the Steel Castle, who pitied the Knight of the Burning Pestle, have discarded your STREPHON without a sigh. But if you continue invincible, to love fifty years hence, when your black eyes begin to twinkle through

“ a pair

“a pair of green spectacles, with silver rims and a shagreen case,” you may possibly repent.

Dear SUSAN, you will easily distinguish this raillery from the undisguised sentiments of my heart: your letter made me feel that I am indeed your sister: I love you, my SUSAN; and since your departure there is a chasm in my family, at my table, at my fire-side, that is not filled to my liking by any other; but so far I am happy, that you are in a family where, with proper attention, you will gain every useful, every ornamental accomplishment.

Now let me tell you the news of these parts. NANNY BOSTWICK died lately of a consumption. I went to see the little beauty in her last moments; her piety, resignation and fortitude were very striking: she smiled disapprobation when, to console her, I hinted she might recover. Mrs. P----- too lays very ill. Papa, who was here yesterday, told me she could not recover to all human appearance: I shall visit her to-morrow, and if this paper is not sealed, will let you know her true situation.---I hear Doctor BROWN is dead in *Virginia*; that H----- is very much reduced; and that W----- has made

made a great fortune in *New-England* by privateering, and improved it by a wealthy marriage. Undoubtedly he omits his usual question, "What do the ladies say of me?" ---- Bless me, I could fill a volume. S---- C---- has accidentally blest *Vermont* with a fatherless son, and is gone to *Canada*. We are all well, except JOHNNY. Domine B. dresses like a very beau. JAMES H----- and MAG S----- traverse the bushes on horseback; and MERKEE thanks you kindly for recollecting him; but FAN repents your neglect, and begs me to let you know that she thinks you lose your manners. I suppose you know that MOLLY P----- is married: yes, I recollect I formerly wrote it to you. Still on foot or now I

All this nonsense, my sweet SUSAN, will remind you of the many laughing, indolent hours we have passed, in the cool of summer evenings, on our green, where we chatted without reserve or impertinent caution, and as the full moon rose bright in a cloudless sky, when the simple lads and lasses were convened, we sported in the innocence of childish amusements, and pleased and fatigued with blindness. ----- W. is a fine, bearded, honest man's

man's-buff, and hide-and-seek, and pufs-in-the-corner, we went sweetly to rest.

SUSAN, all this little chat is for your own inspection. Were you to shew this letter to some belle or fop, you would be the less esteemed for conversing with such a very rustic, such a stranger to the etiquette of a polite circle. The well-bred hate simplicity: there is a great gulph between the vulgar adepts of nature, and the artificial, mechanical sons of ceremony.

To-day is my birth-day: I have made it a day of thanksgiving to my God, who has often brought my soul out of trouble, and have made it sacred to the memory of my best-loved friends, by writing them severally long letters. External rejoicing and festivity I care not for: the secret approbation of my conscience is all the praise I now seek after, and more, in my esteem, to be valued, than the acclamations of an empire.

How shall I conclude this incoherent epistle? When I begin to talk to my SUE, (for, as Mr. POPE says, this is not writing) I know not how to be silent.

Tuesday.

Tuesday.

IT is three days since I wrote the above. That evening I was seized with a fever; I had a sleepless, melancholy night; and the next morning Doctor YOUNGLOVE bled me; but having a dull lancet, he made too large an orifice, by which I lost too much blood: he could hardly stop it. I was so weakened that I have lain yesterday and to-day in the hysterics, and can just sit up to finish this for Major V--B-----, who will take my letters with him to-morrow to *Albany*. However, I have spirits enough to laugh at my odd figure before company: I sit up in my short-gown, a cloak over my shoulders, no shoes, no roll on, with my night-cap. I want a deal of indulgence when I am sick; and blessed be Providence, your brother is the tenderest of nurses; so many nameless affluities, such a winning softness and complacency in his manner, as palliate my distemper and prevent my complaints. Excuse me; I love to expose my whole heart to my artless SUSAN.

All our prisoners are arrived from *Canada*; they continually pass our door, and are warmly habited.

habited. Mrs. F---'s sister is returned, but the savages have murdered two of her children. CHRISTINA F. begs you to remember her. My STREPHON and my little ones insist on your recollecting them affectionately; and I must make a frequent repetition when I tell you that you are truly beloved by your sister,

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

*To Miss M**** V** W***.*

I Have been a sad girl, my dear M-----, to suspend writing to my fair one so long. They tell me you are the prettiest wit about R-----, so that I ought to be cautious how I scribble; but I will go on in the innocence of my heart, and if you criticise, do it mercifully.

We have had an agreeable jaunt to *New-England*, but in passing the mountains of *Tawkanok* I think I never saw a more lovely scene: we had ascended the last declivity; the vallies below us, interspersed with farms, and plains, and villages, seemed to be at an incredible depth; when we entered on a level, overshadowed with evergreens, laurel, and hem-

Q

lock,

Tuesday.

IT is three days since I wrote the above. That evening I was seized with a fever; I had a sleepless, melancholy night; and the next morning Doctor YOUNGLOVE bled me; but having a dull lancet, he made too large an orifice, by which I lost too much blood: he could hardly stop it. I was so weakened that I have lain yesterday and to-day in the hysterics, and can just sit up to finish this for Major V--B-----, who will take my letters with him to-morrow to *Albany*. However, I have spirits enough to laugh at my odd figure before company: I sit up in my short-gown, a cloak over my shoulders, no shoes, no roll on, with my night-cap. I want a deal of indulgence when I am sick; and blessed be Providence, your brother is the tenderest of nurses; so many nameless assiduities, such a winning softness and complacency in his manner, as palliate my distemper and prevent my complaints. Excuse me; I love to expose my whole heart to my artless SUSAN.

All our prisoners are arrived from *Canada*; they continually pass our door, and are warmly habited.

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Q

lock,

lock, pine and spruce, intermixed with red, blue and yellow berries---imitating the softest bowers of summer. These greens naturally struck out into long vistas, through which we saw the gildings of the setting sun long after the mortals below us were sunk in darkness.

We found the people hospitable and social; were invited cheerfully into almost every genteel house we chanced to pass; and returned home, like JACOB's sons from *Egypt*, with our money, if not in our sack's mouth, at least in our pockets: but tell SUSAN we left little BENJAMIN behind, who is proceeding to the *Nine-Partners*.

I begin to find the winter tedious; my circle of friends here is too small; that of my rustic acquaintance too large: when the heart is not interested, the mind has little satisfaction in company: your own feelings will confirm my observation. Dear cuz, can't you contrive to visit us? In vain would the winds beat, and the hail rattle; deep snows might confine us, and arctic blasts condense the atmosphere; still our fires should sparkle, pleasure and joy and plenty attend us---and friendship should triumph. Pardon, M-----, the transports

ports of a soul whose feelings are too acute: the distant idea of an interview with those whom I love elevates me beyond reason, and ten times a day I anticipate our happy meeting.

I received yesterday a long letter from Mr. A-----: he tells me our KITTY is *increasing*: possibly I may inclose a letter for him: I wish she would write; she can (if she will) chat very agreeably. One of these days I intend to tire cousin B. with an epistle as long and prolix as an homily: we used to be correspondents, but I am afraid she grows too proud to recollect her country friends. A certain Colonel told me last week that Mrs. F----- used to be a charming and instructive companion, but that now she was grown too fine a lady for conversation. I told him I never would believe that the tinsel of fortune could rob my B----- of the ornaments of humanity: so please to inform her of the Colonel's malignity.

Dear M-----, accept Mr. B's. respects, and remember me kindly to aunt, and not less kindly to all the rest of my friends in your house: but, by custom, I must write formally

and with proper distances what you have long known, that I am, with every sentiment of regard, dear girl, your most affectionate

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

*To Miss S**** T** E****.*

NO, I can admit of no excuse; I have written three letters in folio to my SUSAN, and have received no answer. After various conjectures about the cause of so mortifying an omission, I have come to this conclusion, that you have commenced a very, very fashionable lady---(you see my penetration)---and though I am not in possession of JOSEPH's divining cup, I can minutely describe how you passed the day when my last letter was handed you; we will suppose it your own journal.

Saturday Morn, Feb. 12

Ten o'clock. WAS disturbed in a very pleasant dream by aunt V. W. who told me breakfast was ready; fell asleep and dreamed again about Mr. S.

Eleven. Rose from bed; DINAH handed my shoes, washed the cream poultice from my arms,

arms, and unbuckled my curls; drank two dishes of hyson; could not eat any thing.

From twelve to two. Withdrew to my closet; perused the title page of the Pilgrim's Progress: ----- came in, and, with an engaging address, presented me with a small billet-doux from Mr. S. and a monstrous big packet from sister B. Laid the packet aside; mused over the charming note until three o'clock.

Could not read sister's letter, because I must dress, Major ARROGANCE, Colonel BOMBAST, and TOM FUSTIAN being to dine with us; could not suit my colours---fretted---got the vapours: DINE, handing me the salts, let the vial fall and broke it; it was diamond cut crystal, a present from Mr. S. I flew up in a passion---it was enough to vex a saint---and boxed her ears soundly.

Four. Dressed; aunt asked me what sister had wrote. I told her she was well, and had wrote nothing in particular. *Mem.*---I sily broke the seal to give a colour to my assertion.

Between four and five. Dined; TOM FUSTIAN toasted the brightest eyes in company---I reddened like crimson---was surprised to see M----- blush, and looking round saw P-----

blush yet deeper than we. I wonder who he meant. TOM is called a lad of judgment. Mr. S. passed the window on horseback.

Six. Visited at Miss ----'s: a very formal company: uneasy in my stays---scalded my fingers, and stained my changeable by spilling a dish of tea; the ladies were excessively sorry for the accident, and Miss V. Z. observed, that just such another mischance had befallen the widow R. three years before the war. Made a party at cards until seven in the evening; lost two pistoles. *Mem.*---had no ready cash, but gave an order on -----.

From six till three in the morning. Danced with Mr. S.---thought he looked jealous---to punish him I coquetted with three or four pretty fellows, whispered Colonel TINSEL, who smiled and kissed my hand; in return I gave him a petulant blow on the shoulder. Mr. S. looked like a thunder-gust; then affected to be calm as a stoic; but in spite of philosophy turned as pale as BANQUO's ghost. M----- seemed concerned, and asked what ailed him? I don't like M-----: I wonder what charm makes every body admire her: sure, if Mr. S. was civil to her, it was enough;
he

He need not be so very affectionate. I flew in a pet to a vacant parlour, and took out sister's letter to read: I laboured through ten lines, contemplated the seal, chewed off three corners, and folding the remains elegantly, put it in my pocket. I suppose it was full of friendship and such like country stuff. However, sister writes out of a good heart to me, and I will answer it. Mr. S. and I were reconciled through the intercession of P-----, whose lovely humanity every where commands esteem. We passed the hours very agreeably. On my retiring DINAH attended, and having no paper handy, I gave her sister's letter to put my hair in buckle, while I read these verses, which Colonel TINSEL, with a sigh, gave me:---

Loßly cretur, wen de sun
Wantons o'er yu wid his bemes,
Yu smile wid joy—my lukes alone
Obnoxious ar—woud I war him.

I think the Colonel writes as well as HOMER; I believe he knows as much; what signifies Greek and Hebrew! I hate your starched scholars that talk Latin.

Well SUSAN, you see that in the arctic wilds of *America* your secret actions are brought to light,

light, so I hope you will pay more respect to this epistle.

Mr. B----- begs me, at this very instant, to present his very humble regards to you, and has made three solemn bows to your ladyship before I could write a sentence. POLLY S----- is here, and making sad execution among our beaus. We live here a merry kind of a laughing, indolent life: we suffer no real evils, and are far from regretting the elegant amusements which attend a city life: all that I want, my sister, is your company. This constant repetition you must permit (without repining) in all my letters. I never walk in that angle of my garden where your flowers are planted; but I heave a sigh, as if it were a painted monument to your departed body. Can you never come to us? Were it not for my precarious health, I might even adventure to R-----, and kiss cousin B-----, as my old dear friend, whom I tenderly love, though she forgets me: but I am often sick; and happy am I that my JACK is so good a nurse; the tenderness of his nature and cheerfulness of his temper, contribute more to my cure than all the restoratives in the dispensatory.

Tell

Tell my sweet cousins I love them all tenderly; recollect me with affection to aunt V** W***, and permit my PEG and HANNAH to salute you.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, March 29, 1783.

This day fourteen years ago, SUSAN, I was married; repent, and take a husband.

*To Mr. S***** S*****.*

I Congratulate you, my dear brother, on the peace; in consequence of which I sincerely hope you may see many happy years: as for me, my bright prospects lie beyond the grave; I have little to promise myself on this side of eternity. Affliction has broken my spirit and constitution; I grow daily weaker and more emaciated, and depressed with the reflection of leaving my husband and child---alas! the only treasures I have now on earth.

Let me talk freely to you for the last time, my brother:--- You know your poor BETSEY was born a solitary orphan: though enjoying a genteel fortune, yet friendless, and a wanderer.

derer, at length I found peace in the company of a tender husband. Ah, how soon interrupted! my lovely babes died away like summer blossoms before the frost: still I had a kind mother to complain to; we wept together: but soon the enemy rushing upon us like a hurricane, we were scattered like a flock of frightened birds: our dear mother fled to *Red-Hook* with SUSAN; I staid awhile at the farm; but a sudden incursion of some savages hastened my retreat; I took my beautiful ABELLA on my arm, and PEGGY by the hand, and wandered solitary through the dark woods, expecting every moment to meet the bloody ally of *Britain*: however, we arrived safe at *Arabia*, where I met my husband, who had been to *Albany*; he procured a chaise, and took us to the city; the alarm increasing, we got a passage in a sloop with sister SWITS and family; twelve miles below *Albany* my ABELLA died of a dysentery; we went ashore, had one of my mahogany dining-tables cut up to make her coffin, and buried the little angel on the bank. I was seized with the distemper; and when we came to *Red-Hook*, found my dear mamma wasted to a shadow: she mourned over the ruins of her family,

family, and carried me to uncle H-----'s, who received us very reluctantly. Soon after my dear mother died, and I returned to *Albany*, where, in a few days, I saw poor sister CATY* expire. We retired again to *Tomhanick*, where we lived sometime blest in domestic tranquillity, though under perpetual alarms from the savages: at length, one afternoon, a small party from *Canada*, who had unperceivedly penetrated the country, carried off Mr. BLEECKER with his two servants. This shock I could not support. My little PEGGY and I went to *Albany*, where we wept incessantly for five days, when God was pleased to restore him to our arms. Soon after I fell into premature labour, and was delivered of a dead child. Since that I have been declining; and though we often fled from the enemy since, been cruelly plundered, and often suffered for very necessaries, yet your silence, my brother, hurts me more than these.

Mr. BLEECKER talks of taking me to *New-York* this spring, but I believe I shall never reach it; my health is so precarious that I dare not, even here, venture an afternoon's visit. I could

* Mrs. SWITS.

could wish to see you before I died; but I am used to disappointments. I have given you my little history that you may see I die of a broken heart. Farewell, my only brother; may God preserve your family, and continue all your blessings. When you see my poor little PEGGY, and my poor little HANNAH SWITS, think of your friends who have perished before you, and love and pity them for their sakes. Give my kindest love to BETSEY, and accept of your brother's. I am, dear SAMMY, your very affectionate sister,

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, May 8, 1783.

*To Miss S***** T** E****.*

MY DEAR SUSAN,

INDISPOSITION has of late so dispirited me that I have omitted to write to any of my friends; but within these few days I am sensibly better, and feel this evening in a chatty humour. Let me first of all give you the news---LYDIA S----- is married to Mr.

JOHN

JOHN B-----, and Miss POLLY S--- to Lieutenant G----- (son of ENNIS G----- the taylor;) moreover, NATJE L----- (your old enemy) is likewise become somebody's espoused wife. Lord STERLING died last night, and (I am quite a gazette) beau T--- is gone to *Canada*. The lads lodge with us, and we have endeavoured to pass the winter as gleefully as plenty and simplicity can make us---E--- kisses your hands; JAMES is a profess'd slave to PEGGY S---; and POLLY will join us to-morrow, when Mr. B. and his spouse intend to leave the merry circle at *Tomhanick*, and take a ramble to *New-England*. I have been informed that Mrs. A----- has blest the Doctor with a son and daughter; if so, I give you joy. Did you ever see so incoherent an epistle? however, you must confess, did I reduce so much news to order, and tell every thing elegantly, it would swell my paper beyond the common limit; besides, I do not mean to set up for "the complete letter-writer." My PEG is quite disappointed at your silence, and regrets that she ever sent her scrawl to R-----; and indeed, SUSAN, (now I think on it) you have corresponded with me

R

rather

rather like a formal acquaintance than a warm friend; with every post you might have sent me some scribble; sometimes a half a quire, sometimes a half a line; the dawnings of friendship, emotions of humanity, sentiments of piety, or impressions of love, ought to have been candidly confided in the bosom of your own ELIZA: they would have brightened my moments of solitude, and have made me forget my oblivious situation. SAMMY too has helped to embitter my cup of life; he has contracted his affection within the orb of his little family, and cannot shoot out a ray of love at this distance, to enlighten and bless a forlorn sister: I love him sincerely; may he and his be forever happy. My sister, I shall grow too dull if I proceed; I had better conclude; but I am fond of talking to you. Let me drop into news again---POLLY P----- (Mrs. L.) has a fine son; and I had like to have forgot to mention that *Vermont* intends again to renew the east and western claims. Upon a late resolve of Congress, (handed particularly to them) they have assumed an insulting arrogance of behaviour, threaten Congress, and

imprecate

imprecate *New-York*. In short, I fancy we shall have all our persecutions to go over again.

But what have your black eyes been doing all this while? have you captured no heart worth retaining? I am afraid the gentlemen are so severely attracted by the charms of three fair ones, that (like Mahomet's shrine) they cannot attach themselves to either. Pray be seen separate.

We have here a rustic beauty come into our forest, that would be much admired (I mean for person, not manners) by all the beaux of *R-----*: the symmetry of her form, glitter of her eyes, and lessening shades of vermilion on her cheek, which lose themselves imperceptibly in a complexion of the most delicate whiteness; these, when improved in the *beau monde* by artificial graces, would make her an irresistible toast; she has the romantic name of MELANESSA; but being of a tender constitution, not able to work, has no declared admirer.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY.

R 2

Dear

Dear girl, you are tired with my impertinence, but I haste to relieve you. Your brother begs you to remember him with tenderness; the children love you; even FAN and MARKEE solicit your remembrance of them; and O, my sister! might you but really feel how much I am your affectionate

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

Tomhanick, Dec. 10, 1783.

POETICS.

P O E T I C S.

JOSEPH.

WITH many children was the Patriarch
blest,
Yet *Joseph* he preferr'd before the rest:
To tend his flock was all the youth's employ;
To serve his God and Sire his only joy:
Jacob of his lov'd consort now depriv'd,
Beheld her graces in the son reviv'd;
And all the love he had to *Rachel* gone,
Was by degrees transferr'd unto her son.
A filken vest, that cast a various shade,
He fondly to the boy a present made:
Here vivid scarlet strove with lively green,
The purple, blended with the white, was seen,
And azure spots were interspers'd between.

This gaudy robe (the basis of his woe,
The source from which his future sorrows flow)
Kindled his elder brethren's wakeful pride:
(When envy mounts, affection will subside)
Their dawning hate in vain to hide they strove,
Each look too plain confess'd expiring love.

The sun obliquely shot his humid beams,
When *Joseph* wak'd, one morn, and told his
dreams:

'My brethren, we, methought, were on a plain,
'And binding into sheaves the yellow grain;
'When mine arose; your's form'd a circle round,
'And reverently bow'd low to the ground.'

At this each face the innate rage express'd:
And *Joseph* thus, indignant, they address'd.

'Shalt thou indeed a sov'reign to us be?
'And shall we fall as suppliants on the knee?
'Vain boy! renounce those hopes---hence to
the field

'A shepherd's crook, not sceptre, shalt thou
wield.'

Again, when slumbers stole upon his eyes,
And active Fancy bade the vision rise,
To him th' eleven stars, the orb of day,
And crystal moon respectful homage pay.
This on the morn the wond'ring youth disclos'd
When *Jacob* the prediction thus oppos'd:

'Shall I, thine aged sire, whose silver hairs
'And arms unnerv'd proclaim my length of
years,

'Prostrate on earth myself thy vassal own?
'And shall thy mother bow before her son?

'Ambition,

‘ Ambition, *Joseph*, has thy heart possess’d;
 ‘ And dreams illusive rise from such a guest.
 But yet he wonder’d what might be design’d,
 And the presaging visions treasur’d in his mind.

It chanc’d his elder sons at early dawn
 Led their fair flocks to *Dothan*’s verdant lawn:
 There, while the kids and lambs crop off the
 flow’rs;
 In close converse they pass th’ eloping hours:
 Beneath a cedar’s boughs, whose awful shade
 Extended o’er the plain, was *Levi* laid:
 What rais’d the tears that trembled in his eyes?
Issacher ask’d; and *Levi* thus replies:

‘ *Jacob* was once impartial in his love;
 ‘ To please us all, and we to please him strove.
 ‘ Have we not toil’d beneath the burning ray
 ‘ Of yon bright orb, who rising we survey;
 ‘ And when the lamp of night illumines the skies,
 ‘ When dews descend and noxious mists arise,
 ‘ In silent vales a careful watch we keep,
 ‘ And from the rav’ning wolves protect the
 sheep?
 ‘ Is this the kind return for all our care?—
 ‘ We ask but equally his love to share;
 ‘ And that denied, to aggravate the smart,
 ‘ A simpering boy engrosses all his heart:

‘ What

' What can entitle him to such a claim,
 ' Domestic labours, or a martial fame?
 ' In *Mamre's* groves his hours slide soft away,
 ' In rest at night, in indolence all day:
 ' With lies of us he fills the cred'ulous ear,
 ' Too horrid to repeat, or you to hear.
 ' For this a superb robe adorns his limbs,
 ' And partial heav'n for this in mystic dreams
 ' Presages a reward. But words are vain.
 Here *Levi* ceas'd, and *Issacher* began.

' Ah! 'tis too plain, too obvious to the sight,
 ' That *Joseph* is our parent's chief delight,
 ' Although a base usurper of our right:
 ' You see ambition rising in his soul;
 ' And when his years mature to manhood roll,
 ' Elated with the hopes of sway, he'll try
 ' On us, my friends, his dreams to verify.'

He ended: but his cheeks with anger glows:
 When bloody *Simeon* from the ground arose.
 Awhile he paus'd; at length his lips impart
 The black design corroding at his heart.

' Brethren, this war of words and coward rage
 ' Suits not our youth, but meets impotent age;
 ' Let one decisive stroke remove our fears,
 ' Obstruct the fates, and calm intestine wars.'

Reuben

Reuben at *Simcon* glanc'd a frown, and spoke:

* The sentence yet in embryo I revoke:

'The *Sechemites*, (who, murder'd on the plain,

‘Sad monuments of cruelty remain)

‘Have they to death inur’d your gloomy eyes,

'That for a childish dream your brother dies?'

‘ Would you in guileless blood your jav’lins
stain,

‘And Nature’s law by such a deed profane?’

‘ My soul shrinks at the thought: loud found-
ing fame

‘ Would through the world the fratricide proclaim.

‘ Brethren, regard his youth---our father’s age ;

One fatal stroke destroys both child and sage :-

‘ Congenial souls: the union of the heart

'Death can't divide, nor living can we part.'

' Ah! tell me, *Simeon*, is the action brave

'To sink a sage and infant in the grave?

‘ Mistaken valor, and inhuman deed,

‘ For one man’s fault to make a nation bleed !

‘ Much more inhuman this: the son conspires.

‘ A harmless brother’s death, and aged fire’s.

‘ Think not with their last breath your fears
are fled ;

‘ God’s vengeance still pursues the guilty head.

And:

‘ And why abridge his days? Ah! brethren,
know,

‘ By short’ning his, you fill your own with
woe.’

He ended unapplauded, and beheld
The object of their contest on the field,
Far as the eye could reach: his glossy hair
Curl’d on his neck; his robe wav’d light in air,
Clasp’d by a plate of gold, that as he run
In brightness seem’d to emulate the sun.

Hate, stifled by reproof, flam’d in each eye,
When at a distance they perceiv’d the boy;
In ev’ry look black discontent was spread,
And *Judah*, pale with envy, rose and said:

‘ Vain sophistry! how do our joys subside,
‘ While that prophetic dreamer swells with
pride?

‘ No; let him die: his vest we’ll stain with
blood,

‘ And tell his fire we found it in the wood:

‘ Some beast, I’ll cry, and deep affliction feign,

‘ Oh *Jacob*, has thy son; thy *Joseph* slain!

‘ If *Reuben* new objections here create,

‘ Then let him bear our just, immortal hate.’

When *Reuben* found his death was now de-
creed,

Resolv’d to save the youth, or with him bleed;

He

He loud exclaim'd---' At least with this comply,

' (Since by our hand the innocent must die)

' I am his brother, give me not the pain

' To see his blood gush from the purple vein,

' To see his soul part from his quiv'ring lip,

' And hear the groan which ushers in his sleep.

' Where yonder cedars raise their lofty heads,

' And round the rocky place a horror spreads,

' There is a pit, to water long unknown,

' Dark its access, with brambles overgrown:

' Here be the child immur'd: the sides are steep,

' Of stone cemented, and profoundly deep;

' A certain and concealed death his fate;

' Guiltless of blood we gratify our hate.'

He hesitated---by real sorrow mov'd,

While his proposal all the swains approv'd.

But *Reuben* hop'd, when sleep had clos'd
their eyes,

With the lov'd youth his father to surprise;

Then lead him where he might securely wait

The period when he should survive their hate.

Joseph, soon as his brethren he descries,

A placid sweetness triumph'd in his eyes,

Joy ting'd his blooming cheeks with deeper red,

He innocently smil'd, advanc'd, and said:

' To

' To *Sechem's* vale our fire bade me repair;
 ' If you were well, solicitous to hear;
 ' I rov'd o'er meads enamel'd with gay flow'rs,
 ' I rang'd the forests and explor'd the bow'rs;
 ' At length my erring steps a stranger led
 ' To *Dothen*, where he said your flocks were fed.
 ' But why this gen'ral gloom on ev'ry face,
 ' This stupid grief which saddens all the place?
 ' O tell me! quick dispel each rising fear,
 ' Or let me drop the sympathetic tear.' ---

He pleads, impatient for the truth to gain;
 But dazzling virtue aw'd the silent train.

The conscious blood revolting from each cheek,
 Rush to the guilty heart and refuge seek:

Now vice prepares the formidable blow,
 Yet shrinks, encountering a defenceless foe:

She summons all her forces to her aid,
 And big with death, now hovers o'er his head.

Rapid as lightnings thro' the æther glance,
 So swift they to th' astonish'd youth advance;
 Trembling with rage they flew; they seiz'd
 His hair,

And bade him instantly for death prepare.

Aghast he gaz'd; he stiffen'd with surprise,
 His blood congeals, he scarce believes his eyes;

A sudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein,
 He casts an anxious look back o'er the plain;

He

He sees no hope ; then sinking on his knees,
He thus essay'd their anger to appease :

‘ What have I done, my brethren, that your
rage

‘ United should against a child engage?

‘ Alas! what heavy crime demands my death?’

Here rising tears suppress’d his lab’ring breath ;

These when discharg’d, again the shepherd
pleads:---

‘ Is there no friend, not one who intercedes?

‘ With guiltless blood pollute not Nature’s laws.

‘ Tell me my fault, and let me plead my cause:

‘ If innocent, acquit ; if guilty found,

‘ In public then let justice give the wound.’

He ceas’d to speak, and their decision wait ;

When *Nepthali* exclaim’d, ‘ Our will is fate.’

Then with a cord his trembling hands they
bound,

And rais’d him pale and fainting from the
ground:

His terror power of utterance denies,

But yet he weeps and lifts his speaking eyes.

They lead him to the grove, whose solemn shade

The wind and solar ray could scarce pervade ;

The dark abyss they found, and op’d a way

By which descending *Joseph* left the day:

S

The

The hollow sides re-echo back his moan,
 And distant rocks reflect the doubled groan;
 In deeper notes his plaintive cries return'd,
 While low excluded from the light he mourn'd.

Th' inhuman rustics soon depart the place
 Where conscious Vice now flush'd each guilty
 face:

The sun shone hot; impervious to his ray
 A grove of palms the fainting swains survey:
 Beneath their shade a silver current stole,
 Whose lucid waves o'er mossy carpets roll.
 Here they repair, and seated on the ground,
 With roseate wine the shining goblet crown'd;
 The viands on the velvet grass they spread,
 The grape luxuriant and the milk-white
 bread;

When thoughtful *Reuben*, sighing, rose and
 said:

• While you the festive banquet here prepare,
 • To seek the straying lambs shall be my care.'

Scarce was he gone, when from a neigh-
 bouring vale

• The fragrant smells of spicery exhale;
 • The aromatic loads by camels borne,
 From *Geliad* sent, to *Egypt* now return:
 These were proceeded by a num'rous train
 Of traffickers, who from fair *Midian* came.

Th' in-

Th' inviting shade, where cool the shepherds
lay,

Allur'd the merchants from their tiresome way;
They join the swains, and press the verdant
ground,

While the replenish'd goblet passes round.

But pale remorse, from cool reflection sprung,
On half-repenting *Judah's* brow was hung;
His brother's groans reverberate on his ear,
But yet his envy *Joseph's* merits fear.

While these contending passions rend his breast
Apart the list'ning shepherds he address'd:

‘ My friends, the eldest curse of righteous
heaven

‘ Was to the murderer of a brother given;
‘ Tho’ *Joseph's* crimes would justify his death,
‘ We can be just, and yet prolong his breath.
‘ Let us redeem the victim from the grave,
‘ And send him to *Egyptia* as a slave;
‘ From those far plains he never can return,
‘ But must repent his faults, submit and mourn:
‘ No black reflection then will give us pain,
‘ And useful gold, my brethren, too we gain.’

The mercenary shepherds all agree,
And set him from his gloomy prison free;

He smites his breast, wet with incessant tears ;
 His languid eyes to heav'n he pleading rears,
 Whose silent eloquence reveal'd his fears. }
 But when he saw the strangers in the shade,
 Diffusive hope thro' all his features spread ;
 He wip'd away the pendant tears, and smil'd,
 When by the hand proud *Assur* took the child ;
 His sordid soul from all soft ties estrang'd,
Joseph, without remorse, for gold exchang'd :
 The youth's simplicity and early bloom,
 Each stranger with attractive force o'ercome :
 They paid the shining ore, and journey'd on,
 For in the west sunk the declining sun.

Meanwhile, o'er distant hills, and moss-
 grown rocks,

The pensive swain pursues the timid flocks.
 Now late returning, and o'ercome with heat,
 Secures his charge and seeks a cool retreat ;
 Beneath a cedar's length'ned shadow laid,
 The vast expanse, admiring, he survey'd,
 In vivid tints, by setting sol array'd
 Magnificently gay. Here streak'd with gold,
 The purple clouds their borrow'd paints unfold ;
 The blushing west with deep carnation glows,
 And o'er the skies a bright reflection throws.
 ---Now imperceptibly on closing flow'rs
 The silent dews descend in silver show'rs,

Th' ap-

Th' appearing stars exert a feeble light,
 And *Reuben* welcomes the approach of night:
 He rises and explores the dismal shade,
 And stooping o'er the cavern's verge he said:
 ' *Joseph!* my brother *Joseph!* I am come,
 ' Impatient to reverse thy cruel doom;
 ' Forgive thy *Reuben's* part in this black deed,
 ' 'Tis stratagem alone thy life has freed:
 ' Oh *Joseph* speak! surely thou dost survive:
 ' Oh speak my brother, if thou art alive!
 ' Alas! no voice but echo's hollow sound,
 ' No voice but mine remurmurs o'er the
 ' ground!
 ' Where shall I flee, to what dark distant shore,
 ' To shun reproach? for *Joseph* is no more.
 ' Why did my lips (consenting to his death)
 ' When they pronounc'd his doom, not lose
 their breath?' ---

Again he calls, and raging in despair,
 From his swoln breast the folding garment tears.
 Now wild with grief, and wand'ring thro' the
 gloom,

He met the *Hebrews* all returning home:
 A kid they'd kill'd, and in the sanguine gore
 Haddipt the robe which blameless *Joseph* wore.
 Soon they appear'd on *Mamre's* peaceful plain,
 And enter'd *Israel's* tent, a guilty train;

Each feign'd to be with anxious care oppress'd,
 And *Simeon*, weeping, thus his sire address'd: }
 'Oh canst thou recollect this bloody vest!' }
 Old *Jacob* view'd it with a pausing eye;
 He trembled, groan'd, and scarce could make
 reply;

An universal horror seiz'd his frame,
 At length burst forth th' ungovernable flame: }
 'It is my son's! (he cry'd) my son is slain! }
 'Curst be the hour that rent him from my side!
 'What baneful planet did my actions guide?
 'Come, death, convey me to the peaceful urn;
 'Joseph is dead! why should I live to mourn?'
 In vain they try to calm his swelling grief;
 He cherish'd sorrow, and refus'd relief.

On Mrs. JOHANNA LUPTON.

HER soul, unfetter'd from the bands of clay,
 With swift-wing'd haste to heaven takes its
 way;
 She tow'rs the æriel space on wings divine,
 While weeping friends surround the bloodless
 shrine:

The

The soften'd heart there breathes a tender sigh,
 And grief sits pensive in each moisten'd eye:
 Suppress the rising tear, and with her sing,
 ' Death, where's thy vict'ry? Grave, where
 is thy sting?'

Sing how with God she rests in endless day,
 All tears of sorrow ever wip'd away;
 ' Sing how by tortures heav'n her faith has
 try'd;

' The saint endur'd it, tho' the woman dy'd!'

Ah, nature will prevail! 'tis all in vain:
 Say, sacred muse, what loss do we sustain?
 She wip'd the eye of grief---it ceas'd to flow;
 Her pitying heart still felt another's woe;
 Indigent virtue shar'd her earthly store;
 She call'd herself God's steward for the poor:
 A dutious child; a faithful, loving wife;
 Serene in death, as tranquil was her life:
 A pious mother---mother, now no more;
 Her soft solicitude and cares are o'er;
 Sister and friend, each tender name in one.
 And is she gone? but heav'n's great will be
 done!

Like *Noah's* dove, the wand'rer found no rest,
 Till in his ark her Saviour took the guest.
 Oh may we meet her on the eternal shore,
 Where death shall never separate us more!

*To Mr. L*****.*

THE sun that gilds the western sky
And makes the orient red,
Whose gladfome rays delight the eye
And cheer the lonely shade;

Withdraws his vegetative heat,
To southern climes retires;
While absent, we supply his seat
With gross, material fires.

'Tis new-year's morn; each rustic swain
Ambrosial cordials take;
And round the fire the festive train
A semi-circle make:

While clouds ascend, of sable smoke,
From pipes of ebon hue,
With inharmonick song and joke
They pass the morning through.

You tell me this is solitude,
This Contemplation's seat;
Ah no! the most impervious wood
Affords me no retreat.

But

But let me recollect : 'tis said,
 When *Orpheus* tun'd his lyre
 The Fauns and Satyrs left the shade,
 Warm'd by celestial fire.

His vocal lays and lyra made
 Inanimated marble weep ;
 Swift-footed Time then paus'd, 'tis said,
 And sea-born monsters left the deep :

Impatient trees, to hear his strain
 Rent from the ground their roots :---
 Such is my fate, as his was then,
 Surrounded here---by brutes.

To the same

DEAR Sir, when late in town you chose
 To correspond no more in prose,
 My viscious muse---(but 'tis in vain
 Of her abuses to complain)---
 Neglects to aid, as I expected,
 And so I must be self-directed.

You've broke th' agreement, Sir, I find ;
 (Excuse me, I must speak my mind)
 It seems, in your poetic fit,

You

You mind not jingling, when there's wit;
 And so to write like *Donne* you chose,
 Whose prose was verse, and verse was prose:
 From common tracts of rhyming stray,
 And versify another way.
 Indeed it suits, I must aver,
 A *genius* to be singular.

On *F-----r* kept in durance vile,
 Did once more erring fortune smile:
 Again he would extend his ray,
 And shine his riches all away.
Birch said, (and what he said I sing)
 'A shilling is a serious thing;
 But like *Icarus*, *F-----r* springs,
 Where suns dissolv'd his waxen wings:
 No more the wings his weight sustain,
 He plunges headlong in the main:
 The shades of death steal o'er his eyes;
 And to black *Styx* the spirit flies.

Life is a grand vicissitude
 Of pain and health, of ill and good:
 Your goose now mourns a murder'd mate,
 (Attend while I the fact relate)
 He chanc'd upon a cloudless morn,
 To wander in our neighbour's corn;
 Perhaps he thought all lands were free,
 And none had private property;

Or

Or sure he ne'er had trod the plain,
 And pick'd, like *Eve*, forbidden grain:
 Careless he fed, in graceful ease
 And sweet simplicity of geese.
 Ill-fated bird! he there was kill'd
 By man, the tyrant of the field.

His widow's wing, Oh dire relation!
 Next underwent sad amputation;
 Weep not, dear Sir, at this abuse;
 She bears it like a patient goose:
 I fear the widow is a prude,
 Or matters sooner would conclude;
 Or else you have a coward heart,
 And fear to act the suitor's part.
 Of all the things beneath the sun, you know,
 Faint heart fair lady never won. Adieu.

To the same.

FROM plains and peaceful cots I send
 The humble wishes of a friend:
 May love still spread his silken wing,
 And life to you be ever spring:
 May virtue guide you with her clue,
 Life's mazy path to wander thro';
 And may your offspring the blest tract pursue:

On

On you may Heav'n benignly smile,
And inward peace external cares beguile;
Long may you live supremely blest,
Then die, and be a Saviour's guest.
The wish is o'er, permit me to descend
To the familiar converse of a friend.
Well, you've done right to get a wife,
For change the comfort is of life;
Besides, I've read in ancient story,
A virtuous wife's a crown of glory:
And yet 'tis true that some adorn
Their husband's brows with crown of horn:
The wisest man on earth we find
Was partial to the female kind,
Till he was trick'd a thousand ways,
(But men are wiser now-a-days)
Which made the honest Jew exclaim,
They were all vanities, and vain:
His father, you remember *David*,
Who tore *Saul's* skirt, and ran away with't,
He also had, (tho' lov'd of God)
Plurality of wives allow'd:
But since polygamy's abolish'd,
The wives are chaste, the husbands polish'd.
Since with plagiary you've tax'd me,
And never since for pardon ask'd me,
To

To prove my false accuser guilty,
Repeat his borrow'd lines I will t'ye:

“ No goose that swims, but soon or late

“ Will find some gander for a mate.”

You'll find this couplet, I'll engage,
In *Wife of Bath*, the hundredth page,
Volume the second,---works of *Pope*---
Brother, you're now convinc'd, I hope:

However, what you prophesied
About the goose, is verified;
She's flipt her neck in marriage noose,
And owns a sov'reign Lord, and *goose*.
Adieu, *Mon Cher Ami*; the Muse
Begs you her freedom will excuse.

To the same.

DEAR brother, to these happy shades repair,
And leave, Oh leave the city's noxious air:
I'll try description, friend---methinks I see
'Twill influence your curiosity.

Before our door a meadow flies the eye,
Cirled by hills, whose summits croud the sky;
The silver lily there exalts her head,
And op'ning roses balmy odours spread,
While golden tulips flame beneath the shade.

T

In

In short, not *Iris* with her painted bow,
 Nor varied tints an evening sun can show,
 Can the gay colours of the flow'rs exceed,
 Whose glowing leaves diversify this mead:
 And when the blooms of *Flora* disappear,
 The weighty fruits adorn the satiate year:
 Here vivid cherries bloom in scarlet pride,
 And purple plums blush by the cherries side;
 The sable berries bend the pliant vines,
 And smiling apples glow in crimson rinds;
Ceres well pleas'd, beholds the furrow'd plain,
 And show'rs her blessings on th' industrious
 swain;

Plenty sits laughing in each humble cot;
 None wish for that which heaven gives them not.
 But sweet Contentment still with sober charms,
 Encircles us within her blissful arms;
 Birds unmolested chaunt their early notes,
 And on the dewy spray expand their throats;
 Before the eastern skies are streak'd with light,
 Or from the arch of Heaven retreats the night,
 The musical inhabitants of air,
 To praise their Maker, tuneful lays prepare.
 Here by a spring, whose glassy surface moves
 At ev'ry kiss from Zephyr of the groves,
 While passing clouds look brighter in the
 stream,
 Your poet sits and paints the rural scene.

To

To Mr. BLEECKER.

YES, I invok'd the Muses' aid
 To help me write, for 'tis their trade;
 But only think, ungrateful Muses,
 They sent dame *Iris* with excuses,
 They'd other business for to follow,
 Beg'd I'd apply to God *Apollo*.

The God said, as heav'n's charioteer,
 He had no time to mind us here;
 Said if we rac'd round earth like *Phæbus*
 One day, it sadly would fatigue us;
 Yet we expect, when tir'd at night,
 He'd stay from bed to help us write:
 Nor need we ask his sister *Phæbe*,
 For turning round had made her giddy;
 Her inspiration would confuse us,
 So counsell'd us to coax the Muses.
 Quite disappointed at this lecture
 I left his worship sipping nectar;
 But, pettishly as I left his dome,
 It chanc'd I met the Goddess *Wisdom*.
 No wonder she is wise, 'tis said
 She was the product of *Jove's* head.

' Bright Queen,' said I, ' in these abodes
 ' I beg'd a favour of the Gods:
 ' They wish'd the poets at the devil,
 ' And the nine ladies were uncivil:
 ' *Apollo* told me he was lazy,
 ' And call'd his sister *Phœbe* crazy.
 ' Permit me then your kind protection;
 ' From you I cannot fear rejection.'

Tritonia gave me smiles and nods,
 (The unusual compliments of Gods,)
 And look'd benign as rising sun,
 Which gave me courage to go on.
 ' ---Oh Goddess! let your powerful arms
 ' Keep young *Ulyssus* from all harms;
 ' Attend him in each strange adventure,
 ' And be, in human form, his *mentor*:
 ' Oh bid him shun *Circean* feasts,
 ' Whose magic pow'r turns men to beasts;
 ' Nor let him touch the fatal tree,
 ' Lest he forget *Penelope*:
 ' Keep him from a *Calypso*'s arms,
 ' And all the treacherous *Syren*'s charms:
 ' In *Cyclop* cells let him not enter;
 ' Permit him not at games to venture;
 ' Sure as he does, he is undone,
 ' Each sharper is a *lestrigon*;

' Nor

' Nor city luxury inure him,
 ' To be a modern epicurian;
 ' (For *Temperance*, celestial maid,
 ' Is still a virtue of the shade:)
 ' And dire diseases burn each vein
 ' Of those who *Temperance* prophane,
 ' And kill her sacred beeves in vain. }
 ' The *Grecians* once to *Pluto's* glooms
 ' So sunk for slaughter'd hecatombs.
 ' If men believ'd in transmigration,
 ' How would it spare the brute creation?
 ' But, Goddess! let him soon return,
 ' Nor twice ten years in absence mourn;
 ' To those who love, a month appears
 ' As long as twenty tedious years.'

Minerva rais'd her ægis high,
 That blaz'd effulgence thro' the sky,
 And, smiling took the common oath,
 To be immensely kind to both;
 Then down from heaven's pure æther flew
 Swifter than light---in search of you.

On the *IMMENSITY* of *CREATION*.

OH! could I borrow some celestial plume,
 This narrow globe should not confine me long

In its contracted sphere---the vast expanse,
 Beyond where thought can reach, or eye can
 glance,
 My curious spirit, charm'd should traverse o'er,
 New worlds to find, new systems to explore:
 When these appear'd, again I'd urge my flight
 Till all creation open'd to my sight.

Ah! unavailing wish, absurd and vain,
 Fancy return and drop thy wing again;
 Could'st thou more swift than light move
 steady on,
 Thy fight as broad, and piercing as the sun,
 And *Gabriel's* years too added to thy own;
 Nor *Gabriel's* fight, nor thought, nor rapid wing,
 Can pass the immense domains of th' eternal
 King;

The greatest seraph in his bright abode
 Can't comprehend the labours of a God.
 Proud reason fails, and is confounded here;
 ---Man how contemptible thou dost appear!
 What art thou in this scene?---Alas! no more
 Than a small atom to the sandy shore,
 A drop of water to a boundless sea,
 A single moment to eternity.

A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT on DEATH.

ALAS! my thoughts, how faint they rise,
 Their pinions clogg'd with dirt;
 They cannot gain the distant skies,
 But gravitate to earth.

No angel meets them on the way,
 To guide them to new spheres;
 And for to light them, not a ray
 Of heavenly gace appears.

Return then to thy native ground,
 And sink into the tombs;
 There take a dismal journey round
 The melancholy rooms:

There level'd equal king and swain,
 The vicious and the just;
 The turf ignoble limbs contain,
 One rots beneath a bust.

What heaps of human bones appear
 Pil'd up along the walls!
 These are *Death's* trophies---furniture
 Of his tremendous halls;

The

The water oozing thro' the stones,
 Still drops a mould'ring tear;
 Rots the gilt coffin from the bones,
 And lays the carcase bare.

This is *Cleora*---come, let's see
 Once more the blooming fair;
 Take off the lid---ah! 'tis not she,
 A vile impostor there.

Is this the charmer poets sung,
 And vainly deified,
 The envy of the maiden throng?
 (How humbling to our pride!)

Unhappy man, of transient breath,
 Just born to view the day,
 Drop in the grave---and after death
 To filth and dust decay.

Methinks the vault, at ev'ry tread,
 Sounds deeply in my ear,
 'Thou too shalt join the silent dead,
 'Thy final scene is here.'

Thy final scene! no, I retract,
 Not till the clarion's found
 Demands the sleeping pris'ners back
 From the refunding ground:

Not

Not till that audit shall I hear
 Th' immutable decree,
 Decide the solemn question, where
 I pass eternity.
 Death is the conqueror of clay,
 And can but clay detain;
 The soul, superior, springs away,
 And scorns his servile chain.

The just arise, and shrink no more
 At graves, and shrouds, and worms,
 Conscious they shall (when time is o'er)
 Inhabit angel forms.

ELEGY on the Death of CLEORA.

NO more of Zephyr's airy robe I'll sing,
 Or balmy odours dropping from his wing,
 Or how his spicy breath revives the lands,
 And curls the waves which roll o'er crystal
 sands.

No more I'll paint the glowing hemisphere,
 Or rocks ambitious, piercing upper air;
 The subjects of the grave demand my lay,
 Spectator now, I soon shall be as they.

Cleora,

Cleora, art thou gone? thou dost not hear
The voice of grief, nor see the dropping tear;
And yet, it sooths my sorrows while I mourn
In artless verse, and weep upon thy urn.

-----Tho' bright from thee the rays of beauty
stream'd,

Thy mind irradiate, stronger graces beam'd;
The meteor shone so permanent and fair,
Who'd not mistook the vapour for a star?

----E'en then----when lying poets flattering
breath

Pronounc'd so fair a form exempt from death;
The icy angel met her on the plain,
And bade our friend adorn his ghastly train;
The vital heat forsakes her loitering blood;
The blood stands still---the springs of life all
stood;

Down sunk the fair, while nature gave a groan,
To see her noblest structure fall so soon.

But say, some pow'r, where is the spirit fled,
To wait the time when it shall join the dead?
Say, springs her active soul beyond the skies,
Or still around the clay enamour'd flies?
Or sits exalted on th' empyreal height,
'Midst deluges of primogenial light?
Or else expatiates, with enlarged pow'rs,
Where mortal man's conception never soars?
---Ah!

---Ah ! when the brittle bands of life are burst,
 To meet her on the shores of bliss, I trust ;
 Sure I shall know her in the realms above,
 By those sweet eyes which beam incessant love :
 There we'll renew the friendship here begun,
 But which shall last thro' th' eternal noon :
 Till then suspend my fond enquiries, where,
 And with what souls she breathes immortal air ;
 Meanwhile, with imitative art I'll try,
 Nobly like her to live---like her to die !

Written in the Retreat from BURGOYNE.

WAS it for this, with thee a pleasing load,
 I sadly wander'd thro' the hostile wood ;
 When I thought fortune's spite could do no
 more,

To see thee perish on a foreign shore ?

Oh my lov'd babe ! my treasure's left behind,
 Ne'er sunk a cloud of grief upon my mind ;
 Rich in my children---on my arms I bore
 My living treasures from the scalper's pow'r :
 When I sat down to rest beneath some shade,
 On the soft grass how innocent she play'd,
 While

While her sweet sister, from the fragrant wild,
 Collects the flow'rs to please my precious child;
 Unconscious of her danger, laughing roves,
 Nor dreads the painted savage in the groves.
 Soon as the spires of *Albany* appear'd,
 With fallacies my rising grief I cheer'd;
 'Resign'd I bear,' said I, 'heaven's just reproof,
 'Content to dwell beneath a stranger's roof;
 'Content my babes should eat dependent bread,
 'Or by the labour of my hands be fed:
 'What tho' my houses, lands, and goods are gone,
 'My babes remain---these I can call my own.'
 But soon my lov'd *Abella* hung her head,
 From her soft cheek the bright carnation fled;
 Her smooth transparent skin too plainly shew'd
 How fierce thro' every vein the fever glow'd.
 ---In bitter anguish o'er her limbs I hung,
 I wept and sigh'd, but sorrow chain'd my tongue;
 At length her languid eyes clos'd from the day,
 The idol of my soul was torn away;
 Her spirit fled and left me ghastly clay!

Then---then my soul rejected all relief,
 Comfort I wish'd not for, I lov'd my grief:
 'Hear, my *Abella*!' cried I, 'hear me mourn,
 'For one short moment, oh! my child return;
 'Let my complaint detain thee from the skies,
 'Though troops of angels urge thee on to rise.'

All

All night I mourn'd---and when the rising day
 Gilt her sad chest with his benigneſt ray,
 My friends preſs round me with officious care,
 Bid me ſuppreſs my ſighs, nor drop a tear;
 Of reſignation talk'd---paſſions ſubdu'd,
 Of ſouls ſerene and chriſtian fortitude;
 Bade me be calm, nor murmur at my loſs,
 But unrepining bear each heavy croſs.

'Go!' cried I raging, 'ſtoick boſoms go!
 'Whoſe hearts vibrate not to the ſound of woe;
 'Go from the ſweet ſociety of men,
 'Seek ſome unfeeling tyger's ſavage den,
 'There calm---alone---of reſignation preach,
 'My Chriſt's examples better precepts teach.'

Where the cold limbs of gentle *Laz'rus* lay
 I find him weeping o'er the humid clay;
 His ſpirit groan'd, while the beholders ſaid
 (With gushing eyes) 'ſee how he lov'd the dead!
 And when his thoughts on great *Jerus'lem*
 turn'd,

Oh! how pathetic o'er her fall he mourn'd!
 And ſad *Gethſemene*'s nocturnal ſhade
 The anguiſh of my weeping Lord ſurvey'd:
 Yes, 'tis my boaſt to harbour in my breaſt
 The ſenſibilities by God expreſt;
 Nor ſhall the mollifying hand of time,
 Which wipes off common ſorrows, cancel mine.

A COMPLAINT.

TELL me thou all pervading mind,
 When I this life forsake,
 Must ev'ry tender tie unbind,
 Each sweet connection break?

How shall I leave thee, oh! my love,
 And blooming progeny?
 If I without thee mount above,
 'Twill be no heav'n to me.

Ah! when beneath the arching vault
 My lifeless form's remov'd,
 Let not oblivion sink the thought,
 How much, how long I lov'd.

Come oft my grassy tomb to see,
 And drop thy sorrows there;
 No balmy dews of heav'n shall be
 Refreshing as thy tear.

There give thy griefs full vent to flow
 O'er the unconscious dead,
 With no spectator to thy woe
 But my attendant shade.

ANOTHER.

 ANOTHER.

STILL apprehending death and pain,
 To whom great God shall I complain?
 To whom pour out my tears
 But to the pow'r that gave me breath,
 The arbiter of life and death,
 The ruler of the spheres?

Soon to the grave's Cimmerian shade
 I must descend without thine aid,
 To stop my spirit's flight;
 Leave my dear partner here behind,
 And blooming babe, whose op'ning mind
 Just lets in Reason's light.

When she, solicitous to know
 Why I indulge my silent woe,
 Clings fondly round my neck,
 My passions then know no commands,
 My heart with swelling grief expands,
 Its tender fibres break.

Father of the creation wide,
 Why hast thou not to man deny'd
 The filken tye of love?

Why food celestial let him taste,
 Then tear him from the rich repast,
 Real miseries to prove?

A PROSPECT of DEATH.

DEATH! thou real friend of innocence,
 Tho' dreadful unto shivering sense,
 I feel my nature tottering o'er
 Thy gloomy waves, which loudly roar:
 Immense the scene, yet dark the view,
 Nor *Reason* darts her vision thro'.
 Virtue! supreme of earthly good,
 Oh let thy rays illumine the road;
 And when dash'd from the precipice,
 Keep me from sinking in the seas:
 Thy radiant wings, then wide expand,
 And bear me to celestial land.

To Miss CATHARINE TEN EYCK.

COME and see our habitation,
 Condescend to be our guest;
 Tho' the veins of warring nations
 Bleed, yet here secure we rest.

By

By the light of *Cynthia's* crescent,
 Playing thro' the waving trees ;
 When we walk, we wish you present
 To participate our bliss.

Late indeed, the cruel savage
 Here with looks ferocious stood ;
 Here the rustic's cot did ravage,
 Stain'd the grass with human blood.

Late their hands sent conflagration
 Rolling thro' the blooming wild,
 Siez'd with death, the brute creation
 Mourn'd, while desolation smil'd.

Spiral flames from tallest cedar
 Struck to heav'n a heat intense ;
 They cancell'd thus with impious labour,
 Wonders of Omnipotence.

But when *Conquest* rear'd her standard,
 And th' *Aborigines* were fled,
Peace, who long an exile wander'd,
 Now return'd to bless the shade.

Now *Æolus* blows the ashes
 From sad *Terra's* black'ned brow,
 While the whist'ling swain with rushes
 Roofs his cot, late-levell'd low.

From the teeming womb of Nature
 Bursting flow'rs exhale perfume;
 Shady oaks, of ample stature,
 Cast again a cooling gloom.

Waves from each reflecting fountain,
 Roll again unmix'd with gore,
 And verging from the lofty mountain,
 Fall beneath with solemn roar.

Here, embosom'd in this *Eden*,
 Cheerful all our hours are spent;
 Here no pleasures are forbidden,
 Sylvan joys are innocent.

THE STORM.

COME let us sing how when the Judge
 Supreme
 Mounts the black tempest, arm'd with point-
 ed flame,
 What clust'ring horrors form his awful train:
 Columns of smoke obscure the crystal skies,
 The whirlwind howls, the livid lightning flies,
 The bursting thunder sounds from shore to shore,
 Earth trembles at the loud prolonged roar:

Down

Down on the mountain forests rush the hail,
 Th' aspiring pines fall headlong in the vale;
 The riv'lets, swell'd with deluges of rain,
 Rise o'er their banks and overflow the plain.

Th' affrighted peasant ope's his humble door,
 While from his roof the clatt'ring torrents pour;
 He sees his barns all red with conflagration,
 His flocks borne off by sudden inundation;
 His teeming fields, robb'd of their wavy pride,
 By cat'rects tumbling down the mountain's side.
 The shock suspends his pow'rs, he stands
 distrest,

To see his toil of years at once revers'd.
 His tender mate, of philosophic soul,
 Reproves his grief, and thus her accents roll:

- ' Exert thy fortitude, for grief is vain,
- ' Our bread by labour we can yet obtain:
- ' If riches were the test of virtue, then
- ' Pale *Poverty* were infamy to men;
- ' But since we find the virtuous often dwells
- ' In public odium, or in lonely cells,
- ' While those whose crimes blot Nature's aspect o'er,
- ' Who burn whole towns, and quench the flames in gore;

' In

- ' In *Pleasure's* lap supine their moments spend,
 ' Yet with annihilation when they end;
 ' The laws of retribution then require,
 ' Our joys begin with death---when their's
 expire;
 ' Reason allows no scepticism here,
 ' The *good* must hope, the *bad* have much to
 fear;
 ' And take a retrospect of thy past years,
 ' What placid scenes on every hand appears!
 ' To call the tears of black *Remorse* no crime,
 ' Can now suffuse thy cheek or cloud thy mind.
 ' Grieve not that *Fate*, with elemental strife
 ' Has torn away our hopes of mortal joys;
 ' To put our virtues but in exercise
 ' Are the misfortunes that arise in life.'

The rustic heard his sorrows all away,
 Sweet Peace broke on him with a bright'ning
 ray;

Calmness and Hope their empire repossess,
 Amidst the storm he feels serenely blest;
 Amidst the wreck of all his earthly store
 He feels more grateful than he did before.

DESPONDENCY.

DESPONDENCY.

COME *Grief*, and sing a solemn dirge;
 Beneath this midnight shade;
 From central darkness now emerge,
 And tread the lonely glade.

Attend each mourning pow'r around,
 While tears incessant flow;
 Strike all your strings with doleful sound,
 Till *Grief* melodious grow.

This is the cheerless hour of night,
 For sorrow only made,
 When no intrusive ray of light
 The silent glooms pervade.

Tho' such the darkness of my soul,
 Not such the calmness there,
 But waves of guilt tumultuous roll
 'Midst billows of despair.

Fallacious *Pleasure's* tinsel train
 My soul rejects with scorn;
 If higher joys she can't attain,
 She'd rather chuse to mourn:

For

For bliss superior she was made,
 Or for extreme despair:
 If pain awaits her past the dead
 Why should the triumph here?
 Tho' *Reason* points at good supreme,
 Yet *Grace* must lead us thence;
 Must wake us from this pleasing dream,
 The idle joys of *Sense*.
 Surely I wish the blackest night
 Of Nature to remain,
 'Till Christ arise with healing light,
 Then welcome day again.

ELEGY on the death of Gen. MONTGOMERY.

MELPOMENE, now strike a mournful
 string,
Montgomery's fate assisting me to sing!
 Thou saw him fall upon the hostile plain
 Yet ting'd with blood that gush'd from *Mon-*
calm's veins,
 Where gallant *Wolfe* for conquest gave his
 breath,
 Where num'rous heroes met the angel Death.
 Ah !

Ah! while the loud reiterated roar
 Of cannon echoed on from shore to shore,
 Benigner *Peace*, retiring to the shade,
 Had gather'd laurel to adorn his head:
 The laurel yet shall grace his bust; but, oh!
America must wear sad cypress now.
 Dauntless he led her armies to the war,
 Invulnerable was his soul to fear:
 When they explor'd their way o'er trackless
 snows,
 Where Life's warm tide thro' every channel
 froze,
 His eloquence made the chill'd bosom glow,
 And animated them to meet the foe;
 Nor flam'd this bright conspicuous grace alone,
 The softer virtues in his bosom shone;
 It bled with every soldier's recent wound;
 He rais'd the fallen vet'ran from the ground;
 He wip'd the eye of grief, it ceas'd to flow;
 His heart vibrated to each sound of woe:
 His heart too good his country to betray
 For splendid posts or mercenary pay,
 Too great to see a virtuous land oppress'd,
 Nor strive to have her injuries redress'd.
 Oh had but *Carleton* suffer'd in his stead!
 Had half idolitrous *Canadia* bled!

'Tis

'Tis not for him but for ourselves we grieve,
 Like him to die is better than to live;
 His urn by a whole nation's tears bedew'd,
 His mem'ry blest by all the great and good:
 O'er his pale corse the marble* soon shall rise,
 And the tall column shoot into the skies;
 There long his praise by freemen shall be read,
 As softly o'er the hero's dust they tread.

* In St. Paul's Church, in the city of New-York, is a beautiful monument raised to his memory, by order of Congress, 1783.

THAUMANTIA and FAME.

'GO *Thaumantia*,' said *Jove*, 'and descend
 from the sky,
 ' For *Fame*'s golden clarion I hear;
 ' Go learn what great mortal's desert is so high
 ' As to ask notes so loud, sweet, and clear.
 The goddess in haste met the starry wing'd dame,
 And demands why her notes she does raise?
 ' For the greatest of patriots and heroes,' said
Fame,
 ' Tell *Jove* it is WASHINGTON's praise!'

RECOLLECTION.

 RECOLLECTION.

SOON as the gilded clouds of evening fly,
 And *Luna* lights her taper in the sky,
 The silent thought inspiring solemn scene
 Awakes my soul to all that it has been.
 I was the parent of the softest fair
 Who ere respir'd in wide *Columbia's* air;
 A transient glance of her love beaming eyes
 Convey'd into the soul a paradise.
 How has my cheek with rapture been suffus'd,
 When sunk upon my bosom she repos'd?
 I envied not the ermin'd prince of earth,
 Nor the gay spirit of æriel birth;
 Nor the bright angel circumfus'd with light,
 While the sweet charmer liv'd to bless my sight.
 What art thou now, my love! --- a few dry
 bones,
 Unconscious of my unavailing moans:
 Oh! my *Abella*! oh! my bursting heart
 Shall never from thy dear idea part!
 Thro' *Death's* cold gates thine image will I bear,
 And mount to heav'n, and ever love thee there.

On Reading *DRYDEN's VIRGIL.*

NOW cease *these* tears, lay gentle *Vigil* by,
 Let recent sorrows dim the pausing eye:
 Shall *Aeneas* for lost *Creusa* mourn,
 And tears be wanting on *Abella's* urn?
 Like him I lost my fair one in my flight
 From cruel foes---and in the dead of night.
 Shall *he* lament the fall of *Illion's* tow'rs,
 And *we* not mourn the sudden ruin of *our's*?
 See *York* on fire---while borne by winds each
 flame
 Projects its glowing sheet o'er half the main:
 Th' affrighted savage, yelling with amaze,
 From *Allegany* sees the rolling blaze.
 Far from these scenes of horror, in the shade
 I saw my *aged* parent safe convey'd;
 Then sadly follow'd to the friendly land,
 With my *surviving* infant by the hand.
 No cumb'rous household gods had I indeed
 To load my shoulders, and my flight impede;
 The hero's idols sav'd by *him* remain;
 My gods took care of *me*---not *I* of *them*!
 The Trojan saw *Anchises* breathe his last,
 When all domestic dangers he had pass'd:

So

So my lov'd *parent*, after she had fled,
 Lamented, perish'd on a stranger's bed.
 ---He held his way o'er the Cerulian Main,
 But *I* return'd to hostile fields again.

*To Miss TEN EYCK.**

DEAR *Kitty*, while you rove thro' *Sylvan*
 bow'rs,
 Inhaling fragrance from salubrious flow'rs,
 Or view your blushes mant'ling in the stream,
 When *Luna* gilds it with her amber beam;
 The brazen voice of war awakes our fears,
 Impearling every damask cheek with tears.

The savage, rushing down the echoing vales,
 Frights the poor hind with ill portending yells;
 A livid white his consort's cheeks invest;
 She drops her blooming infant from her breast;
 She tries to fly, but quick recoiling fees
 The painted Indian issuing from the trees;
 Then life suspensive sinks her on the plain,
 Till dire explosions wake her up again.
 Oh horrid sight! her partner is no more;
 Pale is his corse, or only ting'd with gore;

X 2

Her

* NOW MRS. BRIDGEN.

Her playful babe is dash'd against the stones,
 Its scalp torn off, and fractur'd all its bones.
 Where are the dimpling smiles it lately wore?
 Ghastly in agony it smiles no more!
 Dumb with amaze, and stupify'd with grief,
 The captur'd wretch must now attend her chief:
 Reluctantly she quits the scene of blood,
 When lo! a sudden light illumines the wood:
 She turns, and sees the rising fires expand,
 And conflagration roll thro' half the land;
 The western flames to orient skies are driv'n,
 And change the azure to a sable heav'n.

Such are our woes, my dear, and be it known
 Many still suffer what I tell of one:
 No more *Albania's* sons in slumber lie,
 When *Cynthia's* crescent gleams along the sky;
 But every street patrol, and thro' the night
 Their beamy arms reflect a dreadful light.

Excuse, dear girl, for once this plaintive strain;
 I must conclude, lest I transgress again.

To Mr. BLEECKER, on his passage to New-York.

SHALL Fancy still pursue th' expanding sails,
 Calm *Neptune's* brow, or raise impelling gales?
 Or with her *Bleecker*, ply the lab'ring oar,
 When pleasing scenes invite him to the shore,
 There

There with him thro' the fading vallies rove,
 Blest in idea with the man I love?
 Methinks I see the broad majestic sheet
 Swell to the wind; the flying shores retreat:
 I see the banks, with varied foliage gay,
 Inhale the misty sun's reluctant ray;
 The lofty groves, stript of their verdure, rise
 To the inclemence of autumnal skies.

Rough mountains now appear, while pen-
 dant woods

Hang o'er the gloomy steep and shade the floods;
 Slow moves the vessel, while each distant sound
 The cavern'd echos doubly loud rebound:
 A placid stream meanders on the steep,
 'Till tumbling from the cliff, divides the frown-
 ing deep.

Oh tempt not Fate on those stupendous rocks,
 Where never shepherd led his timid flocks;
 But shagged bears in those wild deserts stray,
 And wolves, who howl against the lunar ray:
 There builds the rav'nous hawk her lofty nest,
 And there the soaring eagle takes her rest;
 The solitary deer recoils to hear
 The torrent thundering in the mid-way air.
 Ah! let me intercede---Ah! spare her breath,
 Nor aim the tube charg'd with a leaden death.

But now advancing to the op'ning sea,
 The wind springs up, the less'ning mountains
 flee;
 The eastern banks are crown'd with rural seats,
 And Nature's work, the hand of Art completes.
 Here *Philips's* villa,* where *Pomona* joins
 At once the product of a hundred climes;
 Here, ting'd by *Flora*, *Asian* flow'rs unfold
 Their burnish'd leaves of vegetable gold.
 When snows descend, and clouds tumultuous fly
 Thro' the blue medium of the crystal sky,
 Beneath his *painted mimic heav'n* he roves
 Amidst the *glass-encircled* citron groves;
 The grape and luscious fig his taste invite,
 Hesperian apples glow upon his sight;
 The sweet auriculas their bells display,
 And *Philips* finds in *January, May*.

But on the other side the cliffs arise,
Charybdis like, and seem to prop the skies:
 How oft with admiration have we view'd
 Those adamantine barriers of the flood?
 Yet still the vessel cleaves the liquid mead,
 The prospect dies, th' aspiring rocks recede;
 New objects rush upon the wond'ring sight,
 Till *Phæbus* rolls from heav'n his car of
 light,
 And *Cynthia's* silver crescent gilds the night.

I hear

* The SEAT of Colonel PHILIPS.

I hear the melting flute's melodious sound,
 Which dying zephyrs waft alternate round,
 The rocks in notes responsive soft complain,
 And think *Amphian* strikes his lyre again.
 Ah! 'tis my *Bleecker* breathes our mutual loves,
 And sends the trembling airs thro' vocal groves.

Thus having led you to the happy isle
 Where waves circumfluent wash the fertile soil,
 Where *Hudson*, meeting the *Atlantic*, roars,
 The parting lands dismiss him from their shores;
 Indulge th' enthusiast muse her fav'rite strain
 Of panegyric, due to *Eboracia's* plain.

There is no land where heav'n her blessings
 pours
 In such abundance, as upon these shores;
 With influence benign the planets rise,
 Pure is the æther, and serene the skies;
 With annual gold kind *Ceres* decks the ground,
 And gushing springs dispense bland health
 around:

No lucid gems are here, or flaming ore,
 To tempt the hand of Avarice and Pow'r;
 But sun-burnt Labour, with diurnal toil,
 Bids treasures rise from the obedient soil,
 And Commerce calls the ships across the main,
 For gold exchanging her superfluous grain;
 While Concord, Liberty, and jocund Health
 Sport with young Pleasure 'mid the rural wealth.

A SHORT

A SHORT PASTORAL DIALOGUE.*

LUCIA:

COME, my *Delia*, by this spring
Nature's bounties let us sing,
While the popler's silver shade
O'er our lambkins is display'd.

DELIA:

See how she has deck'd the ground;
Op'ning flow'rets blush around;
Crystals glitter on each hill,
Polish'd by the falling rill.

LUCIA:

Here the berries bend the vine,
Lucid grapes at distance shine;
Here the velvet peach, and there
Apples, and the pendant pear.

DELIA:

View this maple, from whose wound
Honey trickles on the ground:
Who these luxuries can taste
Thankless of the rich repast?

LUCIA:

* Designed for the use of her daughter and niece when very young.

LUCIA.
Delia, I could sit all day
 List'ning to your grateful lay;
 But now solar beams invade,
 Let us seek a closer shade.

HOPE arising from RETROSPECTION.

ALAS! my fond enquiring soul,
 Doom'd in suspense to mourn;
 Now let thy moments calmly roll,
 Now let thy peace return.

Why should'st thou let a doubt disturb
 Thy hopes, which daily rise,
 And urge thee on to trust his word
 Who built and rules the skies?

Look back thro' what intricate ways
 He led thy unfriended feet;
 Oft mourning in the cheerless maze,
 He ne'er forsook thee yet.

When thunder from heav'n's arch did break,
 And cleft the sinking *ship*,
 His mercy snatch'd thee from the wreck,
 And from the rolling deep:

And

And when *Disease*, with threat'ning mein,
Aim'd at thy trembling heart,
Again his mercy interven'd,
And turn'd aside the dart.

When *Murder* sent her hopeless cries
More dreadful thro' the gloom,
And kindling flames did round thee rise,
Deep harvests to consume;

Who was it led thee thro' the wood
And o'er th' ensanguin'd plain,
Unseen by ambush'd sons of blood,
Who track'd thy steps in vain?

'Twas pitying heav'n that check'd my tears,
And bade my infants play,
To give an opiate to my fears,
And cheer the lonely way.

And in the *doubly dreadful night*
When my *Abella* died,
When horror struck---detesting light!
I sunk down by her side:

When wing'd for flight my spirit stood,
With this fond thought beguil'd,
To lead my charmer to her God,
And there to claim my child;

Again

Again his mercy o'er my breast
 Effus'd the breath of peace;
 Subsiding passions sunk to rest,
 He bade the tempest cease.

Oh! let me ever, ever praise
 Such undeserved care;
 Tho' languid may appear my lays,
 At least they are sincere,

I never will distrust thee more,
 Tho' hell should aim her dart;
 Innocuous is infernal pow'r,
 If thou Protector art.

It is my joy that thou art God,
 Eternal, and supreme---
 Rise Nature! hail the power aloud,
 From whom creation came.

On seeing Miss S. T. E. crossing the Hudson.

TIS she, upon the sapphire flood,
 Whose charms the world surprise,
 Whose praises, chanted in the wood,
 Are wafted to the skies.

To

To view the heaven of her eyes,
 Where'er the light barque moves,
 The green hair'd sisters, smiling, rise
 From out their sea-girt groves.

E'en *Neptune* quits his glassy caves,
 And calls out from afar,
 'So *Venus* look'd, when o'er the waves
 'She drove her pearly car.'

He bids the winds to caves retreat,
 And there confin'd to roar:
 'But here,' said he, 'forbear to breathe,
 'Till *Susan* comes on shore.'

To Miss M. V. W.

PEGGY, amidst domestic cares to rhyme
 I find no pleasure, and I find no time;
 But then, a Poetess, you may suppose,
 Can better tell her mind in verse than prose:
 True---when serenely all our moments roll,
 Then numbers flow spontaneous from the soul:
 Not when the mind is harrassed by cares,
 Or stunn'd with thunders of intestine wars,
 Or circled by a noisy, vulgar throng,
 (Noise ever was an enemy to song.)

What

What tho' the spiral pines around us rise,
 And airy mountains intercept the skies,
 Faction has chac'd away the warbling Muse,
 And Echo only learns to tattle news;
 Each clown commences politician here,
 And calculates th' expences of the year;
 He quits his plow, and throws aside his spade,
 To talk with *squire* about decrease of trade:
 His tedious spouse detains me in her turn,
 Condemns our measures and neglects her
 churn.

Scarce can I steal a moment from the wars
 To read my Bible, or to say my pray'rs:
 Oh! how I long to see those halcyon days
 When Peace again extends to us her rays,
 When each, beneath his vine, and far from
 fear,

Shall beat his sword into a lab'ring share.

Then shall the rural arts again revive,
 Ceres shall bid the famish'd rustic live:
 Where now the yells of painted sons of blood
 With long vibrations shake the lonely wood,
 All desolate, *Pomona* shall behold
 The branches shoot with vegetable gold;
 Beyond the peasant's sight the springing grain
 Shall wave around him o'er the ample plain;

woM

Y

No

No engines then shall bellow o'er the waves,
 And fright blue *Thetis* in her coral caves,
 But commerce gliding o'er the curling seas,
 Shall bind the fever'd shores in ties of peace.

Then WASHINGTON, reclining on his spear,
 Shall take a respite from laborious war,
 While *Glory* on his brows with awful grace
 Binds a tiara of resplendent rays.

How faint the lustre of imperial gems
 To this immortal wreath his merit claims!

See from the north, where icy mountains rise,
 Down to the placid climes of southern skies,
 All hail the day that bids stern discord cease,

All hail the day which gives the warrior peace:
 Hark! the glad nations make a joyful noise!

And the loud shouts are answer'd from the skies;
 Fame swells the sound wrapt in her hero's
 praise,

And darts his splendors down to latest days.

To Mrs. D-----.

DEAR *Betsy* now *Pleasure* the woodland
 has left,

Nor more in the water she laves,
 Since winter the trees of their bloom has bereft,
 And stiffen'd to crystal the waves.

Now

Now clad all in fur our guest she appears,
 By the fire-side a merry young grig;
 She pours out the wine, our pensiveness cheers,
 And at night leads us out to a jig.

Then venture among the tall pines if you dare;
 Encounter the keen arctic wind;
 Dare this for to meet with affection sincere,
 And *Pleasure* untainted you'll find.

I know you have *Pleasure*, my sister, by whiles;
 But then she appears in great state;
 She is hard of access, and lofty her smiles,
 While *Envy* and *Pride* on her wait.

Thro' drawing-rooms, *Betsy*, you'll chase her
 in vain,
 The Colonel may seek her in *blood*;
 The Poets agree (and they cannot all feign)
 That she's *born* and *resides* in the wood.

On a great *GOXCOMB* recovering from an
Indisposition.

NARCISSUS (as *Ovid* informs us) expir'd,
 Consum'd by the flames his own beauty had fir'd;

But *N---o* (who like him is charm'd with his
face,
And sighs for his other fair-self in the glass)
Loves to greater excess than *Narcissus---*for
why?
He loves himself *too much* to let himself die.

An EVENING PROSPECT.

COME my *Susan*, quit your chamber,
Greet the op'ning bloom of *May*,
Let us on yon hillock clamber,
And around the scene survey.

See the sun is now descending,
And projects his shadows far,
And the bee her course is bending
Homeward thro' the humid air.

Mark the *lizard* just before us,
Singing her unvaried strain,
While the *frog*, abrupt in chorus,
Deepens thro' the marshy plain.

From yon grove the *woodcock* rises,
Mark her progress by her notes,
High in air her wings she poises,
Then like lightning down she shoots.

Now

Now the *whip-o-well* beginning,
 Clam'rous on a pointed rail,
 Drowns the more melodious singing
 Of the *cat-bird*, *thrush*, and *quail*.

Pensive *Echo*, from the mountain,
 Still repeats the sylvan sounds,
 And the crocus border'd fountain,
 With the splendid fly abounds.

There the honeyfuckle blooming,
 Reddens the capricious wave;
 Richer sweets---the air perfuming,
 Spicy *Ceylon* never gave.

Cast your eyes beyond this meadow,
 Painted by a hand divine,
 And observe the ample shadow
 Of that solemn ridge of pine.

Here a trickling rill depending,
 Glitters thro' the artless bow'r;
 And the silver dew descending,
 Doubly radiates every flow'r.

While I speak, the sun is vanish'd,
 All the gilded clouds are fled,
 Music from the groves is banish'd,
 Noxious vapours round us spread.

Rural toil is now suspended,
 Sleep invades the peasant's eyes,
 Each diurnal task is ended,
 While soft *Luna* climbs the skies.

Queen of rest and meditation,
 Thro' thy medium I adore
Him---the Author of Creation,
 Infinite, and boundless pow'r,

'Tis he who fills thy urn with glory,
 Transcript of immortal light;
 Lord! my spirit bows before thee,
 Lost in wonder and delight.

A HYMN.

OMNISCIENT and eternal God,
 Who hear'st the faintest pray'r
 Distinct as Hallelujahs loud,
 Which round thee hymned are.

Here, far from all the world retir'd,
 I humbly bow the knee,
 And wish, (as I have long desir'd,)
 An interest in thee.

But

But my revolting heart recedes
 And rushes to the croud;
 My passions stop their ears and lead,
 Tho' conscience warms aloud.

How deeply sinful is my mind?
 To every ill how prone?
 How stubborn my dead heart I find
 Insensible as stone?

The hardest *marble* yet will break,
 Nor will resist the *steel*;
 But neither *wrath* nor *love* can make
 My flinty bosom feel.

My passions like a torrent roar,
 And tumbling to hell's glooms
 Sweep me away from Reason's shore;
 To "where *Hope* never comes."

By labour turn'd the useless stream
 Thro' fertile vales has play'd;
 But for to change the course of sin
 Demands immortal aid.

All nature pays the homage due
 To the supremely blest;
 All but the favour'd being who
 Was plac'd above the rest.

He

He bids the teeming earth to bear,
 The blushing flow'rs arise;
 At his command the sun appears
 And warms the orient skies.

Oh! was I but some plant or star,
 I might obey him too;
 Nor longer with the Being war,
 From whom my breath I drew.

Change me, oh God! with ardent cries
 I'll venture to thy feat;
 And if I perish, *hell* must rise
 And tear me from thy feet.

*To Miss BRINCKERHOFF, on her quitting
 New-York.*

ELIZA, when the southern gale
 Expands the broad majestic sail,
 While Friendship breathes the parting sigh,
 And sorrow glitters in each eye;
 The vessel leaves the flying shores,
 Receding spires and less'ning tow'rs;
 And as it cleaves the lucid sea,
 The distant tumult dies away:
 Then

Then pensive as the deck you quit,
 Caressing sable rob'd regret,
 Indulging every rising fear,
 And urging on the pendant tear,
 While Recollection's flatt'ring eye
 Your former pleasures magnify;
 Then shall your guardian spirit smile,
 Rejoic'd that Fate rewards his toil;
 And as he mounts on ærial wing,
 Thus to his kindred angels sing:
 ' Hail, happy hour that snatch'd my fair
 ' To æther pure, from city air,
 ' Where *Vice* triumphant lifts her head
 ' And hisses *Virtue* to the shade;
 ' Where *Temperance* vacates each feast;
 ' Where *Piety* is grown a jest;
 ' Where *Flatt'ry*, dress'd in robes of truth,
 ' Inculcates pride in heedless youth;
 ' Where oft with folded wings I spy
 ' The torpid soul inactive lie,
 ' Shut up in sense, forbid to rear
 ' Her plume beyond our atmosphere.
 ' How bless'd my charge, whom gentler fate
 ' Leads early to the green retreat,
 ' Where every object thoughts inspire
 ' Exalted to seraphic fire;

' And

' And where the speculative mind
 ' Expatiates free and unconfin'd;
 ' There surely I shall find access
 ' To cherish ev'ry budding grace,
 ' Enlarging still each nobler pow'r,
 ' Till active, like myself they soar.
 ' And when my pupil learns her worth,
 ' She'll feel a just contempt for earth,
 ' And fix her elevated sight
 ' Alone on primogenial light:
 ' Nor shall her *charms external* fade;
 ' But bloom and brighten in the shade;
 ' While innate graces still shall rise,
 ' And dart their radiance thro' her eyes."

To JULIA AMANDA.

FAIR *Julia Amanda*, now since it is peace;
 Methinks your hostilities also should cease;
 The shafts from your eyes, and the snares of
 your smile,
 Should cease---or at least be suspended awhile ::
 'Tis cruel to point your artillery of charms
 Against the poor lads who have laid down their
 arms.

The

The sons of *Bellona* who *Britain* defies,
 Altho' bulletproof, must they fall by your eyes?
 In vain have they bled, they have conquer'd in
 vain,

If returning in triumph, they yield to your chain.
 For shame! in the olive's salubrious shade
 Your murders restrain, and let peace be obey'd;
 Since *Europe* negotiates, alter *your* carriage,
 While they treat of *peace*, make a treaty of
marriage.

PEACE.

ALL hail vernal *Phæbus*! all hail ye soft
 breezes!

Announcing the visit of spring;
 How green are the meadows! the air how it
 pleases!

How gleefully all the birds sing!

Begone ye rude tempests, nor trouble the æther,
 Nor let blushing *Flora* complain,

While her pencil was tinging the tulip, bad
 weather

Had blasted the promising gem.

From

From its verdant unfoldings, the timid narcissus
 Now shoots out a diffident bud;
 Begone ye rude tempests, for sure as it freezes
 Ye kill this bright child of the wood:

And *Peace* gives new charms to the bright
 beaming season;

The groves we now safely explore
 Where murd'ring banditti, the dark sons of
 treason,

Were shelter'd and aw'd as before.

The swain with his oxen proceeds to the valley
 Whose seven years sabbath concludes,
 And blesses kind heaven, that *Britain's* black ally
 Is chas'd to *Canada's* deep woods.

And *Echo* no longer is plaintively mourning,
 But laughs and is jocund as we;
 And the turtle ey'd nymphs, to their cots all
 returning,

Carve 'WASHINGTON,' on every tree.

I'll wander along by the side of yon fountain,
 And drop in its current the line,
 To capture the glittering fish that there wanton;
 Ah, no! 'tis an evil design.

Sport

Sport on little fishes, your lives are a treasure
 Which I can *destroy*, but not *give*;
 Methinks it's at best a malevolent pleasure
 To bid a poor being *not live*.

How lucid the water! its soft undulations
 Are changeably ting'd by the light;
 It reflects the green banks, and by fair imitations
 Presents a new heaven to fight.

The *butterfly* skims o'er its surface, all gilded
 With plumage just dipt in rich dyes;
 But yon infant has seiz'd the poor insect, ah!
 yield it;

There, see the freed bird how it flies!

But whither am I and my little dog straying?

Too far from our cottage we roam;
 The dews are already exhal'd; cease your
 playing,

Come, *Daphne*, come let us go home.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

SCENE---TOMHANICK.

1780.

SUSANNA.

ELIZA, rise, the orient glows with day,
 Already *Phosphor* darts his amber ray;

Z

The

The fainting planets vanish from the skies,
 Distinct already all the prospects rise;
 Begin our walk, but cheer the lonely way
 With music, previous to the swallow's lay.

ELIZA.

My sister, cease, these hostile shades refuse
 Admission to the lute or peaceful Muse;
 Lo! the broad standard shades the flow'ry plain,
 Nor crooks (but musquets) arm the awkward
 swain;

Death's heavy engines thunder thro' the vale,
 And Echo but retorts the savage yell;
 From undissembled grief my numbers flow,
 And few the graces that attend on woe.

SUSANNA.

Yet sing---e'en woe a pleasure can impart,
 When sweetly warbled, or if told with art.

ELIZA.

Columbia rescued from barbaric pow'rs,
 Drew all the sons of want unto her shores;
 The indigent, th' oppress, a sighing host,
 And wretches exil'd from their native coast;
 For whom European affluence could not spare
 A frugal morsel, pining Want to cheer;
 Hither repair'd, and with incessant toil
 Fell'd the tall trees from the incumber'd soil:
 From

From the low cottage now recede the oaks,
 The forest answers to the woodman's strokes;
 Hard was the toil, but amply (soon) repaid
 By golden harvests, which the valleys shade;
Vertumnes added to his native stores
 Exotic fruits, and *Flora* planted flow'rs:
 Then temples rose, the harbours open'd wide,
 And wealthy ships flow'd in with every tide.

Thus rich and happy, virtue made them gay,
 And hard got Freedom blest each cheerful day;
 By industry those blessings they obtain'd,
 And learn'd to value what they dearly gain'd.
 ---Americans! ye thought your labours o'er,
 Ah no! the hydra Envy brings you more.
 Now cast thine eyes o'er the Cerulian Main,
 See *George* conspicuous by his bloody reign;
 Hard by *Oppression's* iron chair is seen,
 Where menacing she sits with threat'ning mein;
 Still as the monarch smiles, and to her turns,
 Sad *Freedom* trembles---all the people mourns.
 'Art thou indeed a king,' the fury cries,
 'And see'st thy *subjects* all like rivals rise?'
 'A land of princes, opulent and proud,
 'Scarce thou thyself distinguish'd from the
 croud:

- ‘ Reduce their sumless stores, their pow’r with-
stand,
- ‘ Kings were not made to *ask*, but to *command*;
- ‘ See the licentious land by riot rent,
- ‘ Say, what but fear can keep the slaves content?
- ‘ Soon thy rich rival on th’ Atlantic shore
- ‘ Will scorn to ask thy aid, or own thy pow’r:
- ‘ Then bow thy sceptre heavy o’er the waves,
- ‘ Thy safety urges, and they must be slaves;
- ‘ Restrict their trade, severer laws invent,
- ‘ And to enforce them be thy armies sent.

Ah simple prince! learn but the easier arts,
With mildest sway to rule thy people’s hearts;
Firm as the centre then thy throne should stand,
Rever’d and guarded by a grateful land.

Columbia weeps, she kneels before the throne,
But plaints, and tears, and sighs, avail her none;
One sad alternative alone remains,
The woes of war, or else the tyrant’s chains.

This, *Virtue* from the western mountains
heard,

‘ Be calm, my sons,’ she cried, ‘ I am your
guard;

‘ But if th’ ambitious homicide shall dare

‘ To pour across the seas the tide of war,

‘ Arm,

‘ Arm, arm in haste ! ’tis heav’n’s and freedom’s cause !’

Consenting nations echoed loud applause.

Now Britain’s marine thunders shake the ground,

New Albion’s structures fall in ruins round ;

The mournful fires extend along the strand,

And ocean blushes as the fires expand ;

The flames still rise, till quench’d with human blood,

The sanguine stream commixes with the flood ;

Then ocean blushes deeper still with gore,

And *Desolation* shrieks along the shore :

Nor do her coasts alone the fury feel,

Deep in her forests gleams the deadly steel ;

Britannia’s ally, from his dark recess,

With fell intent invades the shades of Peace.

See the low cot with ivy cover’d o’er,

Where age and youth sit smiling at the door ;

The virgin carols on the dusty road,

And sprightly music fills the vocal wood :

Calm are the skies, the dewy poppies blow,

Nor man, nor beast is conscious of a foe :

Swift, like a hurricane destruction flies,

The cottage blazes, and its owner dies.

Look from this point, where op'ning glades
 reveal

The glassy *Hudson* shining 'twixt the hills;
 There many a structure drefs'd the steepy shore,
 And all beyond were daily rising more:
 The bending trees with annual fruit did smile,
 Each harvest sure, for fertile is the soil:
 Nor need the peasant immolate his ox,
 Nor hunger press him to decrease his flocks;
 The stately stag a richer feast supplies,
 The river brings him fish of various size;
 With water fowl his silver lakes abound,
 And honey gushes from the maple's wound.

Autumnal show'rs attemper'd *Phæbus*' ray,
 The blooming meads with deep'ning green
 were gay,

The birds were cheerful, nor the rustic less,
 Joy on his cheek, and in his bosom peace;
 Down rush'd the *tawny natives* from the hill,
 And every place with fire and murder fill;
 Arm'd with the hatchet and a flaming brand,
 They soon reverse the aspect of the land:
 Observe, *Susanna*, not a bird is there,
 The tall burnt trees rise mournful in the air,
 Nor man nor beast the smoking ruins explores,
 And *Hudson* flows more solemn by those shores.

But

But ah! I see thee turn away and mourn,
 Thy feeling heart with silent anguish torn;
 Cheer up, tho' long and dark has been our night,
 The deepest shades precede the morning light;
 And when I recollect our heavenly aid,
 Hope flushes round and dissipates the shade;
He who reveng'd the blood of *Abel* spilt
 Has thunders sure for more extensive guilt;
 Nor can we doubt, when horrors round us clos'd
 His obvious arm how lately interpos'd,
 To render Britain's *northern phalanx** vain,
 To blast the *traitor*,† and defeat his plan.

For what contest we? is it thirst of gain,
 Or thirst of blood that fills the land with slain?
 Ah, no! tenacious of the gift of God
 We would defend our *Freedom* with our blood;
She arms our sons, *she* bids them nobly dare,
 And calls on *Conquest* to decide the war:
 What tho' the *Goddes* still defers the blow,
 Her arm shall soon repel th' invading foe;
 Her arm unfurl our starry standard wide,
 For *Conquest* loves to be on *Freedom*'s side.
 Then let the disappointed navy fly,
 Cursing the winds and inauspicious sky,
 While acclamations fill the region round,
 And from their hollow ships loud shouts rebound.

* BURGoyNE's army.

† ARNOLD.

 RETURN TO TOMHANICK.

HAIL, happy shades ! tho' clad with heavy
snows,

At sight of you with joy my bosom glows ;
Ye arching *pin*es, that bow with every breeze,
Ye *poplars*, *elms*, all hail my well-known trees !
And now my peaceful *mansion* strikes my eye,
And now the tinkling *rivulet* I spy ;
My *little garden* Flora hast thou kept,
And watch'd my *pink*s and *lilies* while I wept ?
Or has the grubbing *swine*, by furies led,
Th' inclosure broke, and on my flowrets fed ?

Ah me ! that spot with blooms so lately
grac'd,

With storms and driving snows is now defac'd ;
Sharp icicles from ev'ry bush depend,
And frosts all dazzling o'er the beds extend :
Yet soon fair *Spring* shall give another scene,
And yellow *cowslips* gild the level green ;
My little *orchard* sprouting at each bough,
Fragrant with clust'ring blossoms deep shall
glow :

Ah !

Ah! then 'tis sweet the *tufted grass* to tread,
 But sweeter slumb'ring in the balmy shade;
 The rapid *humming bird*, with ruby breast,
 Seeks the parterre with early *blue bells* drest,
 Drinks deep the *honeyfuckle dew*, or drives
 The lab'ring bee to her domestic hives:
 Then shines the *lupin* bright with morning gems,
 And sleepy *poppies* nod upon their stems;
 The humble *violet* and the dulcet *rose*,
 The stately *lily* then, and *tulip* blows.

Farewell my *Plutarch*! farewell pen and
 Muse!

Nature exults---shall I her call refuse?
Apollo fervid glitters in my face,
 And threatens with his beam each feeble grace:
 Yet still around the lovely plants I toil,
 And draw obnoxious herbage from the foil;
 Or with the lime-twigs *little birds* surprise,
 Or angle for the *trout* of many dyes.

But when the vernal breezes pass away,
 And loftier *Phæbus* darts a fiercer ray,
 The spiky corn then rattles all around,
 And dashing cascades give a pleasing sound;
 Shrill sings the locust with prolonged note,
 The cricket chirps familiar in each cot,

The

The village children, rambling o'er yon hill,
With berries all their painted baskets fill,
They rob the squirrels little walnut store,
And climb the half exhausted tree for more;
Or else to fields of maize nocturnal hie,
Where hid, th' elusive water-melons lie;
Sportive, they make incisions in the rind,
The riper from the immature to find;
Then load their tender shoulders with the prey,
And laughing bear the bulky fruit away.



ESSAYS,
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.

BY
MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.

ESSAYS

PROSE AND VERSE

MARGARETTA W. FUGGER

ESSAYS.

BENEFITS OF SCOLDING.

1790.

I HAVE often wondered that amongst the numbers who write for the edification of the public, no one has ever thought fit to expatiate upon the *Benefits of Scolding*; nor can I conceive why an art, whose origin we may trace in years before the flood, and which is so much in use among the moderns, should be disregarded by writers.

It is an ancient art, and I am persuaded a very beneficial one, not only to individuals, such as husbands, wives, children, and servants, but to the community at large. Schools, in particular, are much indebted to it; and though they may not acknowledge it, nor think it merits an eulogy from their pens, yet the flourishing state of many of our seminaries speaks loudly in its favour. People in general would rather suffer corporeal punishment than

be lectured upon their faults; and I have known many who did not mind the rod to be deterred from a continuance of their follies, merely by the lashes of the tongue.

A scolding officer has often made his subalterns as angry as hornets in an engagement; and a coward, when enraged, will fight most courageously. Perhaps he might have called them cowards in his ill-humour, and they, out of spite, have exerted themselves and performed wonders, which, had their leader been a tame, peaceable creature, they would have looked upon as impracticable: and we know an able politician, when a motion was made in the house of which he was a member, prejudicial to the state which he lived in, who not only scolded the house out of countenance, but out of the motion too, and made them lay it by for years.

The spouse of SOCRATES was of a turbulent temper, which made his friends pity him much; but SOCRATES was a wise man, and well knowing the utility of scolding, told them, that she taught him patiently to put up with the humours of other men.

Scolding

Scolding is not only good for the mind but the body too. It makes respiration more free; and cures colds; and by promoting perspiration, has been known to remove complaints of long standing. Let the following account speak for it:---

A lady of my acquaintance was in a very ill state of health some time ago, as every body thought in a consumption; but one day (as the Doctors were sitting by her) luckily something went wrong, and the poor invalid forgetting her reduced situation, gave vent to her feelings, and scolded most eloquently, and displayed her talents in such a manner as rectified the mistake, brought on a profuse perspiration, and greatly relieved her. The benefits arising from such proceedings were more than she could have expected; she, however, repeated it with the same success, and is now a hearty woman.

But some may be apt to inquire, "If this is true, might not people live for ever were they to keep on scolding?" No one, I believe, has ever yet made the experiment, nor should I dare wish to propagate such an opinion; but this I know, that almost all scolds live to be

pretty old, nor do I remember ever to have heard of a person who died scolding.

My scolding abilities are at present very slender, but there is room for improvement; and it is probable, if I should make any considerable proficiency in that science, I may favour the public with a specimen.

FINE FEELINGS

Exemplified in the Conduct of a Negro Slave.

1791.

NOTWITHSTANDING what the learned Mr. JEFFERSON has said respecting the want of finer feelings in the blacks, I cannot help thinking that their sensations, mental and external, are as acute as those of the people whose skin may be of a different colour; such an assertion may seem bold, but facts are stubborn things, and had I not *them* to support me, it is probable I should not attempt to oppose the opinions of such an eminent reasoner.

In the interior parts of this state lived (a few years ago) a man of property, who owned a number of blacks; but formed in Nature's

most

most savage mould; his chief employment was inventing punishments for his unfortunate dependants, and his principal delight in practising the tortures he had invented. Among the number of his slaves was an old Negro, who, in his younger days, had been a faithful servant; but captivity and sorrow had at length broken his spirit, and destroyed that ambition which actuates the free, and gives energy and life to all they perform. This was a proper subject for the cruelty of Mr. A----- to act upon. Upon the commission of the smallest fault, or the most trifling neglect, he would himself tie MINGO, (as butchers do sheep intended for slaughter) and after having beaten him till the blood followed every stroke of the whip, he would retire, leaving the wretch weltering in his gore, exposed to the burning rays of summer or the gelid gales of winter. When rested he would return, and after a repetition of his amusement, would release the sufferer, lest a few more minutes of such extreme agonies should shorten the period of MINGO's woes, and his master's felicity. However, this mode of punishment becoming a little troublesome to Mr. A----, he thought

of another which he believed would answer nearly as well: he caused a large ox-chain to be made, and putting it about MINGO's waist, he brought it round his neck, and there fastened it again, leaving an end of about four yards, to which he nailed a piece of wood weighing upwards of forty weight. With this clog the slave was obliged to work---and this at night was placed in the master's chamber, (the chain passing through a hole in the door) while MINGO slept on the ground out side of the house, from which uncomfortable couch nothing but the most bitter cold excused him.

Seven long years did the miserable being groan under this load, when the captain of a vessel, hearing of his hard fate, out of pity bought him.

After having paid the money he went home, and sending for MINGO, told him he was free:---“ You are your own master,” said the humane failor; “ but you are old, and helpless---I will take care of you.”---Overpowered with joy, the old man clasped the captain's knees; he wept aloud---he raised his swimming eyes to heaven---he would have spoken his thanks;---but his frame was too feeble for the mighty conflict of his soul---he expired at his benefactor's feet!

A FRAGMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

1792.

THE darkening storms of *Winter* are fled---
 his icy honours are dissolved---and the hoarse
 gale that sported on the foaming bosom of the
 ocean, and bent the tall pines of the desert,
 lies hush'd in the cell of *Tranquillity*---At the
 enchanting call of *Spring*, the timid *Snowdrop*
 unfolds her silvery beauties, and the fair *Hy-*
acinth diffuses abroad her delicate perfume;
 the green blade raises its tender stem, and *Na-*
ture, wiping away her tears, puts on the smile
 of loveliness---But, alas! O *Spring*! thy charms
 delight not the sorrowful soul of JACINTA;
 in vain dost thou sport around *her* whose heart
 is the dwelling of woe---Solitary as *Night* she
 wanders among the tombs---for ALDELLO,
 the youth of her love, sleeps the deep slumber
 of death---Yes, he is gone, he is fallen to *dumb*
Forgetfulness an early prey---Closed are those
 animated eyes which beamed love, and unfeel-
 ing is that *heart* which could once melt at the
 tale of distress---Alas! it no longer responds to
 the

the light airs of *Festivity*, nor heeds the mellow warblings of *Melancholy*; but imprisoned within the narrow precincts of the grave, it is cold--- cold as the clod that conceals it.---

Flow on my tears---bathe the clayey couch of ALDELLO, and let the sighs of my breast mingle with the sounds of night, for the friend of my heart is no more---I sigh unpitied---I moan unheard---and when my tears fall, they fall not on the bosom of *Compassion*---Nightly will I visit the place of thy repose, my love---I will think of thy departed virtues, and weep to their memory---and *this* shall be the solace of my griefs: the hand of *Spring* shall re-decorate thy turf with verdure---and the leafless willow that nods o'er thine urn, shall she again attire---*Here*, fragrant *Evening* shall shed her sweetest tears---and *here*, the *white clover*, nightly lifting its moist odours to the winds, shall blossom to adorn thy grave.---

The THRUSH shall desert the dark forest; to swell
O'er thy tomb, my ALDELLO, her sorrowful song;
While the light blowing gales in the mountains that dwell,
O'er the slow rolling HUDSON the note shall prolong.

* * * * *

THE

 THE CHINA ASTER.

1792.

‘I PLANTED it with my own hand,’ said my little sister, holding up a withered *China aster*, plucked up by the roots---‘I covered it from the sun---I watered it night and morning, and *after all*---(wiping her eyes with the corner of her frock)---*after all, it is dead!*’---

Alas! how many are the occurrences in life, thought I, which resemble MARY’S flower. Too easily believing what we wish, we adopt some pretty trifle, and laying it as it were in our bosom, love it ‘as a daughter.’---*Fancy* paints it in gay colours; increasing in beauty we see its little leaves expand, and trace its progress with anxious solicitude from the *swelling bud* to the *full blow*; and then, when we fondly expect to enjoy it, *reality* tells us---*after all, it is dead!*----

How often does an *only son* engross all the cares of his parents, and wind himself round every fibre of their heart---To cherish the idol is every wish on the stretch---to indulge it are all the rarities of art and nature procured;
 sleepless

sleepless nights and anxious days are *their* lot ;
and lo ! when they hope to see the end of their
labours, struck by the hand of *Disease*, or de-
bated by the contaminating touch of *Vice*, the
agonizing parents find, *after all, it is dead ! ---*

And how sanguine are the expectations of
those relatives and friends, who possess a lovely
girl, endowed with all the charms of *beauty*
and *goodness* ! how do they exult in her very
idea ! she is the solace of their calamities, and
the staff of dependence for their declining
years---*Friendship* rises in her defence like a
wall---and *Affection* nourishes her as the mild
dews of Spring---Ah ! to how little purpose !
the canker worm of *Love* preys upon the delicate
root of this sweet *sensitive* ; and the scorching
winds of Disappointment drink up its moisture
---it fades ; the hands of *Friendship* and *Affec-*
tion are united to support it in vain ; for,

The deep drawn oft repeated sigh
Hath caus'd Health's blushes to decay ;
The tear that moisten'd Beauty's eye
Hath worn its lustre white away.

It languishes and dies---and *Regret*, bitterly
weeping, raves round the *lovely fallen*, and
exclaims, *after all, it is dead !* * * * * *

* * * * *

POEMS.

P O E M S.

A DREAM.

March, 1789.

WHEN drowsy Sleep had clos'd my weary
eyes

Fancy convey'd me to a sandy shore,
Where the steep cliffs, wet with the midnight
dews,

Re-echo'd to the surge's hollow roar;

Night had methought put on her soberest
charms,

The silvery stars a feeble glimmer gave,
The winds rung mournful through the elm's
green arms,

And the wan moon-beams trembled on the
wave;

When from among the rocks the voice of Grief

I heard, it sadly warbled in the air;

Wond'ring, I turn'd to view from whence it
came,

And lo! a *form* appear'd divinely fair:

Her

Her auburn hair hung creles round her neck,
 Sorrow sat weeping in her beauteous eye;
 The rose had faded in her downy cheek,
 And from her beating bosom fled a sigh:

Grief from her frame the bloom of health had
 chas'd,

The flood she approach'd with tott'ring
 pace and slow;

To the blue vault of heav'n her eyes she rais'd,
 And, sighing, thus began a tale of woe:

‘ Still as the eve returns, my pensive soul

‘ O'er the *Atlantic* casts a mournful glance,

‘ And o'er the swelling surges, as they roll,

‘ Pursues my BELMONT to the shores of
France.

‘ When he departed tears refus'd to flow,

‘ Seal'd were the fountains of my aching eyes,

‘ And my big heart swell'd with oppressive woe,

‘ Just breath'd a wish to yonder beaming
 skies.

‘ Ye winds be prosperous, and ye *Japphire* skies

‘ Let no black tempest o'er your bosom move;

‘ Be calm ye seas, nor let your billows rise

‘ To agitate the mind of him I love.

‘ No

' No *angel* wafted to the skies my pray'r;
 ' Vain was the wish, it sunk upon the shore;
 ' BELMONT was gone! the part'ner of my care
 ' Was gone forever, to return no more!

' By winds tempestuous was the vessel driv'n
 ' O'er the *broad waste* where lonely waters
 roll;

' Darkness hung awful round the low'ring
 heav'n,

' And heavy thunders groan'd from pole to
 pole.

' All round the ship the clam'rous billows dash'd,

' *Here* mountains rose, there sunk to yawn-
 ing graves;

' From heaven's wide gates a mighty torrent
 rush'd,

' And plung'd them headlong in the foaming
 waves.

' There sunk forever all my hopes of bliss---

' I bade a long farewell to happiness;

' From that sad moment when the ruthless deep

' On its cold bosom laid my LOVE to sleep:

' Low my fond BELMONT, low now lies thy
 head;

' Rude surges wash across thy peaceful
 breast;

B b

' Forgot

‘Forgot are all thy *cares*, thy *fears* are fled,
 ‘And all thy *griefs* in blissful slumbers rest!’

She paus’d; she ceas’d, check’d by a flood of
 tears;

When from the waters rose her BELMONT’S
 shade;

Serene his aspect as the night was clear;

Thus spake the angel to the forrowing maid:

‘CALISTA, give thy fruitless sorrows o’er,

‘Oh wipe those riv’lets from thy beauteous
 eyes,

‘Weep for thy faithful, long-lost LOVE no
 more,

‘Nor swell thy bosom with heart-rending
 sighs.

‘Why shouldst thou grieve? why sorrow for
 the dead?

‘Dost thou not know thy plaints are all in
 vain?

‘When low in death the humid corse is laid,

‘Nor *sighs* nor *tears* shall bring it life again.

‘When awful thunders rattled round the skies,

‘Mixt with the shriekings of the *hopeless*
 crew;

‘When

- ‘ When lived lightnings dim’d our lifted eyes,
 ‘ And *Death* itself presented to our view!

 ‘ Amid this soul-affrighting dismal scene,
 ‘ Upon the ROCK OF AGES standing firm,
 ‘ My happy spirit rested all serene,
 ‘ Nor trembled at the roarings of the storm.

 ‘ When gloomy waters rank’d me with the dead,
 ‘ Quick to the deep my guardian *seraphs* flew,
 ‘ And on their glittering pinnions me convey’d
 ‘ Far, far beyond where shines the ethereal
 blue.

 ‘ There on the bosom of *unfading* Bliss
 ‘ I rest, while ages after ages roll;
 ‘ Each passing age shall see my joys increase,
 ‘ And still enlarging my capacious soul:

 ‘ Yet thence my watchful spirit hies,
 ‘ With pleasing cares, and hovers round my
 fair,
 ‘ To sooth corroding sorrows that arise,
 ‘ And mitigate the pangs of anxious care.

 ‘ Adieu much lov’d CALISTA! weep no more,
 ‘ Banish sad thoughts, prepare to meet thy
 love;

‘ Soon will this hasty strife of life be o’er;
 ‘ Adieu, CALISTA, we shall meet above!’

The VISION gently faded from mine eyes;
 Scarce did his form the yielding waters cleave,
 And the soft *echo* of his tuneful voice
 Died on the dashings of the distant wave.

A VERSION of the LORD'S PRAYER.

Nov. 1790.

OMNISCIENT God! great Ruler of the
 earth!

Parent of man! exuberent source of good!
 Whose hand hath spread the south and frigid
 north,

Whose throne from all eternity hath stood.

Upborne on Contemplation's lofty wing,
 We bring our supplications to the throne
 Of *him* from whom our choicest blessings spring,
 Whose being ne'er hath a beginning known.

Thou who with dazzling glory art array'd,
 Forever hallow'd be thy sacred name;
 Nor may the creature which thy hand hath
 made

Prefume his Maker's awful name profane.

But

But hasten on the blest important hour,
 When all creation *thee* her Lord shall know,
 When all shall feel and own thy mighty pow'r,
 And ev'ry knee and ev'ry heart shall bow.

As by the orders which surround thy hill,
 And chaunt their hymns round thy effulgent
 throne,
 And thy commands with tireless speed fulfil;
 So let thy will, oh GOD! on earth be done.

Each day convenient food let us receive,
 And what thou see'st we lack do thou bestow;
 And oh! may heav'n the kind forbearance give
 Which daily we our fellow mortals shew.

Ah let not Pleasure's fascinating baits
 Allure us to the slipp'ry paths of Sin!
 Nor let her gently lead us to those gates
 Which she, alas! will never enter in:

But shield us, Lord; beneath thy potent wing;
 Wide o'er the earth thy peaceful banner
 spread,
 And there let ev'ry way-worn pilgrim bring
 His cares, and rest beneath its ample shade.

O earth! come worship at JEHOVAH's throne!
 Ye habitants of heav'n your anthems raise,
 Omnipotence and glory are his own,
 He but is worthy of eternal praise!

To ALFRED, in Answer to a Complaint.

October, 1790.

MY friend 'tis true, I own it is,
 The world's a cheat, as is believ'd;
 And those who look for solid peace
 On earth, will find themselves deceiv'd;
 There are no pure substantial joys
 To be possess'd below the skies.

But I believe, beneath the sun,
 No pow'r exists, by Reason sway'd,
 Who has not had, in Life's gay run,
 His share of happiness display'd;
 A share of that which fills the breast,
 And lulls the soul perturb'd to rest.

O Youth!- what bliss in thee is found!
 Blest time of gambol, sport and joy,
 When music rolls in ev'ry sound,
 And ev'ry object charms the eye;

When

When few our cares, and soon forgot,
Each pleas'd, delighted with its lot;

When ripen years steal o'er our head,
They often come replete with good;
But we, by erring Fancy led,
Reject the benefits bestow'd,
Some empty flitt'ring form pursue,
And lose the shade and substance too:

Yet are there not of that posselt
Which makes their lives glide on with ease,
Something which makes one mortal blest
But would destroy another's peace,
Which reconciles him, soon or late,
To the most adverse turn of Fate?

The ragged grey misanthropê,
Disgusted, from the world withdraws,
Yet looks with pitying eye to see
Mankind deride his sapient laws;
Humanely drops a tear and cries,
"O that mankind like me were wise!"

The slave hard labouring at the oar,
Believes his lord's condition worse,
(The gouty, tortur'd epicure,)
And breathes his pity in a curse;

Nor

Nor would the wretch exchange his chain
For all the glutton's wealth and pain.

E'en he you think oppress'd with care,
The idle beggar at your door,
Who only wants a little share,
A crust, a drink, he asks no more!
He thanks the pow'rs who have not said,
By labour he should earn his bread.

Whatever garments Bliss assumes,
She is to time nor place confin'd,
Nor straw thatch'd cot, nor stately rooms,
But dwells in the contented mind:
She holds her empire in the breast—
The cheerful mind is ever blest.

We mar our peace by pond'ring o'er
The evils incident to man;
Sorrows to come, ills yet in store,
“We wont be happy when we can.”
Let man not then condemn the fates
For evils he himself creates.

LINES

 LINES

Written on a blank Leaf of Col. Humphrey's Poems.

October, 1790.

WHEN first the savage voice of WAR
We heard, Death bellowing from afar

Across the surging seas,
Thy tuneful lyra, hadst thou strung,
And *Liberty's* enchantments sung,
The music floating from thy tongue

Had bid the tumult cease:
Soon had it quell'd the fierce alarms,
The foes, sooth'd by its soft'ning charms,
Had gladly thrown aside their arms,
And sued for smiling PEACE.

To ARIBERT.

October, 1790.

OF T' pleas'd my soul looks forward to that
day

When struggling to ascend the hills of light,
My spirit bursting from these walls of clay,
Through heav'n's broad arch shall bend its
steady flight:

While

While a few friends attend the lifeless form,
And place it in the bosom of the earth;
Cov'ring it close, to shield it from the storm
And the cold blusters of the whistling north.

Near the sea shore the corse shall be convey'd;
A small white urn the polish'd stone shall
grace,

And a few lines, to tell who there is laid,
Shall *Friendship's* hand engrave upon the face.

The dark green willow, waving o'er my head,
Shall cast a sadder shade upon the waves;
And many a widow'd swain, and flighted maid,
Shall wear a garland of its weeping leaves:

Far spreads its shadow o'er the pathless vale---
Through its lank boughs the zephyrs fighting
pass,

And the low branches, shaken by the gale,
Bend slowly down and kiss the fading grass.

To this lone place the bird of night shall come;
To me shall hie the widow'd turtle too,
And as she perches on the chilly tomb,
Warble her woes in many a plaintive coo.

There too the trav'ler who hath lost his way,
By the dim glimmer of the moon's pale beam,
Shall

Shall spy the marble which conceals my clay,
And rest his weary feet to read the name.

When o'er our world Night's auburn veil is cast,
Oh! should'st thou ever wander near these
shores,

Pond'ring the cheerful hours which fled so fast,
With those who were---but are, alas! no
more:

To this lone valley let thy footsteps turn---
Here, for a moment rest thy pausing eye;
Just brush the wither'd leaves from off my urn,
And yield the tribute of a friendly sigh.

With thee perhaps *Matilda* too may stray,
To see where lies the friend once held so dear,
And (as she wipes the gath'ring dust away)
May to my mem'ry drop perhaps a tear:

And should some artless, undesigning friend
Enquire 'whose head rests here?' him you
may tell,

As slowly o'er the sod your steps you bend,
'Tis *Ella* rests within this humble-cell.'

*To the Memory of ALEON, who died at Sea
in the Year 1790.*

February, 1791.

ALEON is dead!---The fallen trump of
fame

Blew the sad tidings to the western shore :
The scythe of Time, the wasting hand of Pain
Hath lodg'd him with the myriads gone be-
fore.

How late he wept his brother-warriors dead !

Cut off untimely in Life's early day :
Alas! the kindred spirit too is fled ;

We now to him the same sad tribute pay.

He, like themselves, ' the creature of a day,'
Beneath the frigid arm of Death hath bow'd :
Yes, *Aleon* lies---the valiant and the gay,
Deep in the bosom of the stormy flood.

Thus courage, beauty, sentiment, and wit
Bloom in an hour, and bloom but to decay :
Life quits its supplants, as the airy sprite
Before the morning gale fleets fast away.

Yet

Yet to his mem'ry shall a pile be rear'd,
 And each past service meet a kind return;
 Still shall his name by freemen be rever'd,
 And laurels spring and blossom round his
 urn.

'But pensive poetess,' some one may say,
 'When these memorials of the good shall
 fade,
 'Will not his worth to time become a prey,
 'And sink into Oblivion's darkest shade?'

Ah! surely no---the triumph ends not here,
 Beyond the tomb his brightest prospects rise;
 'Sublime he soars above this vale of tears---
 He gains a life eternal when he dies.

An ADDRESS to a PROFILE.

1791.

BEAUTIFUL profile, much, too much
 belov'd,

By her whose artless heart dictates this lay;
 Why is thy dear original remov'd
 From my impatient eyes so far away?

C c

Thou

Thou dear resemblance of that noble youth,
 Why art thou all that I can call my own
 Of him? why not his heart, that seat of truth!
 Why are my tender cares to him *unknown*?

Ah! rather why did I my heart permit
 Fondly to roam o'er Hope's illusive plain?
 Why for a stranger did its pulses beat,
 While flutt'ring passions thro' d through
 ev'ry vein?

While I complain, perhaps he gaily roves,
 From cruel doubts and disappointments free;
 And (sick'ning thought!) perhaps he fondly
 loves,
 Nor knows there lives a hapless maid like
 me!

Deceitful Hope! thy flow'ry courts I'll quit,
 Nor more present my off'rings at thy shrine,
 But scorning censure, weep my wayward fate,
 For L**** never--never can be mine.

ELEGY

ELEGY to Miss ANNA DUNDASS.

March, 1793.

‘O ELLA! tune thy lyra,’ didst thou say?
And art thou, ANNA, pleas’d with notes like
mine,

Which chord but with the slow-ton’d dirge-
like lay,

Which sad and plaintive weep at ev’ry line?

Let others ask refulgent Sol for aid,

When glows the orient with pervading day;

Or court the Muses in the balmy shade,

Where vi’lets bloom and dimpling foun-
tains play.

I wait not Phosphor’s nor Apollo’s beam,

Nor the warm smiles of joy inspiring Spring,

To rouse my Muse---woe is a ready theme,

And drowsy night the season when I sing.

Such nights, when Luna faintly gilds the
waves,

And shad’wy forms fleet o’er the wat’ry
waste;

When restless spirits leave their turfy graves,

And stalking slow, moan to the hollow blast.

'Tis then, amidst the universal gloom,
 My pensive soul pursues her fav'rite plan,
 Weeps o'er my friends descended to the tomb,
 And mourns the melancholy state of man.
 "Child of a day"---the being of an hour,
 He hurries swiftly through Life's troublous
 scene,
 Treads the same round which thousands trod
 before,
 Then dies, and is as tho' he ne'er had been.
 Yes, he must die, the nearest friends must part,
 The victor Death accepts not of a claim;
 And though the stroke may crush a kindred
 heart,
 He heeds it not---to supplicate is vain.
 But oh! 'tis sad to see an infant pour
 Its plaints round one just ready to depart;
 This bursts the heart consign'd to Death before,
 And adds a sting to his acutest dart.
 This, ANN ELIZA, on a dying bed,
 Severely felt---she fondly wept for me;
 She strain'd me in her arms, and weeping said,
 "When I am gone--ah! who will care
 for thee?"

"What

" What tender friend will guide thy infant
thought

" When cares shall call thy father far away?

" By whom wilt thou to act aright be taught?

" Ah! who, my ELLA! who will care for
thee?"

Oh! 'twas a bitter pang---I feel it yet!

My bosom swells with every sigh she gave;
And the soft drops with which her cheeks
were wet

Wound the full heart they dropt but to re-
lieve.

But ANNA, lest my sorrows give thee pain,
While thus the tear of fond affection flows,
I'll hush my plaints---and close the mourning
strain,

And bid adieu awhile---to all my woes.

MORNING.

THE spicy morn, with purple ray,
Faintly illumines the eastern skies;
While from each dew besprinkled spray
Ambrosial odours gently rise;

Silence still holds the wide domain,

The Zephyrs slumber in the shade ;

The stream that creeps along the plain,

Scarce murmurs to the list'ning glade:—

No songstrefs breathes her artless lay,

No footsteps print the dewy vale,

O'er the broad lawn no lambkins stray,

For sleep still nods o'er hill and dale,

Where pensive Grief forgets to sigh,

There Morpheus still thy station keep,

And with thy signet seal the eye,

The eye which only wakes to weep.

But while I speak, the prospects change,

The warblers dance upon the air,

The fleecy tribe the pastures range,

Refresh'd with sleep, and free from care:—

All nature bows---all nature sings,

And to its author homage pays;

Each part a grateful tribute brings,

The whole creation gives him praise.

Be thou not, oh! my languid soul,

An indolent spectator here,

While clouds of cheerful incense roll

To him who rules above our sphere:

Before

Before him pour the lay sincere,
 When Morning's beams thine eyes shall bless,
 And let the shades of Ev'ning hear
 That still thou dost his name confess.

EVENING.

1791.
SOL's golden chariot down the western sky
 Has roll'd, clos'd are the pearly gates of light;
 The varied prospects, *fading*, leave the eye
 Wrapt in the *shroud of solitary night*.
Hudson, in silence, laves the moon-gilt shores,
 The winds hum sullen o'er the lucid plain,
 And Grief her plaints in penfive music pours,
 While *Echo*, *sad*, repeats the melting strain.
 Ah! what a tone arrests my raptur'd ear,
 Sweet as the *thrush's* note at close of day,
 While balmy breezes, thro' the humid air,
 On gilded plumes waft the soft sounds away.

'Tis *Artha* sings, the mournful voice I know,
 I know the broken sigh which checks the
 song,

While

While accents soft of unaffected woe,
 Warm from the heart, drop from her artless
 tongue.

“ O chilly moon! O paler lamp of heav’n!

“ The joys I’ve known by thy fair light
 are o’er;

“ And these sad eyes, which hail’d returning
 ev’n,

“ See beauty in thy *silver ray* no more:

“ For since my *brother* slumbers with the dead,

“ Each once-lov’d object wears a cheerless
 gloom;

“ Each jocund thought, each happier view is
 fled,

“ Is with my *Orlin* sunk into the tomb!

“ Five years had seen me taste unmingled joys,

“ When *War*’s trump blew---I heard the
 solemn swell;

“ My *father* heard his struggling country’s voice,

“ He felt *her* wrongs--he rush’d to war--
 he fell!

“ With pious hand my *Orlin* wip’d the tear

“ From the *pale cheek* of *her* who gave us
 breath;

“ But

“ But vain to soothe her anguish was his care,

“ She pining sunk, *cropt* by the hand of Death!

“ One yet remain’d my heedless steps to guide,

“ To feel my sorrows he forgot his own;

“ Blest with his care, I had no wish beside;..

“ But *he*---oh, bitter thought!---*he* too is
gone!

“ O life! how complicated are thy woes!

“ Pain from thy realm of sorrow would I fly,

“ Forgot the goods and ills thou canst bestow,

“ And pass thy *closing gates* without a sigh.

“ Peace! peace, my heart! thy aching soon
will cease,

“ Forbear thy pantings, I shall soon rejoin

“ The happy spirits of my *loves* in peace,

“ And taste with them the bliss which is
divine.

“ *Silent* as *Death* the moments stole along,

“ Last night, as *late thro’* mould’ring ruins I
past;

“ The *bird* of *ewe* had clos’d her *darkling* song

“ Nor hung an *echo* on the dying blast:

When

" When lo! in *sleepless* unremitted calls
 " The *death-watch* beat the flying hours away,
 " And *fighting ghosts* bent thro' the *broken walls*,
 " And slowly whisp'ring, chid my ling'ring
 stay.
 " O grant me resignation! power supreme!
 " 'Till thou in love shalt summon me away,
 " 'Till *Death* shall wake me from this troub-
 lous dream,
 " And mine eyes open on eternal day."
 So be it love---may *Peace* her pinions spread
 Around the weary couch by *Artha* prest;
 May *angels* warble sonnets round her head,
 To lull her melancholy soul to rest.
 And oh! may heav'n, in pity to her woes,
 Soothe her sad heart, to many a pang a prey,
 And in *religion* grant her sweet repose,
 'Till *angels* waft her to the realms of day.

NIGHT.

1791.

HAIL TWILIGHT! hail thou sober pleas-
 ing form,
 Who now approachest us in fair array,
 Thou

Thou offspring of the Sun, where'er thy light
Is shewn, thou giv'st new life to all around;
The weary *peasant* from the gilded mount,
With joyous heart, descries thee from afar,
And hastening homeward, whistles through
the field

His thanks to thee for bringing him relief.

The *horse* and *oxen* now forsake the plough;
Or quit the heavy yoke, and seek the shade,
Where in some rolling stream they quench
their thirst,

Or on the bank repose their weary limbs
In sleep; enjoy the *present* hour, nor see
Their *future* ills, nor recollect the *past*.

But see the EVENING solemnly draws near;
All Nature welcomes her; the *fleecy tribe*
Bleat forth their thanks to him who gave them
breath,

As slowly to their fold they bend their way,
And their *conductor* lifts his heart and eyes
In silent awe, and gives his Maker praise:

The *feather'd choir* now warble softliest notes,
And every hill responds to Music's voice;
While wandering breezes through the dewy
wood

On their light plumes, the whispering *echos*
bear:

wolf

And

And shall I hold my peace when all around
 Invite me to partake with them the rich,
 The sweet, the great repast of *gratitude*?
 No! I'll break forth and mingle with the
 throng,
 And thus address my *Author* and my *End*:

' LORD, what is *man*, or what his mighty deeds,
 ' That thou from thine eternal throne should'st
 stoop
 ' To pity him, and grant him *happiness*,
 ' To be his guest, and *health* to be his friend?
 ' Where'er we turn we see thy mighty love,
 ' Thy matchless goodness, and unequall'd pow'r:
 ' Make us to love thee, FATHER, as we ought,
 ' And make our ev'ry action, word and thought
 ' To speak thy goodness, and to give thee
 praise."

The *queen* of night, with her resplendant
 train,
 Shines from behind the hills; her golden lamps
 Hung high in heaven, bedeck the dark blue sky,
 And grace the *earth*, and scatter wonted light.
 Ye wond'rous worlds who now to us appear
 Like little orbs, *inferior* to our own,
 Still sparkle bright, and glitter on through time,
 And shew to all the nations round, that HE
 Who built your spheres, is powerful and great!

bnA

How

How calm the night ! how silent and serene !
No dreadful whirlwinds blow, nor thunders
 roar,

Nor earthquake shakes the ground, but all is
 hush'd,

The Zephyrs softly steal through the deep grove,
Fanning the slumbering birds, while *Cynthia's*
 beam

Quivers in silence o'er the glassy stream,
Mov'd by the breathings of the passing gale.

Not such the eve when *BERTRAND* left
 these shores,

Deep howl'd the storm, heav'n's windows
 open'd wide,

And rain, hail, sleet and snow came rushing
 down

In many a fiery blast, on furious wing :

Then sulphur mixt with ice, and flame with
 snow,

Black thunders roll'd across the angry heav'n,

And forked lightnings thro' the sable skies

Hurl'd swift destruction on the world beneath ;

Old *Ocean* roar'd, and from his lowest caves

Sent forth his darkening waves, which round

 the ship

With force impetuous long dash'd to and fro ;

 D-d But

But ere the rising of another sun
Oerwhelm'd the passengers with "watry
death."

Oh ! what a night of sorrow and despair !
BOREAS and NEPTUNE, and ÆOLUS fought ;
The weeping NAIADS left their oozy beds
And fled for succour to the distant shores,
While frightened THETIS stiff'ning with amaze,
Forgot the pow'r to flee !
Long held the contest, till the pitying sun
Look'd down, and saw how in confusion wild
The wat'ry empire lay ; he interpos'd,
And summ'd up all his shining rays, a host
Of glittering warriors, whose refulgent spears
Dispers'd the fluttering clouds, and calm'd the
air.

Now *Midnight's* mournful veil is drawn around,
While the wan *moon* gleams fainter through
the trees,

Vapours opaque the shadowy mountains shroud,
And shrieking ghosts fleet fast along the plain.

Now is the mournful time ! the hour of woe,
When *Poverty's* forsaken aged sons
Toss on their thorny couch in deep distress,
And *Sorrow's* ancient weeping daughters *now*
Reflect on all their woes, their former griefs,
Their miseries, and dread futurity :

Hark !

Hark! how that groan, wrung from the heart
of woe,

In bitter agonies arrests my ear!
Dismally plaintive rolls the feeble sound,
And calls for succour from some pitying hand:
Ah! the dread *King* of Terrors e'en they call
To hurl with speed the long expected dart!
Perhaps he strikes! perhaps just now the soul
Sprung from its bands into eternity!
Dark seems the passage---all the lights are
clos'd,

And the dim eyes of my affected soul
Open upon the doleful scene, in vain:
How feels the soul just stepping from its barque,
Upon those boundless shores, dreary and dark,
Where ends all space and time, a stranger
there?

She knows not where to turn her wondering
form

Till some kind *Spirit*, sent from the abode
Of *JESUS*, takes her to the land of peace,
Or from the realms of sorrow, some black
fiend

Seizes her pale, and trembling as she stands,
And plunges her into the gulph of woe!
How silent, O how peaceful is the GRAVE!
Silent and dark as thee, O much lov'd *Night*!

There neither *Pride* nor *Discontent* can come,
 Nor pensive *Melancholy*, no, nor is
 The mournful voice of *Sorrow* heard to weep!
 There are our griefs in sweet oblivion lost,
 When every avenue of life is clos'd;
 And though our friends may moan around our
 couch,

We still sleep on regardless of their plaints:
 There finds the weary traveller a rest,
 And there the child of *Poverty* a home;
 The bosom that with sharp affliction throb'd,
 And the sad heart that swell'd with many a
 sigh,

There rest in silence, and the sad tongue which
 In piteous accents told its miseries
 And woes, ceases for ever to complain!

Oh thou repository of the dead!
 Thou asylum of many a broken heart!
 Close lock'd within thy cold unfeeling arms
 ELIZA's body sleeps! dust sinks to dust!
 And the slow *worm*, unconscious of her worth,
 Crawl o'er my parent's consecrated breast,
 That breast so lately fill'd with every grace,
 With every virtue which could charm the soul:
 But their meridian soon, too soon they reach'd;
 For while gay *Beauty* mantled on her cheek,
 And

And jocund *Youth* sat smiling in her eyes,
 E'en then the King of Horrors rais'd his dart
 And chill'd her blood, and bid her trembling
 heart
 With fond maternal love to beat no more.

Mine was the loss, but sure it was her gain,
 Death could but conquer clay, the rest was free.
 Methinks I see her leaving mortal life,
 Her spirit fluttering to attend the calls
 Of waiting angels, whose melodious voice
 Wear out the pangs of death, and hail her safe;
 While the big soul, burst from its narrow shell,
 Expanding flies: the scene grows brighter still;
 Some lofty seraphim appears her guide;
 With joyful smiles his radiant footsteps shine,
 And scatter day and glory from the skies:
 They reach the gates where "Bliss forever
 reigns,"

Where griefs and carking cares no more shall
 be,
 But lost in wondering at the SAVIOUR'S love,
 Each *spirit* spends eternity in bliss,
 In silent rapture, nameless extacy!

Oh thou *pure essence*! could I follow thee
 Still farther on, how would my soul rejoice!
 But *Nature* bids me stop, nor urge my flight
 (Eagerly stretch'd) to where I cannot see.

Forever fled from earth!--my heart still
bleeds

At the remembrance, when in agonies
I saw her lay, when the cold chills of Death
Ran through her frame, and every drop of life
Within its closing channel lay congeal'd!
Fresh in my mind the uncheery scenes arise,
Each *groan* again I hear! each piercing cry!
Each *languid look* I see! the *dawn of death*,
And the sad beatings of the death bell still
Hum slow and dismal in my frightened ear!

Alas! O God! wilt thou not hear the pray'r
Sent from a heart sincere, robb'd of a fond
Indulgent parent, whose *oft-heard* advice
By thine assistance me hath brought thus far.

O bow thy mighty ear! still be my God,
PROTECTOR, and my GUIDE thro' Life's sad
ways!

That when my soul shall sever from its clay,
And I *unmourn'd* slide gently in the grave,
My happy spirit, purified, may join
ELIZA, on the shores where *Rapture* dwells,
And thro' Eternity's exhaustless round
Praise and adore the SOV'REIGN LORD OF
ALL.

To

 To MORTIMER

Embarking for the West-Indies.

1791.

FAREWELL, my friend, the steady gale
 Invites the anxious crew away,
 Rolls up the waves, swells ev'ry sail,
 And ling'ring chides thy long delay.

And yet, methinks, with falt'ring voice,
 A something bids me with thee stay;
 'Tis *Friendship* waits to give advice,
 Just hear her speak, and then away.

While wand'ring o'er the stormy deep,
 Resign thyself to *Virtue's* sway;
 Let *Rectitude* thy bosom keep,
 And *Peace* shall gild each fleeting day.

And oft as with reverted eyes
 You sighing look towards your home,
 Remember, that benignant skies
 Protect you wheresoe'er you roam.

Let gratitude dictate a lay
 To *him* who brought thee o'er the main,
 Where the fair islands greet thine eye,
 Where spring and autumn jointly reign.

Tho'

Tho' splendid *Vice* with dauntless hand,
 There flights the mask she puts on here;
 Where thousands court her lov'd command,
 And worship her with zeal sincere.

Yet when her gay, her frantic train
 Would tempt thee to the rounds they run,
 Remember; that *thou* art a man,
 That *thou* art *Eberacia's* son.

Nor let the senseless, daring proud,
 Who flock around unwary youth,
 Persuade thee to the impious croud
 Who mock at God, and hate the truth.

But all thy days to *Wisdom* give,
 Improve the moments as they fly;
 So shalt thou like the righteous *live*;
 So shalt thou like the righteous *die*.

A VERSION of part of the 7th Chapter of JOB.

1791.
AS sighs the lab'rer for the cooling shade,
 When glowing sun-beams scorch the verdant
 blade,
 Or as the hireling waits the scanty sum,
 By the hard hand of painful labour won;

So

So waits my spirit, with anxiety,
 Death's calm approach, from woe to set me
 free ;

For oh ! my days are spent in vanity,
 And nights of sorrow are appointed me.

I love not life--it is a burden grown--
Distress and *Care* have claim'd me for their
 own,

And pale *Disease*, with unrelenting hand,
 Sports with my sighs, and casts them to the
 wind.

In vain doth night return to bless these eyes ;
 Sighing, I say, " Oh when shall I arise ?"
 " When will the night be gone ! " *Convuls'd*
 with pain,

I raise my eyes to heav'n for aid in vain ;
 My heart grows faint--and tossing to and fro,
 I waste the lonely hours in fullen woe.

Or if indeed my eyes should chance to close,
 And weary nature gain a slight repose,
 Then am I *scar'd* with terrifying dreams ;
 Wild shrieks I hear, and melancholy screams,
 While hideous shapes croud on my troubled
 sight,

Adding new horrors to the glooms of night.

Oh !

Oh! I'm forlorn---in bitterness of soul
My cries burst forth---like floods my sorrows
roll---

Forgot---abandon'd---destitute---alone---
No pitying ear inhales the *heart-wrung* groan,
No friendly converse my sad spirit cheers,
No feeling breast receives my bitter tears;
Gone is each comfort---hope itself is fled;
O that I rested with the quiet dead!
No glimpse of good mine eyes again shall see,
Let me alone---my days are vanity.

But soft my griefs, my life is but as wind,
Soon will it pass and leave no trace behind;
Soon will my aching heart a respite have,
Lodg'd in the mould'ring chambers of the grave.
As fleets the *cloud* before the northern blast,
So doth the life of mortal beings haste;
And I shall sleep in dust---there weary pain
Shall never vex my anguish'd frame again:
Then tho' *adversity*, with *iron hand*,
Shall crush the *rising honours* of the land;
Tho' *war* may waste---and *sickness* blast in
death,
The soul that *murder* spar'd upon the heath,
Yet shall I slumber, 'midst the awful roar,
For he that sleeps in death shall wake no more.

A SALUTE

A SALUTE to the Fourteenth Anniversary of
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

1791.

ALL hail to thy return,
 O! ever blest auspicious morn,
 By mercy's author giv'n:
 See! to greet the happy day
 Sol expands his brightest ray,
 And not a cloud obscures his way,
 Nor shades the face of heav'n.
 More sweet *this* day, the cannons martial roar,
 Than all the dulcet sounds which music's soul
 can pour;
 For ev'ry gale that o'er *Columbia* flies
 Bids on its balmy wings some Pæan rise,
 Some song of *Liberty*;
 And ev'ry peal that mounts the skies,
 In solemn tones of grandeur cries,
 "AMERICA IS FREE!"
 Sound, O Fame! thy clarion strong,
 Bear the golden notes along,
 Let *Gallia* hear the song;
 Beat each heart with pleasure high,
 Flush

Flush each cheek with purest joy,
 Let rapture glitter in each eye,
 And tune each grateful tongue.
 Hail! O land! ---long may old time behold
 Freedom o'er thee her standard wide unfold,
 While ages shall roll on,
 'Till to a *chaos* sinks again this ball,
 'Till worlds to primogenial *nothing* fall,
 And quench'd thy blaze, O sun!

WINTER.

November, 1791.

OFT times the wand'ring Muse by silence
 led,
 When penfive Night hath wrapt the world
 in sleep,
 By dewy lawns and warbling rills hath stray'd,
 Trod the green slope, or climb'd the crag-
 gy steep;
 Or, by the margin of some weeping stream,
 Where spreads the *sensitive* its leafage fair,
 Watch'd the *faint quiv'ring* of the lunar beam,
 Or feeble glimmerings of some distant star;
 Or,

Or, where some ragged cliff, with low'ring
brow,

Blackens the surface of the swelling deep,
Where billows dash, and howling tempests blow,
Where *wizard shapes* their nightly revels keep;

Or on the shelly shores, where *spirits* roam,
Sounding their sorrows to the midnight gale,
While round their steps the restless waters foam,
And hollow caves respond the dismal wail.

There (as upon the flood floats the moon's rays,
And rolling planets shed their silv'ry light;)
There, wrapt in musings deep, and stedfast gaze,
In solemn rapture hath she past the night.

But now the frightened Muse these scenes forfakes,
Quits the gay forest and enamel'd plain,
The shadowy vales, the smooth pellucid lakes,
For *Winter* comes with all his blustering
train---

He rolls his rapid storms along the skies;
With tumult fraught, the raving tempest
roars;

O'er the broad beach the heaving surges rise,
Groan in the winds, and foam along the shores.

With hasty wing the *vernal season* flies,
Some *happier clime*, with smiles benign to
charm,

While the *keen arctic* whistles round our skies,
And the tall forest nods before the storm.

Despotic *Time*, who guides the changing year,
Blasts the fair scenes that rose at his command,
And weeping *Nature*, desolate and drear,
Owns the sad traces of his spoiling hand:

And yet, again shall *this same* hand unfold
Winter's cold gates, and bid the fountains
flow;

Make *rosy Spring* profusely pour her gold,
And bid her blossoms wear a richer glow.

The *lark* shall quit the solitary bush,
Smooth her soft plumes, and tune her warb-
ling tongue,

While from some copse the late dejected *thrush*
Cheers the glad vallies with a sprightly song.

Cease then, O *Muse*! to drop the useless tear,
Ah! touch no more the melancholy string,
Since *Earth* again the blooms of life shall wear,
And wintry glooms give place to smiling Spring.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP.

January, 1792.

FRIENDSHIP! I hate thy name---my
rancled heart,

- ‘ Forever wounded by thy *treacherous* hand,
- ‘ Bleeding afresh defies the pow’r of art,
- ‘ Its pangs to soften, or extract the smart;
- ‘ For who, ah who can draw the bitter dart
- ‘ Implanted by a *chosen, bosom friend*?
- ‘ Too long I harbour’d thee within my breast,
- ‘ Thou base destroyer of my rest;
- ‘ Too long thy galling yoke did bear:
- ‘ For while I cherish’d thee with fostering care,
- ‘ Thou didst thy pois’nous sting prepare,
- ‘ And wrung the heart that fondly thee carest.
- ‘ But *now* adieu, thy reign is o’er,
- ‘ For thee that heart no longer sighs;
- ‘ And at thy voice shall joy no more
- ‘ Suffuse this cheek, nor grace these eyes.
- ‘ Thy ev’ry transport I’ll forego,
- ‘ Thy sov’reignty disclaim;
- ‘ And if no more thy *sweets* I know,
- ‘ I know no more thy *pain*.

E c 2

‘ Tranquil.

‘ *Tranquil my hours shall glide away,*
 ‘ *No more a prey to poignant woes ;*
 ‘ *Content shall bless each rising day,*
 ‘ *And charm each night with calm re-*
 pose.

‘ *No more shall tears stray down my cheek,*
 ‘ *Wak’d by thy sympathetic voice,*
 ‘ *Nor griefs, too big for utterance, break*
 ‘ *An injur’d heart that venerates thy ties ;*
 ‘ *Nor sighs all eloquent a language teach,*
 ‘ *That mocks the idle power of speech.’*

Thus, once in anguish’d mood I wept and sung ;
Warm from the heart th’ unfeeling accents
 sprung ;

For Perfidy’s cold touch had chill’d
 Each softer, gentler motion there,
And ev’ry painful chasm had fill’d
 With weak mistrust and fretful care.
But vain I sought those scenes of bliss,
 Which Fancy’s flatt’ring pencil drew ;
When the delights of smiling Peace
 Each hour should brighten as it flew :
With Friendship ev’ry joy had fled,
 With her each rapture took its flight ;
Nor longer charm’d the branching shade,
 Nor fragrant morn, nor spangled night.

In

In vain for me the songster swell'd its throat,
 In vain the buds their moisten'd sweets disclose ;

Nor *cheer'd* their glowing tints, nor *sooth'd* the
 note ;

Alas ! the selfish heart no pleasure knows.

' Ah, *Hope!*' sigh'd I, ' are *these* thy proffer'd
 joys ?

' Are *these* the hours of bliss that should be
 mine ?

' Few have I known since loos'd from Friend-
 ship's ties.'

Again my vows I offer'd at her shrine.

Sudden, as from *Castalia's* favour'd spring,

As sweet, as soft a tone I hear,

As ever floated on mild *Ev'ning's* wing,

Or sooth'd *pale Echo's* ear.

Caught by the *strain*, each tear forgot to flow,

Each bitter rising murmur straight repress'd;

When, with enchanting air and placid brow,

The lovely fair *Calista* stood confest.

In feelings lost, tumultuously sweet,

Exultingly I own'd her gentle sway,

And blest the heart whose sympathetic beat

Hail'd the young dawn of *Friendship's* rising
 day.

To the Reverend J*** N*****.

January, 1792.

HERE, *late*, where *Ruin's* standard was unfurl'd,

And bloody *war* laid waste our *western* world,
The mildest beams of *Peace* benign are shed,
And *Piety* exalts her conquering head;
Age finds her flow'ry path, and heedless youth
Submissive kneels the advocate of truth!

With *spirits* chang'd we think of feuds no more,

But greet our *seniors* on a distant shore;
Tho' barren wilds and mountains intervene,
And the *Atlantic* rolls her floods between.

Will then fair *Olney's* aged bard excuse
The weak exertions of a youthful muse?
The genuine wishes of whose heart sincere,
All glowing breathe to heaven for him a pray'r.

Long may'st thou to thy land a blessing be,
And many fruits of thy kind labours see;
May *Patience* soothe thee in thy worldly cares,
And a bright *faith* light thy declining years;
Till late our God shall call the *Wanderer*
home,

And bid the longing, hoping *exile*, "come."

Then

Then may thy *soul*, upborne on angel's wing,
 Fleet to the realms of everlasting love;
 With raptur'd myriads *Mercy's* source to sing,
 And *all* the fullness of *Emanuel* prove.

To the *MOON*.

April, 1792.

WHILE wand'ring through the dark blue
 vault of heav'n,

Thy trackless steps pursue their silent way,
 And from among the starry host of ev'n,

Thou shed'st o'er *slumbering earth* a milder
 day;

And when thou pour'st abroad thy shadowy
 light

Across the ridgy circles of the stream,
 With raptur'd eyes, O changeful nymph of
 night!

I gaze upon thy beam.

GREAT was the *hand* that form'd thy round,
 O Moon!

That mark'd the precincts of thy steady
 wheel,

That

That bade thee smile on *Night's* oblivious
noon,

And rule old *Ocean's* solemn swell;
GREAT was the POWER, that fill'd with ra-
diant light

Those *Worlds* unnumber'd, which from
pole to pole

Hang out their golden lamps to deck thy flight,
Or gild the *Planets* which around thee roll.

From realms of Love, beyond where moves
the *Sun*,

Whose distant beams create our brightest day,
Beyond where *Stars* their ceaseless circles run,
Or lurid *Night* emits his opaque ray;

Mounted on the dark'ning storm,
On the strong whirlwind's ragged pinions
borne,

With glory circumfus'd, the *Source of Bliss*
Sublime, came flying o'er the vast *abyss*.

His voice was heard---in dire dismay
Chaotic Darknefs fled away,
While bursting waves of *Light* the flight be-
held,

And all the spacious void triumphant fill'd.

Without

Without delay, *this* restless ball
 Uprose, obedient to his call;
 But that he spake it into light,
 It still had slumber'd in eternal night:
 The *mountains* rear'd their verdant head,
 The *hills* their destin'd places found,
 And as the *fountains* pour'd their waters round,
Ocean submissive wander'd to her bed;
 The *Sun* arose---with beam benign he shone,
 And *terra* cheer'd with splendours all his own.

"Go gild the morn," his maker said.
 Impatient to obey,
 O'er half the globe his rays he spread,
 And blaz'd along the day.

Then 'wast thou form'd with all the starry train
 That decorate the ev'ning skies;
 Some made to travel through the sapphire plain,
 And some forbid to set or rise.

Long hast thou reign'd, and from thine amber
 throne
 The various changes of *this world* hast known;
 Hast seen its *myriads* into being rise,
 Shine their short hour, and then their *life*
 resign;

New

New generations seize the fickle prize,
 And like their fires, but strengthen to decline:
 Yet be not vain, (though since thy natal day
 Some thousand years their circling course
 have made)
 For lo! the *æra* hastens on apace,
 When all thy glory shall for ever fade:
Earth shall the *revolution* feel,
 The *change* of seasons shall be o'er,
Time shall forget to guide his wheel,
 And thou, O Moon, shalt *set* to *rise* no more!

SILENCE.

Philadelphia, 1792.

DAY flow retreats on showery wing,
 And Evening climbs the eastern skies;
 The hovering vapours round the shores arise,
 Or to the tall rock's frowzy summit cling:
 The hum of busy care is done,
 A welcome respite twilight brings;
 And in the ear of Labour's son,
 The lulling song of *Quiet* sings.
 All, all is still and peaceful as the grave,
 Save where the *Delaware's* distant billows roar,
 When

When driven by rushing gales, the yielding
wave

Throws its white waters on the echoing shore.

Hark! the shrill *quail* with deep swoln note

Breaks the dumb silence of the scene:

The waking breezes fullen round it float,

Fold their soft wings, and sink to rest again.

Hail, lonely hour! enchanting *Silence* hail!

When no intrusive sound thy realm invades,

When fervent thought can pierce *Night's*
closest veil,

And rise exulting o'er surrounding shades;

Say, will *Day's* glories with *thy* clouds compare,

Where boisterous *Tumult* rolls his thundering
car?

Or, can *Apollo's* blazing beams diffuse

O'er the sad heart, surcharg'd with grief,

So kind a balm---so sweet relief,

As thy soft winds and od'rous dews?

Ah! well thy power I know, while wander-
ing here,

Far, very far from all my heart holds dear;

Where, while remembrance brings their image

near,

Down my pale cheek tear follows tear;

And

And the big sigh, in vain suppress,
 Urges a passage from a swelling breast:
 Yet do I know thy soothing power e'en here,
 Though far---ah me, how far from all my heart
 holds dear!

TO ETHELINDE.

1792.
NO longer let me weep a prey to love,
 Sad victim to ill-fated passion's sway;
 A thousand sighs will ne'er their source remove,
 Nor tears its fond remembrance wash away.
 Ah me!--when sinks the heart by griefs deprest,
 And Hope denies her balmy soothing's sweet,
 And busy Memory wrings the bleeding breast;
 Then, surely, then is wretchedness complete.
 Come Hope, in *Ethelinde's* enchanting form,
 Come bid my useless tears forbear to flow;
 Check the wild passions in my breast that storm,
 Rude as the gusts o'er *Erie's* surfs that blow.
 Why should I grieve?--no swain with artful
 tongue
 Has broke the vows I ventur'd to approve;
 For *Alma's* TRUTH my easy heart has won,
 Whose form is beauty and whose voice is love.
 Does

Does he not feel?---why then that frequent sigh
 When grief or sickness cloud my penfive face?
 Or why that pleasure sparkling in his eye,
 When cheerfulness and health resume their
 place?

Why does his cheek with sudden flushes glow,
 From a short absence when we meet again?
 Or why dejection hang upon his brow,
 When other fav'rites my attention claim?

Oh! if he loves---with passion such as mine---
 Life's varying scenes how easy shall I find?
 How *light* will be the woes of CAROLINE?
 How *rich* the pleasures shar'd with *such a*
mind?

But---if I must a *common lot* deplore---

Oh! if my ALMA chuse some happier fair,
 Then will I fly to some forgotten shore,
 And waste my sorrows on the desert air.

Ha!---will the forest's echoing glooms be
 found

More cheering than the voice of *Ethelinde*?
 What!---can *eternal absence* heal my wound,
 Or blot his lov'd idea from *my mind*?---

111

F f

No

No, surely, no---firm as the earth's broad base
 Are my affections round his *virtues* twin'd;
 And *Time*, beneath whose touch *all* else decays,
 Serves but the ligaments more close to bind.
 Then will I stay, a votary to his charms,
 And, kneeling *victor* at *Submission's* shrine,
 Clasp the *blest woman* in my conquering arms,
 And *all the heart* that once was *mine* to *her*
 resign.

To the same.

1792.

AH! cease the "dirge like lay," my *Ethe-*
linde;

Wipe off the tear that quivers in thine eye,
 Nor let the bosom of my best lov'd friend
 Heave with the deep but unavailing sigh.

On the broad pinions of unwearied *Time*
 Our months and days are swiftly borne away,
 And each succeeding hour, in constant chime,
 Consigns some dear enjoyment to decay.

Age steals the rose from the dejected cheek,
 And plants his ensigns on th' unwilling brow;
Cheerfulness sighs---and *Wit* forgets to speak,
 Lost in eternal torpor---Oh what woe!

But

But *Grief*, (ah me, how well the truth I know!)

Grief, with officious hand, propels us on,
 Urges our speed, lest *Time* should move too slow,
 And ere we reach *Life's noon*, our sun goes
 down.

Cease then to weep, my beauteous *Ethelinde*,
 Cease thine own rugged path with thorns to
 strew;

Oh check those griefs I know not to befriend,
 Nor give aloose to such immoderate woe!

What! shall *my* cares on ALMA rest alone?
 Shall all *thy* wishes to MYRTILLO fly?
 And shall the heart that meets no kind return,
 Burst---coward like---and bleed its channel
 dry?

No, *Ethelinde*, with generous pride I burn;
 ALMA, the noble ALMA, I resign;
 And tho' my heart awhile its loss may mourn,
 It never to relenting shall incline.

The gracious *Power* whose word hath given
 us *life*,
 And mixt our cup with *pleasure* and with *pain*,
 Will strength afford to *pass* the mental strife,
 Or strength at least the conflict to *sustain*.

Oh! would but man enjoy the blessings given,
How many tears had never learn'd to flow!
How few deep sighs had wing'd their course to
heaven!
How few the hearts furcharg'd with help-
less woe!

For *us* young *Evening* sheds her soft perfumes;
For *us* blith *Morn* expands her golden eyes;
For *us* the *Sun* heav'n's azure arch illumines;
And *forests* bloom for *us*, and *oceans* rise.

But oh! the ingrate man, with selfish mind,
He spurns the bliss which heav'n design'd
his own;
His airy wish outstrips the hasty wind,
And grasps at raptures *never to be known*.

In efforts vain he toils away his days,
Pursuing *Fancy* in her mad career;
Though still deceiv'd, he still her call obeys,
And sinks at last---the victim of *Despair*:

Such is vain man's---and such hath been *our* lot,
Such the dim mist that dark'd our earliest years;
Fixt on our happiest hours a lasting blot,
And bath'd each following day in heart-
wrung tears.

Where,

Where are the golden joys we once have known?
 Where the calm comforts which for us have
 bloom'd?

Smooth, gliding scenes of peace! they all are
 gone,

All by oblivious *Sorrow*---all entomb'd.

Oh! sad regret, the feeling heart beats full,

Vain prove th' attempts wild *nature* to subdue:
 My lyre is struck with wandering hand and dull,
 While lawless tears the pausing strings bedew.

*On seeing a Print, exhibiting the Ruins of the
 Bastille.*

1792.

AT each return of the auspicious day

Which laid this mighty fabric in the dust,

Let joy inspire each patriotic breast

To bless and venerate its august ray;

Let *Gallia*'s sons attune the harp of joy,

And teach the trump its boldest notes t' employ;

Let clarions shrill the deed declare,

And blow their sonorous notes afar;

F f 3.

Let

Let music rise from ev'ry plain,
 Each vine-clad mount or daïs'd dell;
 And let *Æolus* float the strain
 Across old Ocean's ample swell.

Ah ! see the *Bastille's* iron walls thrown down,
 That bulwark strong of *Tyranny*;
 See her proud turrets smoke along the ground,
 Crush'd by the giant arm of *Liberty*!
 Her gloomy tow'rs---her vaults impure,
 Which once could boast eternal night;
 Her dungeons deep---her dens obscure,
 Are urg'd unwilling to the light.

Oft in these dreary cells, the captive's moan
 Broke the dead silence of the midnight watch;
 When *Memory*, pointing to the days long gone,
 To wasting sorrows woke the feeling wretch.

Here everlasting Darkness spread
 Her veil o'er scenes of misery,
 Where *Sickness* heav'd an anguish'd head,
 And roll'd a hopeless eye.

Here drown'd in tears, pale *Agony*
 Spread her clasp'd hands toward the sky,
 While all convuls'd, extreme *Despair*
 Swallow'd the earth in speechless rage,
 Or phrenzied gnaw'd his iron cage,
 Tore off his flesh, and rent his hair.

Such

Such were thy glories, O Bastille!

Such the rich blessings of *despotic pow'r*,
Whose horrid *dæmon*-quaff'd his fill,

Daily of bitter tears and human gore:
But now 'tis o'er---thy long, long reign is o'er,
Thy thunders fright the trembling hosts no
more;
Thy shafts are spent---thy sons no more engage
To add new triumphs to thy train,
To bind new victims to thy chain;
For thy most valiant sons are slain
By the fierce strokes of kindled patriot rage.
Roll'd in the dust, behold thine honours lie,
The sport---the scorn of each exploring eye.

Hail gallant Gauls! heroic people hail!
Who spurn the ills that Virtue's sons assail,
Whose hearts benevolent, with ardour bound
The hard-got blessing to diffuse around:
Oh! be your struggles blest, and may you see
Your labours rivall'd by posterity;
'Till the small *flame* (which first was seen to rise,
'Midst threat'ning blasts, beneath *Columbian*
skies,

Which, as it taught its splendours to expand,
Arose indignant from Oppression's hand,

And

And blaz'd effulgent o'er the mighty plain)
Luring your heroes o'er the stormy main,
'Till this small flame, fed by their nurturing
hand,

Not only canopies your native land,
But far extending its prolific rays,
Envelopes neighbouring empires in the blaze.
And thou, FAYETTE! whom distant lands de-
plore,

As now *self-banish'd* from thy native shore;
Tho' zeal *mistaken*, may a shadow throw
Athwart the laurels which adorn thy brow;
Yet shall they bloom---for in thy generous
breast.

No soul like *Coriolanus* is confess'd:
To *Gallia* still thy warmest wishes tend,
And tho' an *injured exile*, still a friend!
When grateful nations tell thine acts to *Fame*,
America shall urge her oldest claim,
Point to the *worthies* whom her sons revere,
And place FAYETTE with those she holds most
dear.

*To the Memory of Mrs. HENRIETTA ANNA
MARIA DUBUISSON.*

October, 1792.

OH! lovely vision! art thou gone?

Dost thou repose in Death's dull shade?

Are all thy boasted glories flown?

Dost thou too rest among the dead?

Oh, fairest flower that ever bloom'd

To deck life's variegated scene,

How short liv'd have thy beauties been?

No sooner open'd than entomb'd!

With rising joys *Hope* strew'd thy way,

And *Hygea*'s roses deck'd thy brow;

Lovely, and young, and good, and gay,

Thou wert---but ah! what art thou now?

Cold---lifeless---dead---a senseless clod---

To death's chill grasp an early prey;

Frail as the tenants of the sod

Which shrouds thee from the face of day.

Let frantic *Mirth* be pensive here;

Here let *Youth* weep its transient bloom;

Here let vain *Beauty* drop a tear,

For *Harriet* moulders in the tomb.

Come,

Come, weeping Muse, come form a wreath
To deck the turf where beauty lies ;
Where the soft winds of Evening breathe,
Where Morning's sweetest dews arise.
But wherefore mourns my heart thine early
doom,
Or strays in weeping silence round thy grave ?
Can the dull ear of Death my sighs receive ?
Or dwells the æthereal being in the tomb ?
No, bursting from Death's dark confines,
And wand'ring on the gales of even,
It wings its flight to happier climes,
And gains at last---its long wish'd heaven.
Tell me, fair essence, when releas'd from clay,
Thy pinions open'd in a land unknown,
Did no kind angel haste on purple plume,
To hail thee safe---and guide thee on thy way ?
Did not the echoing *Lyra*'s melting strain
Obliterate the *memory* of each tear,
To *rapture* soothe each yet remaining fear,
And urge thy wond'ring spirit from its chain ?
It did---it did---the solemn strains
Seem to vibrate on my enchanted ear ;
And wilder'd with the floating tones I hear,
Life's ruby current warbles in my veins.
Welcome

' Welcome from the hands of *Pain*,
 ' Welcome from *Sin*'s baneful pow'r,
 ' Welcome from *Death*'s drear domain,
 ' Thou shalt feel their ire no more.

' All that thou hast heard below,
 ' All that Angel pow'rs can know,
 ' Peace eternal, joy divine,
 ' Everlasting love are thine.

' Let the garland we assume,
 ' *Amaranth* with *myrtle* join'd,
 ' Flow'rets of perpetual bloom,
 ' Thy triumphant temples bind.

' Lo! the walls of Paradise!
 ' Lo! the pearly gates unfold!
 ' Darting splendours down the skies;
 ' Lucid gems and sparkling gold.

' There no *Sun*, with dazzling beam,
 ' Gilds the glowing cheek of morn;
 ' There no *Moon*, with smile serene,
 ' Waits mild Evening's calm return:

' There dwells UNCREATED LIGHT,
 ' Blazing with unfading ray;
 ' Ne'er we know returning night—
 ' Blest with everlasting day.

; hark! Hark!

' Hark!--I hear the warbling throng
 ' Hail thee to thy native home;
 ' Hark! their *Lyras* bid thee come---
 ' Haste, fair Angel,---haste along!

To the Memory of Mrs. SCRIBA and her infant Daughter.

1792.

THE blasts of *December* are heard on the
 hills,
 They have scatter'd their high-drifting snows
 o'er the plain;
 The breath of rough *Boreas* the fountains con-
 geals,
 And *Flora* bemoans her blight'd honours in
 vain.
 The *Tulip* is faded---its tinges are fled---
 The *Violet* shrinks from the loud-howling
 gale;
 And the soft dewy *Rose* droops its languishing
 head,
 And ceases its balm-breathing sweets to ex-
 hale.
 Thy wide desolations, oh *Emblem of Death*!
 Spread glooms and dejections across the sad
 mind;
 And

And we trace a lost *friend* in each bare dreary
heath;

And we hear their last sigh in the voice of
the wind.

Yet the gambols of *Spring* shall thy rigours un-
bend,

And cherish the scenes *Maia's* absence that
mourn;

But the *Winter* of *Death* hath no solace---no
friend---

Nor buds the green *Spring* for the dust-bear-
ing *Urn*.

On the cheek of our *LAURA* how late bloom'd
the *Rose*,

And *Innocence* shot from her eyes its soft ray;

But the blush is extinguish'd---no more that
cheek glows---

And those eyes drink no more the effulgence
of day.

Wife, Sister, Friend, Parent, ah names dear in
vain!

As fragile and fair as the gay clouds of dawn;
Ye are vanish'd, alas! like the breeze on the
plain,

And all, but your mournful *remembrance*, is
gone.

My spirit the days that are past oft reviews,
And pensively treads where her joys were
once strewn;

While a fond retrospection her sorrows renews,
And she weeps o'er the hours that for ever
are flown.

Like some beautiful flow'ret, whose delicate
form

Still delights, tho' o'erthrown by the tem-
pest's rude breath;

Thus *Laura*, tho' prest by *Affliction's* cold storm,
Yet cheerfully smil'd on the bosom of *Death*.

Tho' the arrows of *Anguish* assaulted her frame,
And the night like the day brought no sooth-
ing repose;

And tho' fast sinking *Life* rent each languishing
vein,

Not a single complaint, not a murmur arose.

"Cease for me, weeping friends, the SUPREME
to invoke;

"I leave the rough pillow of *Agony's* bed,
"To rest in the Regions of *Glory*"----She
spoke,

And th' unfetter'd spirit exultingly fled!

And

And thou, too, ELIZA, the grasp of *Disease*
 Hath crush'd thy young blossom and wasted
 thy sweets;
 And the *Cherub* that long'd for the mansion of
Peace,
 From the darksome abode of *Affliction* re-
 treats.
 Yes, the wings of that moment which speeded
 her flight
 To the bosom of LAURA, beheld her con-
 vey'd
 Where the uncloying scenes of perpetual de-
 light
 Can never admit of a pause nor a shade.
 There, surely the day of distress hath an end;
 There, parting and weeping for ever are o'er;
 There, the *Winter* of *Death* finds a solace, a
 friend;
 And there buds the green *Spring*, to be rifled
 no more.

To ETHELINDE.

1792.
HAIL to the heart, whose gen'rous pride,
 Can burst the iron bars of grief,
 Can *Love's* fantastic ills deride,
 And from itself procure relief.

If *tears* *Oppression's* hand would gild,
 Or sighs a feeble respite yield;
 Or if the woes remember'd oft,
 By repetition grew more soft:
 Then might we court the weeping muse,
 O'er our sad bosoms to diffuse
 Her soothing pow'r---in *melting lay*
 To teach us *sing* our griefs away.
 But ah! how well (*too well*) *I* know
 Who weeps, he but *indulges* woe;
 And every briny tear that flows
 Binds to the heart its griefs more close.
 Rise then, my soul, with ardour rise,
 Expand thy wishes far and wide,
 Go contemplate the starry skies,
 Go emulate thy SEX'S PRIDE.
 Ah! vain attempt---on pinions strong
 She soars beyond the panting wind;
 And all enamour'd of her song,
 She leaves thee, wondering muse, behind.
 Shame to the heart, whose tranquil beat
 Ne'er felt contending passions keen;
 Ne'er knew the vict'ries of *defeat*,
 When *Reason* joy'd o'er *Folly* slain.

Yes

Yes---while among the stars she shines,
 And "visits worlds conceal'd from sight,"
 A humbler theme I chuse for mine,
 The Dusky Dawn and Misty Night.

I'll drink the sparkling dews of morn,
 And watch *Apollo's* earliest ray;
 Or greet the shepherd's mellow horn,
 That lulls the closing hours of day:

Or, bending o'er old Ocean's stream,
 Mount the tall *Pico's* loftiest brow,
 And, guided by *Cylene's* beam,
 Pause o'er the *distant* world below:

Or, hanging o'er some cavern dark,
 Where troubled waters heave and swell,
 Lift to *Charibda's* angry bark,
 Or howling *Scylla's* fearful yell:

Or, mingling with th' enthusiast throng,
 Who to *Melpomene's* harp aspire,
 Mimic *CALISTA's* melting song,
 Or pensive *ELLA's* weeping lyre:

Then mourning thro' some forest's gloom,
 From *slumbering couch* wake *Echo* pale;
 And pluck the blossoms of the dale,
 To deck some lonely tomb.

Such be my songs, while *Ethelindë*,
Smiling, my artless labours views;
Reward---the best that can attend
 The flights of *CAROLINA*'s muse.

A VERSION of Mrs. BARBAULD's *Tenth Hymn*.

1793

OFFSPRING of woe, what mean those sighs

That from thy bursting bosom heave?

What mean those gushings from thine eyes?

What hast thou seen to make thee grieve?

Alas! alas! I've seen the *Rose*

To the warm *Sun* its leaves expose;

Elate, it drank his golden ray,

And spread its beauties to the day.

Again I look'd---that very beam

Which op'd its dewy blooms at *Morn*,

Smote it at *Noon*, and on the stem

Had only left the rancling thorn!

A stately *Tree* grew on the plain;

Wide to the winds its boughs were spread,

Deep in the earth its roots were lain,

And firm its mighty trunk was made.

Again

Again I look'd---the Eastern Blast
 Had bid its emerald glories waste;
 With greedy tooth, th' insatiate *Worm*
 Had rudely pierc'd its noble form;
 The *Axe* had lopt its limbs away,
 And all foretold a swift decay!

I've seen the lovely *Insect* throng
 Desporting on the beams of morn,
 They danc'd the bubbling stream along,
 On the light plumes of *Zephyrs* borne;
 Their azure wings were star'd with gold,
 Their bodies ting'd with tyrian hue
 Soft down'd---their numbers were untold,
 And quick as lightning's glance they flew.

Again I look'd---the Evening's cool
 Had chill'd their limbs and check'd their
 flight,
 The *Breeze* had brush'd them in the pool,
 They died before the mists of night;
 The *Swallow* chose them for her food,
 They fill'd the *Pike's* voracious maw,
 And of so great a multitude,
 So gay, so fair---not one I saw.

Proud of his strength, I've seen vain *Man*,
 His cheek with youthful beauty glow'd,
 He walk'd, he danc'd, he leapt, he ran,
 And quick his vig'rous pulses flow'd:

Eloquence

Eloquence dwelt upon his tongue;
Science his swelling heart embrac'd;
The mountain *Echo* learnt his song,
And ev'ry charm his nature grac'd:

Again I look'd---on the bare ground:
Stiff and immoveable he lay;
Horror and fear prevail'd around,
And check'd the cheerful sports of day:
His hands---his feet no motion prov'd,
No song employ'd his tuneful breath;
From light, and love, and sense remov'd,
A prey he fell to *rav'nous Death!*

Oh let me weep! this *rav'nous Death*
Lawless o'er earth extends his sway;
Creation feels his blighting breath,
Shrinks from his touch and fades away..

Since *Shrub*, and *Beast*, and *Man* in vain
Against the mighty *Spoiler* strive,
The *Sun*, and *Moon* and *Starry-train*
Shall not his ruthless pow'r survive:
They too his baleful grasp shall feel;
Earth from her bound'ries shall retire,
And *Sea* and *Mountain*, *Rock*, and *Hill*,
And *Space* and *Time* shall all expire!

The

The following Lines were occasioned by Mr. ROBERTSON'S refusing to paint for one Lady, and immediately after taking another Lady's likeness.

1793.

WHEN LAURA appear'd, poor APPEL-
 LES complain'd,
 That his sight was bedim'd, and his optics
 much pain'd;
 So his pallet and pencil the artist resign'd,
 Lest the blaze of her *beauty* should make him
 quite blind.
 But when fair ANNA enter'd the prospect was
 chang'd,
 The paints and the brushes in order were
 rang'd;
 The artist resum'd his employment again,
 Forgetful of labour, and blindness and pain;
 And the strokes were so lively that all were
 assur'd
 What the *brunette* had injur'd the *fair one* had
 cur'd.
 Let the candid decide which the chaplet
 should wear,
 The *charms* which *destroy*, or the *charms*
 which *repair*.

To

 To NATURE.

1793.

YES, Nature ! thou art lovely, every scene
 Is form'd to yield the throbbing heart delight;
 Whether thou art bedeck'd in changeful *green*,
 Or shrink'ft beneath a shroud of sparkling *white*;
 Whether when *Morning* mounts her crimson car,
 Wakes the young gales, and gilds the eastern
 main !

Or when grey *Evening* lights her fav'rite star,
 And shapes fantastic glide along the plain;
 For in thy *Gaiety* the *Lover* finds

Some faint resemblance of his darling fair,
 And trusts the rivulet or courteous winds

May to her ear his tale impassion'd bear;
 And when hoar *Winter* storms along the skies,
 And frights old *Ocean* with the fearful roar,
 The *Wanderer* forlorn, treads the bleak shore,
 Mingling with waves and winds his tears and
 sighs:

Yet 'tis a *solace* to his misery,
 The *howling-whirlwind* and the *surging sea*.
 How oft, Oh *Summer* ! have thy jocund hours
 Flown disregarded o'er my head?

Alas !

Alas! I courted not *their* softening pow'rs,
 Since all I lov'd from me was fled.
 Ah! then I hied me to the pebbly shore,
 And o'er the waves would cast a tearful eye,
 With the vain hope my CYRILLE to espy,
 And press him to my aching heart once more:
 The war of *rushing* storms and Ocean's howl,
 Were the lov'd soothers of my anguish'd soul.
 Cheer'd with his love again, thy charms,
 O Spring!
 Rise with redoubled softness on my view;
 I love the breath of *Morn*, mild *Evening's* dew,
 And all the varying scenes thy reign can bring;
 Yet, 'rest of all thou hast, ah! I should not
 repine;
 While LOVE and CYRILLE I could claim as
 mine.

ARRIA'S TOMB.

1793.
PRIDE of the peaceful solitary *Night*,
 While now thou cheer'st her solemn gloom;
 Through these damp shades a weeping *Wan-*
derer light,
 And guide my pensive steps, to *Arria's* tomb:
 There

There will I vent the anguish of my soul,
 Bathing my locks in *Night's* unwholesome
 dew,
 While fierce around my head the shrill gales
 howl,
 And spectres pale, the shades of *Night* pursue;
 But see, a *spirit* fleets before mine eye;
 Ah! well I know that anguish loaded sigh;
 It is my *Arria's* form; yes, dear forlorn!
 Thy *Georgianna* weeps upon thine urn.
 Thou feeble ghost, whose tears yet seem to fall
 Down a dejected cheek, all cold and pale;
 As sad thou glid'st along the moon-gilt wall,
 And list'nest to the *Night-bird's* chilling wail.
 Dear weeping lilly, did not once *Health's rose*
 Blossom upon thy cheek with loveliest grace?
 Did not once *Peace* within thy breast repose,
 And tranquil *Cheerfulness* beam through thy
 face?

Oh, *Love*! what hast thou done? thy lawless
 pow'r

Subdu'd a heart too gen'rous to deceive;
 But, ah! unpitied, it but beat to grieve;
Scorn, cruel *Scorn*! embittering every hour.
 Shut from the world, she bore her griefs alone,
 And of life careless, wept her hours away;
 While *Death*, exulting o'er his precious prey,
 Cropt the sweet blossom ere it yet was blown.

Oh,

Oh, thou hard heart, where PITY *never* dwelt !
 May dire *Affliction* mark thee for her own ;
 May'st thou endure pangs *worse* than *Arria* felt,
 And no one pity thee, nor heed thy moan ;
 May pale *Remorse* on all thy steps attend,
 Shewing a form thy folly would not save ;
 May thy sad life be spent without *one friend* ;
 And not *one tear* be shed upon thy grave !

To a CANARY BIRD.

1793.

BEAUTIFUL bird, of saffron plume,
 Whose warbling whispers tell the approach
 of night,
 With soften'd cadence ushering in the gloom,
 The solemn gloom devote to calm delight.
 Tell me, confin'd within thy wiry cell,
 The little notes thou chantest so serene,
 Say, are they *plaints* thy breast that swell,
 And is *Captivity* thy theme ?
 Or, sever'd from thy lovely mate,
 Her loss dost thou bewail ?
 And all thy little wrongs relate
 In melancholy tale ?

H h

Ah,

Ah, no! so soft, so sweet a strain
Vibrates not like the moan of *pain*;
Such tones as from *thy* bosom flow
Ne'er left the bursting heart of *woe*.

Yet, peaceful, inoffensive guest,
Could *freedom* make thee still more blest,
I would unbar thy prison gate,
And let thee go, to seek thy fate.

But ah, I know, unskill'd in flight,
Through the dark desert should'st thou stray,
Thy wings would tire, and ere the mists of night
Some cruel bird would on thee prey.

Or else thy little frame expos'd
To the raw blasts, and midnight air;
Hungry, and faint, and uninclos'd,
Thou would'st, my songster, perish there.

Stay then sweet PAN, and when the morning's
light

Steals through the op'nings of thy grated dome,
Do thou thy pleasing hymning pow'rs resume,
Praising the Author of each new delight:

And *I*, on bended knee most sure,
Humbly *my* lays with thee will join;
Nor will my mattins be less pure
For mounting up to *Heaven* with thine.

THE

THE BIRTH DAY OF COLUMBIA.*

1793.

COME round *Freedom's* sacred shrine,
 Flow'ry garlands let us twine,
 And while we our tribute bring
 Grateful pæans let us sing;
 Sons of Freedom join the lay,
 'Tis COLUMBIA's natal day.

Banish all the plagues of life,
 Fretful *Care* and restless *Strife*;
 Let the memory of your woes
 Sink this day in sweet repose;
 Ev'n let *Grief* itself be gay
 On COLUMBIA's natal day.

Late a *despot's* cruel hand
 Sent Oppression through your land;
 Piteous plaints and tearful moan
 Found not access to his throne;
 Or if heard, the *poor forlorn*
 Met but with reproach and scorn.

PAINE, with eager virtue, then
 Snatch'd from TRUTH her *diamond pen*,

H h 2

Bade

* Addressed to the members of the CINCINNATI of the
 state of New-York, on the FOURTH of JULY.

Bade the slaves of tyranny
 Spurn their bonds, and dare be free:
 Glad they burst their chains away;
 'Twas COLUMBIA's natal day.

Vengeance who had slept too long,
 Wak'd to vindicate our wrong,
 Led her vet'rans to the field,
 Sworn to perish ere to yield;
Weeping Memory yet can tell
 How they fought, and how they fell.

Lur'd by virtuous WASHINGTON,
 (*Liberty's* much favour'd son,)
Vict'ry gave your sword a sheath,
 Binding on your brows a wreath,
 Which can never feel decay
 While you hail this blissful day.

Ever be its name rever'd;
 Let the shouts of joy be heard,
 From where *Hampshire's* bleak winds blow
 Down to *Georgia's* fervid glow;
 Let them all in this agree,
 "Hail the day which made us free!"

Bend your eyes toward that shore
 Where *Bellona's* thunders roar,

There

There your *Gallic brethren* see
 Struggling, bleeding to be free!
 Oh! unite your pray'rs that they
 May soon announce *their* natal day.

O thou Pow'r! to whom we owe
 All the blessings that we know,
 Strengthen thou our rising youth,
 Teach them *Wisdom, Virtue, Truth*;
 That when we are sunk in clay
 They may keep THIS GLORIOUS DAY!

JULY THE FOURTEENTH.

1793.

HARK! hark how the clamours of war
 Thro' *Gallia's* wide regions resound;
Bellona has mounted her car,
 And scatters her terrors around:
Captivity bursts off her chains,
 Her shoutings are heard on the heath,
 Her vet'rans are crouding the plains,
 Resolv'd upon *Freedom* or *Death*.
 But see! from her battlements high,
 Plum'd *Victory* undaunted alight;
 Her standard she waves in the sky,
 And urges her sons to the fight.

H h 3

Their

Their swords all indignant they clash,
They rush round the *Bastille's* strong walls.
Ah! heard you that horrible crash?
The tow'r of proud *Tyranny* falls!

The minions of despotism fly,
Pursu'd by destruction and wrath,
Fear wings their sad flight, and their cry
Disturbs the deep slumber of *Death*.
Haste, haste, *man's* disgrace disappear,
Vile wretches, of nature the blot,
And wherever your hamlets you rear,
May *shame* and *distress* be your lot.

But *Gallia*, all hail! may thy chiefs
A temple to *Liberty* raise;
And there may their feuds and their griefs
Be lost in its altar's bright blaze.
And when they remember *this day*,
Bedeck'd with the *laurel* and *vine*,
May anguish and care flee away,
And their voices in anthems combine.

And *then* may the warblings of songs
Be heard from *Columbia's* green vales,
While *Echo* the wild notes prolongs,
And whispers them soft to the gales.

And

And oh! let the zephyrs so fleet
 Bear the sweet swelling tones o'er the main,
 And *there*, let them fondly repeat
 In the ear of each *Frenchman* the strain.

To Miss MASON, at New-Rochelle.

1793.

ENQUIRING Fancy plumes her wings,

To seek thee on HASPEDOC's shore;
 And *Friendship* true, her tribute brings,

To glad the lonely vacant hour.

And all attentive would she glide

Along thy footsteps; musing slow,

Whether thou climb'st the mountain's side,

Or cheer'st the clovery dell below.

Where art thou now? led by the evening's cool

Stray'st thou along some echoing forest's
 shade?

Or on the grassy margin of some pool,

Beneath some willow art thou slumbering
 laid?

Where the swollen throated *thrasher* throws.

His warblings on the winding gale,

And the soft scented frail *wild rose*

Sprinkles its odours in the vale?

Or

Or dost thou bend o'er some stupendous cliff,
 Whose awful shadow frowns along the deep;
 And see'st from far the rough winds sweep,
 Through the high furling *sound*, the scudding
skiff?

Or else, where courteous BARTOW'S dome
 Raises its hospitable head,
 Perhaps thou wanderest down the gloom
 Of the *long alley's* verdant shade?

Where'er thou art, the scene I know;
 Through all thy fav'rite paths have trod;
 Have mark'd the gay field's varied glow,
 And, pausing gaz'd upon the flood.

Where yon gay *locusts* shade the green,
 And gently whisper to the breeze;
 Where chirps the *wren* their boughs be-
 tween,
 And flow'rs and shrubs conspire to please::

There ALFRED oft at close of day,
 Attun'd his numbers soft and slow,
 And sung the silent hours away,
 And fed each panting gale with woe:
 And *I*, when high the clear full *moon*
 Had hung her lamp amid *night's* noon,
 Have roam'd along this beauteous glade;

And

And all regardless of the blast
 That whistled round my naked head,
 My saddest weeping hours have past
 E'en here, till many a dewy show'r
 Had silver'd o'er my fragrant bow'r
 And damp'd my locks; then quite oppress'd,
 Late have I sought the couch of rest.

Beauteous ROCHELLE! along thy rocky shore
 Full many a bard his tuneful strains shall pour,
 And as the numbers float along the stream,
 Thy rustic beauties shall compose his theme:
 Thy wild romantic islands green,
 Thy limpid waves that silent glide
 To meet old *Ocean's emerald tide*,
 Thy shelving banks, thy rude cliffs steep,
 Thy nodding forests, dark and deep,
 And fruitful meadows spread between,
 And though perhaps the gentle poet's name
 Be ne'er recorded in the *scroll of Fame*;
 Yet, when he rests beneath the valley's clod,
 Thy GENIUS weeping, shall bedeck his sod;
 Thy flow'rs shall blossom *sweeter* round his
 grave,
 And *softer* towards his couch shall creep thy
 pearly wave.

THE

THE

HUDSON.

1793.

NILE's beauteous waves, and TIBER's swelling
tide

Have been recorded by the hand of Fame,
And various floods, which through Earth's chan-
nels glide,

From some enraptur'd bard have gain'd a name;
E'en THAMES and WYE have been the Poet's theme,
And to their charms hath many an harp been
strung,

Whilst Oh! hoar GENIUS of old *Hudson's* stream,
Thy MIGHTY RIVER never hath been sung:

Say, shall a *Female* string her trembling lyre,
And to thy praise devote th' advent'rous song?

Fir'd with the theme, her genius shall aspire,
And the notes sweeten as they float along.

Where rough *Ontario's* restless waters roar
And hoarsely rave around the rocky shore;

Where their abode tremendous north-winds make,
And reign the tyrants of the furling lake;

There,

There, as the shell-crown'd genii of its caves
 Toward proud LAWRENCE urg'd their noisy waves;
 A form majestic from the flood arose;
 A coral bandage sparkled o'er his brows,
 A purple mantle o'er his limbs was spread,
 And sportive breezes in his dark locks play'd:
 Tow'rd the east shore his anxious eyes he cast,
 And from his ruby lips these accents past:
 ' O favour'd land! indulgent Nature yield
 ' Her choicest sweets to deck thy boundless fields;
 ' Where in thy verdant glooms the fleet deer play,
 ' And the hale tenants of the desert stray,
 ' While the tall evergreens* that edge the dale
 ' In silent majesty nod to each gale:
 ' Thy riches shall no more remain unknown,
 ' Thy wide campaign do I pronounce my own;
 ' And while the strong arm'd genii of this lake
 ' Their tributary streams to LAWRENCE take,
 ' Back from its source *my current*† will I turn,
 ' And o'er thy meadows pour my copious urn.'

He said, and waving high his dripping hand:
 Bade his clear waters roll toward the land.
 Glad they obey'd, and struggling to the shore,
 Dash'd on its broken rocks with thund'ring roar:

The

* Cyprus, hemlock, fir and pine.

† All the waters of Lakes George, Champlain and Ontario empty in the river St. Lawrence, except one small stream, which, running an opposite course, forms the Hudson.

The rocks in vain oppose their furious course;
 From each repulse they rise with tenfold force;
 And gath'ring all their angry pow'rs again,
 Gush'd o'er the banks, and fled across the plain.
 Soon as the waves had press'd the level mead,
 Full many a pearly footed Naiad fair,
 With hasty steps, her limpid fountain led,
 To swell the tide, and hail it welcome there:
 Their busy hands collect a thousand flow'rs,
 And scatter them along the grassy shores.
 There, bending low, the *water-lillies* bloom,
 And the blue *crocus* shed their moist perfume;
 There the tall *velvet scarlet larkspur* laves
 Her pale green stem in the pellucid waves;
 There nods the fragile *columbine*, so fair,
 And the mild dewy *wild-rose* scents the air;
 While round the trunk of some majestic pine
 The blushing *honeysuckle*'s branches twine:
 There too *Pomona*'s richest gifts are found,
 Her golden *melons* press the fruitful ground;
 The glossy crimson *plumbs* there swell their rinds,
 And purple *grapes* dance to autumnal winds;
 While all beneath the *mandrake*'s fragrant shade
 The *strawberry*'s delicious sweets are laid.

Now by a thousand bubbling streams supplied,
 More deep and still the peaceful waters glide,
 And slowly wandering through the wide campaign,
 Pass the big billows of the grand CHAMPLAIN:

There,

There, when *Britannia* wag'd *unrighteous war*,
 A *fortress** rear'd her ramparts o'er the tide;
 Till brave MONTGOMERY brought his hosts from far,
 And *conquering*, crush'd the scornful Briton's pride.
 The openings of the forests green, disclose
 TICONDEROGA (long since known to fame:)
 There fiercely rushing on th' unwary foes,
 The gallant ALLEN† gain'd himself a name.
 Hence flows our stream, meand'ring near the shore
 Of the smooth lake, renown'd for waters pure,
 Which gently wanders o'er a *marble bed*,§
 Cool'd by projecting rocks, eternal shade.
 Amid those airy cliffs (stupendous height!)
 The howling natives of the desert dwell;
 There, fearful *Echo* all the live long night
 Repeats the *panther's* petrifying yell.

FORT-EDWARD.

But wherefore river creep thy waves so slow?
 Or why so mournfully pursue their course,
 As though thou here had'st known some scene of woe,
 Whose horrors fain would fright thee to thy source?
 Alas!

* St. John's, besieged and taken by the American army
 under General Montgomery.

† Colonel Ethan Allen, who took Ticonderoga by surprise.

‡ Lake George.

§ Almost the whole bed of Lake George is a smooth white
 rock.

Alas! alas! the doleful cause is known;

'Twas here M'Crea,* guided by savage bands,
Fell, (oh sad suff'rer!) by their murderous hands,
And *this flood* heard her last expiring groan!

This flood, which should have borne the nuptial throng,
Found her warm blood deep tincturing its streams!
These woods, which should have heard her bridal song,
Wildly responded all her hopeless screams!

CRUEL IN MERCY, BARBAROUS Burgoyne!

Ah! see an aged sire, with silver hairs,
(*Whose goodness* trusted much, too much to *thine*;) †

Bathing his *mangled daughter* with his tears!
Hear a distracted lover's frightful voice!
See, as he bends to kiss the clotted gore
Senseless he sinks! but Death hath clos'd *thine* eyes, †
And Mem'ry weeps, but will *reproach no more*.

In *Edward's* fortress, here a grand retreat
The Britons plann'd, but ere it was compleat
New Albion's vet'rans, with undaunted force,
Stood like a barrier and oppos'd their course.
Here broader swells the tide, and the strong oar
Is heard to dash the waves: the shady shore
Sounds with the peasant's strokes, and the tall wood
The hand of *Commerce* bears along the flood;

Unnumber'd

* Near Fort-Edward the beautiful Miss M'Crea was cruelly murdered by Indians, who were sent by General Burgoyne to escort her to her lover, one of his officers, to whom she was to have been married in a few days.

† He died in 1792.

Unnumber'd herds of *cattle* graze the plain,
 And in the valley waves the *yellow grain*;
 The *green maize* rustles on the mountain's brow,
 And the thick *orchard's* blossoms blush below:
 For the luxuriance of the cultur'd soil
 Amply rewards the hardy rustic's toil.

Now the fair *Hudson's* widening waters tend
 Where *SARATOGA's* ancient forests bend,
 Where *GATES*, the *warlike GATES*, *Columbia's* boast,
 Vanquish'd the proud *Burgoyne's* astonish'd host!
 Victorious chief! while here thou glad'st our eyes,
 For thee, from the full heart a pray'r must rise;
 Of the poor *orphan* all his friends remov'd,
 And the sad *widow* left of all she lov'd:
 These, *while thou liv'st*, shall bless the hero who
 Rescued *Columbia* from a cruel foe,
 A parent to the *orphan'd child* restor'd,
 And blest the *widow* with her *much lov'd lord*,
 Reveng'd the cause of many a soldier slain,
 And fixt on British arms a lasting stain!
 And when the hand of Death thine eyes shall close,
 And chanting angels guard thy soft repose,
 Then will they, grateful, o'er thy cold tomb mourn,
 And, weeping, hang a garland on thine urn.

Through many a 'blooming wild,' and woodland
 green,

The *Hudson's* sleeping waters winding stray;

Now 'mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,
 And now through arching willows steal away :
 Then bursting on th' enamour'd fight once more,
 Gladden some happy peasant's rude retreat;
 And passing *youthful TROY's commercial shore*,
 With the hoarse MOHAWK's roaring surges meet.
 Oh, beauteous MOHAWK ! 'wilder'd with thy charms,
 The chilliest heart sinks into rapt'rous glows;
 While the stern warrior, *us'd to loud alarms*,
 Starts at the thunderings of thy dread COHOES.*
 Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,
 Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,
 And many a stately dome, in ancient pride,
 And hoary grandeur, there exalts its head.
 There trace the marks of *Culture's* sunburnt hand,
 The honied *buck-wheat's*† clustering blossoms view,
 Dripping rich odours, mark the *beard grain* bland,
 The loaded *orchard*, and the *flax field* blue.
 ALBANIA's gothic spires now greet the eye;
 Time's hand hath wip'd their burnish'd tints away,
 And the rich fanes which sparkled to the sky,
 Rest of their splendours, mourn in cheerless grey.
 There many an ancient structure tottering stands;
 Round

* Next to the Niagara the grandest falls on the continent, 70 feet high.

† This grain, when in bloom, can be smelt at such a distance, and so rich is the scent, that it may be said, that,

"Many a league,

"Cheer'd with the grateful smell old HUDSON smiles."

Round the damp chambers mouldy vapours creep,
 And feathery-footed *Silence* folds her hands,
 While the pale genii of the mansion sleep.
 Yet thither *Trade's* full freighted vessels come;
 Thither the shepherds mercantile resort:
 There *Architecture* late hath rais'd her dome,
 And *Agriculture's* products fill her port.
 The grassy hill, the quivering poplar grove,
 The copse of hazle, and the tufted bank,
 The long green valley, where the white flocks rove,
 The jutting rock, o'erhung with ivy dank;
 The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow,
 Whose lofty spires catch day's last lingering beam;
 The bending willow weeping o'er the stream,
 The brook's soft gurglings, and the garden's glow:
These meet the wandering trav'ler's ardent gaze;
 From shore to shore enraptur'd Fancy strays;
 Each parting scene his anxious eyes pursue,
 Till HUDSON'S city rises to his view:
 There, on the borders of the river rise
 The *azure mountains* tow'ring to the skies,
 Whose cloudy bluffs, and spiral steep's sublime,
 Brave the rude gusts, and mock the strokes of Time:
 High on the healing *fir tree's* topmost bough
 The solitary *heron* builds her nest;
 There in security her offspring rest;
 Regardless of the storms that rave below.

Wakeful remembrance, on thine ember'd plain
 Will pause *Esopus*,* and indulge a tear;
 Will bid again the scenes of woe appear;
 Will bid the mouldering mansion blaze again.
 She calls to mind when Britain's lawless bands
 Wag'd impious war with consecrated fanes;
 Streach'd against HEAV'N their sanguinary hands,
 While *fear*, nor *awe*, their barbarous will restrains.
 O HUDSON! HUDSON! from thy frighted shore
 Thou saw'st the bursting flame mount to the sky;
 Thou heard'st the burning buildings fearful roar;
 Thou heard'st the mournful shrieks of Agony.
 See, from his couch defenceless *Sickness* driv'n!
 See bending *Age*, exhausted, creep along!
 Weeping, they turn their hopeless eyes to heav'n,
 And piteous wailings murmur from their tongue.
 Here a distracted widow wrings her hands,
 While griefs too keen forbid her tears to flow:
 There all aghast a wretched parent stands,
 Viewing his beggared babes in *speechless* woe!
 Why did thy hand, O *desolating War*!
 Thy bloody banners o'er our land unfurl?
 Why did thy cruel *hirelings* come from far,
 Murder and fire o'er every plain to hurl?
 So as they glutted their dark souls with death,
 Be their attendants shame, remorse and pain:
 While

* *Esopus* was burnt by the British in 1777. Besides this place and Hudson there are several towns and villages upon the river, viz. Red-Hook, Poughkeepsie, New-Windsor, Newburgh, New-Malborough, Fish-Kill, &c.

While each sack'd village on th' enfanguin'd heath
 Shall from its smoking ashes rise again.
 Low sunk between the Alleganian hills,
 For many a league the fullen waters glide,
 And the deep murmur of the crouded tide,
 With pleasing awe the wond'ring voy'ger fills.
 On the green summit of yon lofty cliff
 A peaceful runnel gurgles clear and flow,
 Then down the craggy steep side dashing swift,
 Tremendous falls in the white surge below:
 Here spreads a clovery lawn its verdure far,
 Around it mountains vast their forests rear,
 And long ere Day hath left his burnish'd car
 The dews of Night have shed their odours there:
 There hangs a louring rock across the deep;
 Hoarse roar the waves its broken base around;
 Through its dark caverns noisy whirlwinds sweep,
 While *Horror* startles at the fearful sound.
 The shivering *sails* that cut the fluttering breeze,
 Glide through these winding rocks with airy sweep:
 Beneath the cooling glooms of waving trees,
 And sloping pastures speck'd with fleecy sheep.

 WEST-POINT.

Dash ye broad waves, and proudly heave and swell;
 Rouse aged *Neptune* from his amber cave,
 And bid the nymphs the pebbly strand who lave,
 Round this grand bulwark found their coral shell:
 For,

For, nightly bending o'er these streams,
 Base TREASON plotted murderous schemes;
 Then stealing soft to ARNOLD's bed,
 Her visions vague around him shed;
 And while dark vapours dim'd his eyes
 She bade these forms illusive rise:
 First ANDRE came; his youthful air
 Allur'd the falling chieftain's eyes;
 But when the glittering bribes appear,
 A thousand strange ideas rise:
 He saw Britannia's marshall'd hosts;
 Countiefs, advance toward his posts;
Honour he saw, and *Wealth*, and *Fame*,
 With every good that wish can frame,
 Attend their train; he long'd to stretch
 Beyond his *virtuous brethren's* reach;
 His heart *polluted*, vainly sigh'd
 To *bound* and *swell* in TITLED pride:
 Now fair COLUMBIA's armies come—
His hand hath seal'd their mournful doom;
 And in an unrelenting hour
 He yields them up to Albion's power:
 Then *Murder* bloats with horrid pride!
 A thousand fall on every side!
 And coward *Cruelty's* base bands
 Dip in warm gore their barb'rous hands:
 Then the broad-sword displays its force,
 Drench'd to the *very hilt* in blood!

While

While the *brave warrior*, and the *frantic horse*
 Wallow together in the purple flood!
 Then rose a NAME; and lo! from far
 He hears the hum of chariot wheels;
 'Divinity' within him feels,
 And thunders forth, THE SOVEREIGN LORD OF WAR.
 His anxious eyes he strain'd for more;
 But fickle *Fancy* dropt the scene;
 TRUTH's radiant rays around him pour,
 And shew'd the wretch 'twas all a *dream*!

Fierce bursting from between the sturdy hills,
 More high the wealthy river's bosom swells;
 Their circles broader now the waves expand,
 Howl to the winds, and lash the answering strand;
 Then rolling slow, they kiss the flinty mound,
 For valiant WAYNE's victorious acts renown'd:
 'Twas there *Bellona* rear'd her standard high,
 And bellowing engines pour'd forth storms of fire;
 While smoky columns flow to heav'n aspire,
 Obscure the sun, and hide the glowing sky:
 Ranks rush'd on ranks, and the bright blade
 Its path through many a bosom made,
 While furious men regardless tread
 Upon the dying, and the dead!
 O what a piteous scene of woes!
 The blood in bubbling currents flows;
 The fiends of battle shriek aloud,
 Destruction hurls his shafts abroad,

And

And all the rocky caverns round
 With fullen groans of *Death* resound!
 But valor swell'd in FLEURY's breast;
 He sigh'd to give his vet'rans rest;
 And listless of the deadly aim
 With which Britannia's volleys came,
 He rush'd among the awe-struck croud,
 And bore away their banner proud.*

For *this brave deed*, hath raptur'd Fame
 Twin'd many a chaplet round his brow;
 And long as lasts COLUMBIA's name

The fragrant blossoms fair shall blow;
 And when the hand of *Death*, so cold,
 Shall wrap him in the valley's mold,
 A modest stone shall mark the place;

And there Affection's hand shall 'grave;
 "Here FLEURY lies, the warrior brave!"
 And all the simple line who trace,
 Shall heave a sigh or drop a tear,
 And bless the soldier mouldering there!

Soon as the ridgy mountains leave the eye,
 Tall mural rocks† shoot proud into the air;

In shapes fantastic lift their turrets high,
 Fit for the *shadowy forms* who revel there:

The

* At the forming of Stony-Point Lieutenant Fleury struck the British standard with his own hand.

† These rocks rise for many miles nearly perpendicular, some of them 600 feet.

The hardy PINES that on their steep fides grow,
 (Whose *naked roots* from chink to chink extend;
 Whose boughs aspiring, tow'rd the dense clouds tend,)
 Appear like *shrubs* to the strain'd eyes below.
 The wandering *goat* adventures to the brink,
 And peeps across the fretted edge with care;
 Then from the awful precipice she shrinks,
 As though relentless *Ruin* hover'd there.
 Yet there, when Night hath bid the world be mute,
 The sleepless *sailor* often clammers high,
 And from some shadowy nook his sonorous flute
 Sends mournful accents to the neighbouring sky:
 And while the flood reflects the broad moon bright,
 Conceal'd the budding *laurel's* sweets among,
 There the sad *lover* pours his pensive song,
 Filling with mellow sounds the ear of Night.
 But now the advancing light admires
 The rising fanes and glittering spires
 Of *EBORACA's* stately tow'rs,
 Which catch the Morning's splendid beam,
 And shining o'er the frothy stream,
 Gild with refracted light the long extended shores.
 Alas! how late the rude foe revel'd there,
 (Their engines bellow mournful o'er the main,
 And every street gleams with the dismal glare,)
 Murder, and Want, and Sickness in their train:
 Beneath the burning torch of *War* consum'd,
 Her walls in smoking ruins lay scatter'd round;

While

While horrid fires her HOLY DOMES illum'd,
 Whose blazing spires fell thundering to the ground,
 Gilding the gloomy bosom of old Night.

Then from the deadly prison's walls arise,
 Of *Hunger* fierce, the agonizing cries,
 Filling the listening soul with wild affright!
 But now the "crimson toils" of War are o'er,
 Her dreadful clamourings meet the ear no more;
 The grassy pastures, lately dy'd with blood,
 Now on their bosoms hold some dimpling flood;
 And the raz'd buildings, whose high polish'd stones
 Sunk disregarded 'mongst half mouldering bones,
 From their own ashes, *phoenix* like, arise,
 And grandly lift their turrets tow'rd the skies:

The busy bands of *Commerce* croud her ports;
 Full in her harbours swells the snowy sail,
 The springing breeze, the dancing streamer courts,
 And the deep vessel bows before the gale;
 While from fair *Nassau's* isle,* or *Fersey's* shore,
 The lab'ring peasant turns his heavy oar;
 His broad boat laden with inviting fruits,
 Delicious wild fowl, with salubrious roots,
 And tasteful pulse; or else he draws the car,
 Fill'd with the tenants of the briny sea,
 Or sedgy creek, or wood-edg'd river fair,
 And hies him to this busy mart with glee:

Where
 Her walls in smoking ruins lay scattered round;
 While

* Commonly called Long-Island.

[Where from the early dawn, a hardy throng
 Spread various works the loaded shores along;
 Sound the harsh grating saw, or hammer loud,
 Or blow the roaring furnace, fable brow'd,
 Or ply the heavy hulks, propt up in air,
 From smoking cauldrons, with ebullient tar,
 Or guide the groaning wheels, and straining steed,
 To where the sons of *Trade* their wealth unlade.

PRIDE OF COLUMBIA! EBORACIA fair!

What happy region will with *thee* compare
 For Nature's bounties fam'd? where swells the shore
 With *soil* so fertile, and with AIR so PURE?

Two mighty rivers* round thee roll their streams,

From the green bosom of the vasty sea,
 Wooing the winds so cool, when *Sol's* fierce beams
 Would finge the verdure of the thirsty *lea*.

O may the braying *trumpet's* shrill tongu'd roar
 Be heard among thine echoing wilds no more,
 Nor purple blood thy lili'd vallies stain,
 Nor sounds of death afright the restless main,
 Nor panting *steeds* neigh to the *clarion's* blast,

Mocking the vengeful sword, and glittering spear;
 Nor wounded *warriors* 'midst the hurtle drear,
 Trampled beneath their courfers, sigh their last;
 But may thy virtuous sons unrivall'd stand,
 The boast of *Science* and their native land;

K k

Led

* The HUDSON and the EAST-RIVER or SOUND, which meet at the south-west end of the city.

Led by the hand of Truth, may they attain
 The height for which have thousands sigh'd in vain;
 Nor may a wish *ambitious* ever rise,
 Save this, to be more *virtuous* and more *wise*;
 And by no despot's iron laws confin'd,
 Enjoying the vast freedom of the mind;
 But while they throng the domes of *Liberty*,

May they her sacred precepts ne'er profane;
 Nor while they boast themselves 'the *virtuous free*'
 One *slave* beneath the cruel yoke retain.

May thy fair daughters Wisdom's laws obey,
 Each *thought ungentle* from their breasts repel;
 And skill'd in pious lore, to all display
 'Tis not in *beauty* they *alone* excel.

And may the GREAT SUPREME, when showering
 down,

In rich profusion, all the joys of Peace,
 Thine offspring for his favourite people own,
 And hearts bestow the donor's hand to bless:
 Then shall thy 'habitants indeed be blest;

Regions far distant shall revere thy name,
 And nations long of every good possess,

Stile *thee* UNEQUALL'D in the Scroll of Fame.
 And thou, O RIVER! whose majestic stream
 Hath rous'd a *feeble hand* to sweep the lyre,
 Thy charms some loftier poet shall inspire,
 And *Clio's* self shall patronize the theme:

To

To hail thee shall admiring realms agree,
Sing to thy praise, and blest our happy lot;
And DANUBE's roaring flood shall be forgot,
And NILE and TIBER, when they speak of THEE!



To last time shall admiring realms agree,
 Singing thy praise, and bless our happy lot;
 And Darius's tomb, good land be forgot;
 And Mithra and Taurus, Don they speak of more?

68



